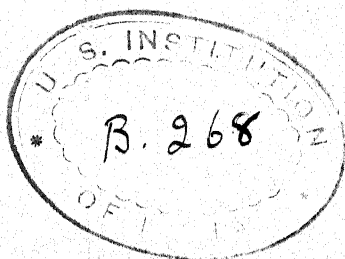


INDIA'S

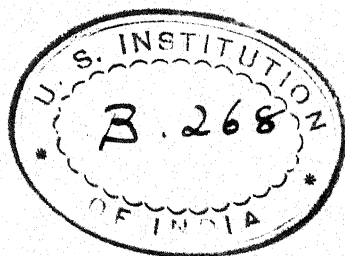
g China: In

Bar

d



LETTERS FROM INDIA AND CHINA



INDIA'S



R. W. DANVERS,

June 1857,

BEFORE STARTING FOR OUDH.

g China:

Bangladesh
its Rebell

's Stra

perial
ation

Frontispiece,]

LETTERS FROM INDIA
AND CHINA

DURING THE YEARS
1854—1858

BY
ROBERT WILLIAM DANVERS

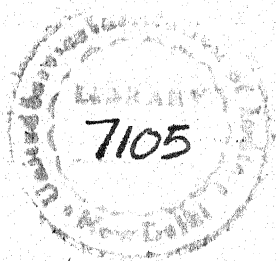
70TH BENGAL N.I.

ATTACHED AS INTERPRETER TO H.M.'S 5TH FUSILIERS IN THE FORCE SENT
TO RELIEVE LUCKNOW UNDER GENERALS SIR JAMES OUTRAM
AND SIR HENRY HAVELOCK

Printed for Private Circulation only by
HAZELL, WATSON, AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY

1898

INDIA



China:

Banglade
is Rebel

Str

INTRODUCTION

ROBERT WILLIAM DANVERS, the writer of the following letters, was the third son of Frederick Dawes¹ and Charlotte Maria Danvers,² and was born on July 30th, 1833. He was delicate in his childhood, but he grew up to be a strong, healthy youth, and developed into a fine, well-grown man, attractive in appearance and engaging in manners. He was brought up with the idea of taking Holy Orders, and in 1850 went to King's College, London, for the purpose of pursuing his studies and going through a course of theology in view to his ultimate ordination. He had not been there long, however, before a change came over his feelings, and he eventually expressed a strong preference in favour of the army as a profession. His parents were at first disappointed at his choice, but seeing that his mind was made up offered no opposition, and the nomination to a direct cadetship in the Indian army was given to him by Mr. Russell Ellice, then Chairman of the East India Company.

He started for India in February 1854, and from

¹ F. D. Danvers, Esq., was for many years Registrar and Clerk of the Council of the Duchy of Lancaster.

² Daughter of John Juland Rawlinson, Esq.

that time to his death in August 1858 he kept up a constant and regular correspondence with members of his family. The letters now printed have been selected as an interesting record of his short career, especially that part of it which included the attempted relief of Lucknow, under Outram and Havelock. The letters which give an account of these operations and of the beleaguered garrison at Lucknow do not appear in print for the first time. They were sent to the newspapers soon after their receipt—now forty years ago—under the impression, which was fully confirmed, that they would help to satisfy a yearning for any particulars of occurrences which were then exciting the public mind to an intense degree. It need hardly be said that it never crossed the writer's mind that they would have a wider circulation than the domestic circle. They are therefore the genuine and unreserved expression of his feelings and opinions. They reflect what passed in his mind at the time he was writing, and describe the first impressions of what he saw, giving such particulars and details as he thought would entertain his correspondents both young and old. At the same time they are typical of a young British officer. He thought and acted as thousands have done; and, in recounting the scenes through which he passed, he describes the kind of service which the British soldier is continually performing in all parts of the world. As regards his mental and moral qualities, the inner man so comes out in these private letters

that the reader is able to form his own judgment of his character without the necessity of drawing attention to any particular traits. It is clear that he possessed a good head and a good heart.

The circumstances of his death were peculiarly sad and distressing. It will be seen that, after the beleaguered at Lucknow had been relieved by Sir Colin Campbell,¹ Robert Danvers received orders to join his regiment, the 70th Bengal Native Infantry, which, having remained staunch, had been selected for service in China. He had, of course, been in the thick of the fight and exposed to dangers on every side, both in engagements before and after the relief of Lucknow and during the siege of the Residency. He had a horse shot under him and had several very narrow escapes, but was only once wounded. While at Canton he was attached to the Military Train in an expedition commanded by General Sir Charles Straubenzee against the fort of Namtow and took part in the assault. The fort was taken in gallant style, and the day after, before re-embarking, the men were ordered to discharge their muskets. While this was being done, Robert Danvers was accidentally shot through the body. Thus was ended, in the prime of early manhood, in the words of the General commanding, the career of "a most promising young officer" and the life of a devoted and dearly loved son, a warm-hearted and affectionate brother, and a genial and highly esteemed comrade.

¹ Afterwards Lord Clyde.

"O father, wheresoe'er thou be,
Who pledgest now thy gallant son;
A shot, ere half thy draught be done
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee." ¹

His loss was mourned not only by his sorrowing family, and, as the General in his official dispatch said, "by the force," but by the public, who had seen his letters from Lucknow.

Numerous notices appeared in the Press. They all expressed the same sentiment, and the following extract from one is a specimen of the general feeling :

"So died, at the early age of 25, an officer for whom those best qualified to judge predicted eminence in his profession, and whose sterling goodness is even a greater loss to the service. It will be long before those who knew him forget the cultivated intellect, the true and tender heart, and the deep, though unobtrusive, piety of this brave young soldier. The country and the friends of such men may well feel that the same qualities which embitter soften their loss, and that England can afford to be thankful for her very dead."

He was buried in the "Happy Valley" at Hong-Kong, and a tomb was erected there by his brother-officers "as a mark of the high esteem and affection in which he was held" by them. In the Chapel Royal, Savoy, a memorial tablet has also been put up, on which are likewise recorded the deaths of his father and mother.

¹ Tennyson, "In Memoriam."

CONTENTS

PART I.

	PAGE
FROM FEBRUARY 1854 TO MARCH 1857. . . .	I

PART II.

FROM MARCH 1857 TO JANUARY 1858	55
---	----

PART III.

FROM JANUARY 1858 TO AUGUST 7TH, 1858 . . .	151
---	-----

APPENDIX.

OFFICIAL NOTIFICATIONS AND PRIVATE LETTERS FROM THE GENERAL COMMANDING IN CHINA, ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR, AND OTHERS	193
--	-----

INDIA

g China:

anglade
s Rebel

an's Str

perial

PART I.

FROM FEBRUARY 1854 TO MARCH 1857.

Voyage out—Malta—Alexandria—Ceylon—Madras—Arrival at Calcutta—with the F. N. Macnamaras—Government House Ball—Leiut.-Governor Mr., now Sir Frederick Halliday—Barrackpore—Benares—Cawnpore—Delhi—Umballa—Appointed to 70th Bengal Native Infantry—News from Crimea—Review of Troops by Commander-in-Chief—Regiments at Delhi—Mussoori—Deoband—Sonthal Insurrection—Sport—Revolt of Natives at Hyderabad—Tame Leopard—Aspiring to Staff Employment—Sir Patrick Grant's Appointment as Commander-in-Chief in Madras—King of Oudh's Abdication—Sporting—Tiger-shooting—Fire in the Lines—Fight between Cobra and Mongoose—The Mohurru Festival—Colonel's Certificate.

INDIA

China

Anglade

Rebe

TO HIS FATHER (FREDK. DAWES DANVERS, ESQ.).

ON BOARD THE "EUXINE," BAY OF BISCAY,

Monday, February 27th, 1854.

THE terrible bay is as calm as a fish-pond. Yet this slow vessel won't obey the helm, and with a head wind makes slow progress, about nine knots on an average. We expect to reach Gibraltar on Thursday morning.

Sunday, March 5th.

I could almost imagine that I heard the little Savoy bell sending forth its unpretending sound. I often hear your repeater chiming the quarters; and dear Emily's song of "Home sweet Home" floats in my mind the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night. In my dreams my thoughts are of that happy place and all the dear ones.

Wednesday, March 8th.

Another charming day. The weather is getting warmer and warmer, and the Light Cavalry man feels the heat much and hardly expects to survive in India. I have only just been able to seize the opportunity of writing. The whole morning we have been interested in watching the Portuguese coast. The cliffs are rugged, and here and there a lighthouse presents itself to our view.

We were very deceived with the distance from land. It looked to an inexperienced eye within a stone's throw almost, but the nearest point was about two miles.

This morning I had an offer from a gentleman, a Belfast man, to give me the advantage of his travelling experience in the East. I was glad to avail myself of it, for I felt sure under such guidance we should not lose much time.

The passengers are beginning to make up their numbers for crossing the desert in the caravans.

"EUXINE," IN THE MEDITERRANEAN,

March 17th.

We arrived at Malta at 8.30 on Wednesday evening, the 15th. It was a lovely moonlight night, and the fortifications looked grand and noble. We anchored in the Quarantine or Leper Harbour, with a swarm of boats about the ship. We got into one, and in ten minutes were safely landed on the island. We walked round the town, admiring the appearance and grandeur of the fortifications and buildings by moonlight. After making the most of our time we returned to the *Euxine*. I lost not a second in jumping on board, rushing to the saloon, and seizing the letter basket. The next minute—it was now 2 o'clock in the morning—I had all your kind letters in my hand.

The only light after 10.30 is a dim lantern. By this luminary I struggled through part of the letters, when to my utter disgust the light went out and left me in the dark. I groped along to another light in the hatchway over the clock, and then spelt every word of the welcome letters.

I felt so grateful to hear you were all well and my dear mother better.

I got up again about 5.30, and, when we had all mustered, we landed, got a guide, and found our way first to the Post Office and then to the Church of St. John's. This is the largest church in the island, and the interior is magnificent. We were then led to the Governor's Palace. The rooms are very large, lofty, and well proportioned, and in one long passage there are several frescoes. In the course of our peregrinations one of our party—a lady—asked me when the King lived there! The same asked the other day how a certain person intended to travel from Malta to Constantinople, whether by coach or railway!

TO HIS SISTER MARY.¹

ON THE "BENGAL," RED SEA,

March 24th.

We reached Alexandria on Monday the 20th about 8 a.m. It was a beautiful morning, bright and warm. The sky was a splendid rich blue, which gave a deep-blue hue over the whole water. The harbour was very full of shipping of all kinds. There was a very pretty steam yacht belonging to the Shah—English build. We were soon rowed ashore, and you would have laughed to have seen the motley multitude ready to greet us, fighting among themselves, and almost tearing our luggage from us. Such a Babel! The first thing was to procure a Dragoman and a carriage. We were a nice party of four. Cleopatra's Pillar and Pompey's Needle were our first points. The needle is an immense block of solid granite; but time has very much defaced it. There is another needle which was thrown down close by. It was offered to the English; but they did not avail themselves of it, and now it is almost buried in the soil.²

From the wall enclosing the harbour we had a very fine view of the town, and saw it to great advantage. We next proceeded to Pompey's Pillar. This also is a solid mass of granite, and of the Corinthian style of architecture. Like all these kind of things, it is defaced by some ugly names painted in large black letters. Some officers mounted the top some time ago. I'll tell you how they did it. There are no steps either inside or outside, so the plan they adopted was to shoot an arrow over it with a cord attached; and after fixing it on the other side, one man climbed up the rope, and made steps for the others. We were next

¹ Mrs. Brinton, married William Brinton, M.D., F.R.S., July 22nd, 1854, died May 7th, 1891.

² Now on the Thames Embankment, London.

driven to the palace built by Mahomed Ali, but never inhabited by him. It is now kept, I believe, for the grandees, Turkish officers. It commands a fine view of the sea. As you enter, there is a large circular hall, marble pavement, and painted roof.

I was sorry that I could not manage to get to the European cemetery to take a sketch of my Uncle Edward's¹ tomb, but Sunday is the only day on which it is open. It would have been necessary to get permission from the Consul, but time unfortunately would not allow of it.

We reached our hotel again, got our luggage together, had a bottle of claret, and started in the caravan for the canal boats.

The canal boat is a wretchedly uncomfortable one, smaller than those penny ones on the Thames. We were tugged up by a steamer, and did not reach the Nile till about 11. You never heard such a roar, such a complete Babel, as we did when we reached the Nile boats.

As soon as we had landed at Cairo, about 5, we jumped into a caravan and drove to Shepheard's Hotel and secured rooms for the night. We then with a Dragoman forced our way, still as bold cavaliers, to the Mosque. It is a splendid building, of immense size, and built of Egyptian marble. We were close by, so went to see the wall from which the Arabian and his horse jumped down, during the slaughter of the Mamalukes. It is a precipice of about a hundred feet, hard at the bottom. The man had the presence of mind to throw himself off his horse just before he got to the bottom, saved himself, and escaped. The horse was killed.

We got up about 6 the next morning, took a hasty breakfast, and went by the 7.30 detachment of vans across the desert. The first parts of it did not at all answer my

¹ Edward F. Danvers, who died at Alexandria on his way from India to England in 1851.

expectations. The road was too good a great deal. We changed our horses every five miles; each van had two mules, and two horses as leaders, and went along at a spinning rate. We reached Suez about 12, got supper, and went to bed. The hotel was very much in the Continental fashion, with a large courtyard in the centre, the rooms lofty and large.

We had a very strong head wind in the Red Sea, which impeded our progress and reduced our speed to four and a half knots an hour. We passed through the Straits of Babelmandel late on Wednesday evening.

TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.¹

"BENGAL," INDIAN SEA,

April 1854.

We reached Point de Galle on Sunday afternoon about 4, and left it on the 15th. We are all in such spirits; a nice cool afternoon, a fresh breeze knotting thirteen per hour, and in the joyous expectation of soon reaching Calcutta.

We got to Madras on Wednesday at 3 p.m. As at Galle, there is an open roadstead. The surf is so heavy that an ordinary boat could not live through it, so they have a peculiar kind of boat *sewn* together, not nailed, and composed of some very light material, which floats nicely upon the surf. They are very deep, but "take" *very little* water, and they generally, with a tolerable sea on, manage to land passengers dry-shod.

CALCUTTA, *Monday, April 17th.*

Thank God, here we are, a happy trio at No. 4, Russell Street. Such a delightful warm welcome I got from Amy and Francis. I can't imagine what I should have done with myself had I not such a comfortable home to come

¹ Now Sir Juland Danvers, K.C.S.I.

to. I pity the poor cadets without friends or homes. I am called at 6 in the morning. It made me laugh so, the first time my bearer awoke me. It was by patting my legs. I could not make out what the fellow was about when I awoke, till I saw what his object was. I mean to walk before breakfast in the cool of the morning; that and a bath will occupy me until 8.30, when we breakfast. After breakfast we write, read through Calcutta papers, talk of home, etc., for an hour or two, and then generally go out in the carriage for calling, shopping, etc.

The fashionable time for visiting is after 10. Mr. Halliday¹ I call on to-morrow, and leave the books. He is a great man out here, and has so much business to attend to that he is obliged to set apart one in the seven for a receiving day.

We have a pretty view from this house over the Maidan, which is looking now particularly green and fresh, dotted here and there with fine large trees with their spring verdure. The view of the city from this point is grand, and without any stretch of the imagination you can fancy before you the farfamed "City of Palaces."

TO HIS BROTHER JAMES (JAMES F. DANVERS Esq.)

CALCUTTA, *May 27th*, 1854.

We had a grand ball here at Government House in honour of the Queen's birthday on the 24th. A fine display of uniforms and handsome dresses—would that I could say handsome faces. About four hundred were there, but the rooms are so spacious that there was not the slightest crowd. Very different to an overcrowded London ballroom. Two military bands were in attendance, the Company's and the Queen's. The rooms were brilliantly illuminated, and altogether it was an unusually splendid sight—much more select than we anticipated.

¹ Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, now Sir F. J. Halliday, K.C.B.

We assembled about 9.30, and the Governor-General¹ made his appearance about 10. This was a very Punch-and-Judyish show. A company of the Queen's 98th was drawn up in the stateroom to salute him. The trumpet sounded, and a lot of funnily dressed Indians preceded him with staves, etc. There was a regular regiment of them, and they filed off on each side of the centre room (which is separated from the two side ones by pillars) and made way for his Lordship, who shortly followed, accompanied by his Staff, with Indians right and left holding splendidly embroidered punkahs, or very large fans. He, bowing to the company, walked straight to the throne, and shook hands with the Deputy Governor, Mr. Halliday, and other Staff officers. I was talking to Mrs. Ramsay when he came up and spoke to her and the Major, who is related to him. He did not dance. His bodyguard, magnificent men, from six to six feet three high, were stationed here and there on the noble staircase, and looked like dressed-up wax figures, they stood so still and erect. These are picked men out of the Company's cavalry—all Indians. The ball broke up about 2, supper being at 12 o'clock. The Queen's health was drunk with usual honours.

TO HIS SISTER CHARLOTTE (MISS DANVERS).

June 4th, 1854.

I am kept a prisoner to the house again, and am prevented going to church on account of some horrid boils which are plaguing me terribly. They say they are a sign of good health and keep off fever, etc. If so, very good; but I must say nothing can well be more unpleasant for the time being. Others say that mangoes, the fruit now in season, bring them on. Dear Amy is still in her room, so I read the service to her. We shall be so glad to have her among us regularly again. You would be charmed with

¹ The Marquis of Dalhousie.

your nephew; he looks so sweet when he is asleep, and I hardly ever see him at any other time. Shortly after he was born, I was asked by a very steady, sedate man, who had not heard the sex of the baby, "Well, Danvers, are you an uncle or an aunt?" He did not see his mistake, and said it in a very grave manner.

I went down to Barrackpore last Wednesday morning—started in a gharri at 6 a.m. in order to get there in the cool. My leave expired on that day, and I had to attend muster next morning, the 1st of the month, which is always a great day at military stations. The next morning we had to be ready at 5, to go to the parade ground. The Adjutant kindly mounted me on a gallant grey. I was dreadfully sore with those boils, and my sword rattling against my horse's ribs made him rather fidgety, so you may imagine I was very glad when I found myself on my legs at parade. It was a very fine sight: on a large open Maidan were some four or five thousand troops drawn up, some in line, some in square, others performing their evolutions, and bands playing when the Brigadier-General of the Division made his appearance. All the troops were drawn up in line, and the General rode down the ranks and inspected us. I felt quite proud of the 48th. The Sepoys are magnificent fellows, hardly a man in the regiment under five feet ten and most, I should say, six feet. After the General had reviewed us, Major P——, our Commanding Officer, put us through the different evolutions, and we marched about to the sound of music.

TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.

May 12th, 1854.

I was dining at Mr. Halliday's on Tuesday, and he asked very kindly about you, and told me to tell you when I wrote that I had seen him well and flourishing. He wanted to know if you were still in Porchester Terrace

(he meant Inverness Road), where he said he had called upon you and found you away at Brighton, and upon hearing you had changed to Cadogan Place did not seem to like it half so well. He inquired after Rochfort, who he knew had been ill. I hope if you see Sir James Hogg you will tell him how kind his son has been to me. I like him excessively. He is a very handsome man.

The storms here lately have been frequent and severe. On the 23rd ult. at Rangoon fearful hurricanes carried away houses bodily, dismasted the ships, and report goes destroyed a whole wing of a regiment. The latter has been so far substantiated that bodies of European and native soldiers have been found or seen floating down the river. All the poorer natives who cannot afford to pay for being burnt or properly buried are generally carried down when dying to the banks of the Hooghly, have often their mouths stuffed with Ganges mud, and after death are rolled into the water to float down with the tide, and they present most disgusting and revolting sights, as they are carried down, swollen to double their size, black and grim, covered with mud.

July 12th.

No posting out yet! It is a very odd thing: there are about a hundred vacancies in the Bengal Army and about sixty unposted ensigns, and yet we have waited in vain for a list of postings. It is much pleasanter to have a regiment of your own, for you take so much more interest in the men than when merely doing duty with a corps. I should like you to see the bungalow B——, H——, and I have taken at Barrackpore. It is a very comfortable one to look at, and I have just received a note from B—— in which he says they are quite settled and like it much. I join them the 31st of this month, when I must bid adieu to Calcutta.

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.¹

BARRACKPORE, *September 3rd, 1854.*

I expect to leave Barrackpore for Calcutta on Tuesday morning, when I shall commence study again in earnest. It will be very nice having three months more with dear Amy and Frank and my nephew, especially as it is impossible to foresee when my leave may take me down from extreme North-West to Calcutta again, and, besides, the expense of the travelling is very heavy. I believe to go up to Peshawar would cost me five hundred rupees. *On joining* Government pays my expense, but not *on leave*. If I get my leave I should start the beginning of December, and might expect to see an end of my solitary journey about the middle of January. We had a ball here the other night, the 22nd, given by the 33rd and 72nd Regiments. The rooms looked remarkably well, decorated, not without some display of taste, with green and flowers. There were two or three rather pretty girls, but they do not abound out here by any means.

TO HIS FATHER.

3, LITTLE RUSSELL STREET,
October 29th, 1854.

The telegraphic news *via* Agra came in two days ago and brought us not encouraging news from Sebastopol. It says the advanced guard, or rather the entrenched camp of the Russians 50,000 strong, had been forced, 4,000 prisoners taken, 2,000 killed and wounded on the side of the Allies. We hear that the Imperial Guard of the Emperor fought magnificently. The telegraphic dispatch is generally short and seldom satisfactory in its details. There is another army of 100,000 to be conquered before Sebastopol can be taken, and this promises some bloody work. The proportion of officers seems very large—one to ten, according to the report here.

¹ Now Mrs. Thornton, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Edward Z. Thornton.

I can't help wishing I were there to help in this noble enterprise of defending the weak and maintaining the right. I should be just as safe there as here under the protection of Providence, be engaged entirely in my profession, and with a nearer prospect of seeing home. How anxiously you must all look for news from the seat of war, particularly those who have friends engaged in it! These are stirring times. Some alarmists still imagine that there may be some outbreaks in the Upper Provinces instigated by the Emperor of Russia. I am not one of them. I think already he has much of greater import to require his attention than attacking our Indian Possessions.

TO HIS SISTER AMY (MRS. F. N. MACNAMARA).

BENARES, *December 11th, 1854.*

Here I am after four days very dull travelling. This morning we passed the Ganges, and arrived at the sacred city of Benares about 9. The view of the city from the opposite side of the river is very striking. It is built on a range of hills about a hundred or hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river, and with its tombs and minarets looks very picturesque.

TO HIS MOTHER.

DAK BUNGALOW, NEAR CAWNPORE,

December 13th, 1854.

The College and a bungalow in which Warren Hastings is said to have lived are the lions of the place. The former is a fine building, the latter merely interesting from its associations.

I left Benares about 8, after having a sociable dinner with the D——'s. On the way we overtook a cavalry regiment on a march. Such a splendid array of Arabs! I was longing to have my pick from them. I could fancy you making a pet of one of the noble creatures, making it

follow you wherever you go. When I can afford to buy one I mean to do so—the higher bred the Arab, the more manageable they are—but they are very expensive, from one to two thousand rupees. We are now about eighteen miles from Cawnpore, where I expect to see G—— and his wife. G—— is appointed Surgeon to the 2nd Cavalry. Major R—— also gave me a letter to Captain W—— of the Commissariat. I shall be delighted when the journey is over; it would not be so bad if I had a friend, but without one it is *so* solitary. The poet says that a "Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things," and I really think, delightful as it is to dwell on the happy past, when there is no near prospect of their renewal it is a very tantalising satisfaction.

We managed to reach Cawnpore before dark, about 4, and I drove up to Captain W—— of the Commissariat, Major R——'s friend, and stayed at his house for that and the following day. There is nothing whatever to see in the Station. It is a very large one; the lines are seven miles in extent. The cholera generally visits it triennially; this last time the ravages were awful, decimating a Queen's regiment which was there at the time. Captain W—— kindly asked the G——'s to join us at dinner, having heard that we were old schoolfellows. The doctor is doing duty with the 2nd Cavalry. Captain W—— took me over a leather manufactory, where they were making the trappings for the Horse Artillery. Cawnpore is a famous place for saddlery. This brings me up to the time of my departure from Cawnpore.

DELHI, *December 17th.*

I thought of my dear father in the middle of the night when I was awoke by a jibbing horse, and wished him from the bottom of my heart very many happy returns of the day, and since my arrival here have drunk his good health with a bottle of beer.

Please give him my sincerest wishes, and tell him how much I have thought of him.

I did not write yesterday, for there was really nothing to say ; naught of interest occurred on the journey. I stopped as usual in the middle of the day at a Dak Bungalow, and had a little pistol-shooting by way of variety. It is an admirable little revolver of Juland's, and carries very sure. While there a long train of camels passed by, upwards of one hundred I should think, most all tied together from tail to nose, the ordinary connecting link.

We pass by bullocks innumerable—noble creatures, twice as large as their brethren in Bengal. The next place I stop at is Umballa, about a day's journey from hence. I told you I would tell you what I thought of Dak travelling. I think it is the very extreme of misery. I had it under great disadvantages too, for having to change in the dark and pack my things higgledy-piggledy, when I got in the vehicle I found no room for my legs and nothing to rest my back against, and was obliged to keep a sharp look-out for my goods, which were rattling about my legs. It was very cold, and the stuff with which it is covered affords very little protection against the inclemency of the weather. Four bearers carry you, and a relay of men accompanies you ; they change every four or five hours.

The climate is charming, very cold in the mornings and evenings, but we have and enjoy fires now. I was sorry I had no introductions at Delhi, as it is a fine city. The Palace is built of red sandstone, and looks very imposing. Some of the streets are paved, which is a most unusual thing ; in fact I believe it is the only city in India where they are. I am living in tent, with plenty of space to walk about and hold up one's head. It is six times the size of the little extinguisher we used to see at Chobham. You will hear from me next at Peshawar, where I shall probably arrive in time for the mail.

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

UMBALLA, *December 25th*, 1854.

A very happy Christmas to you all. How I wish I could express my hearty wishes personally, and join the family gathering round the cheerful blaze ! I can so well imagine you all together, sitting after dinner in a wonderfully large circle, with the table moved on one side. By the post-mark you will say that your sensitive brother has been caught by Miss B——'s bewitching coal-black eyes, and has thus prolonged his stay at Umballa. I certainly have remained much longer than I had any idea of, but there has always been something to prevent my starting at the time. I missed, for instance, just as I was going to order my Dak to be laid, a tin box containing all my available money, papers, certificates, letters, Fanny's smoking-cap, Edith's worked cigar-case, Charlotte's and Lydia's shaving-case, and a lot of other things of value to me ; it was stolen from the tent in Major B——'s compound, where I was sleeping. That detained me for a day or two, as I was in hopes of it being found before I left. Secondly the unsettled state of the weather, which did turn to decided wind and rain, prevented me ; and lastly, being so near Christmas Day, I was easily persuaded that it would be much better to remain and pass it with this sociable family than by myself on the road. There was Divine Service of course, which we attended in the morning. The Church here is merely a large bungalow ; the singing is very indifferent, and there is an harmonium instead of an organ. We see the Hills so distinctly now after thirty-six hours' rain, and they look very pretty, with the snow-peaks glittering in the sun. In the hot weather almost all the Station goes to the Hills to escape the hot winds and to recruit their strength. Simla is about a night's Dak from here. I have purchased a beautiful old Arab charger from Major B——, as white as snow and

a very showy animal, larger than the average and so better suited to my long legs. Originally he cost 1,200 rupees; his last master they say bought him *dirty cheap* for 700, and I for 200. His paces are pleasant and easy. "When him go on his tail come after, and when he is excited he kicks up like everyting in de world; he is white all over his pody, and *not* a single black spot pon his pack," etc., *à la* the German's advertisement. He is really a pretty creature. I have christened him Colonel after Juland's horse. I positively go off to-morrow, and make my best way to Loodiana, where I shall stay a few hours. All search for my lost property is unavailing, and it is very annoying.

December 31st.

Still at Umballa! The climate here is very different to Bengal. Now it is cold weather, but during the greater part of the year you can go out at all times of the day. We sit out in the sun of a morning to get warm; you've no idea how cold it is. We are all itching to hear the news from the Crimea; there are various opinions about the success of the Allies at Sebastopol. Several of the Queen's Regiments have been ordered home. I suppose we shall soon hear of an augmentation of the Company's Europeans. It is rumoured that the Native Regiments are to be decreased by two hundred men each, to better enable John Company to defray any extra expense of forming new corps. This would necessarily decrease the number of officers in each corps. I hope this is merely rumour.

I am now in a comfortable roomy bungalow, which Bushby shares with me, but still in confusion; bricklayers, carpenters, coolies, carpet-sellers, etc., are constantly in the house. Three other officers of my corps are staying with us until their house is ready.

The place is not famous for gardens; we have plenty of ground about, but no attempt at a garden. A Station

swimming bath and racket court are about to be constructed by the speculating native Baboo, of course exclusively European.

TO THE SAME.

UMBALLA, *January 8th*, 1855.

The 15th Regiment is not to be my home after all, and in a few days I shall be in orders for the 70th, one which promises to be, if I am not disappointed, a far happier one.

The news from the Crimea is not very satisfactory; the report of the Fall of Sebastopol has been contradicted in the last paper, and our Cavalry seem to have been fearfully mauled. Another rumour there is of sending out some of the Company Artillery; it is a splendid force no doubt, but can it be spared from this country?

TO HIS SISTER CHARLOTTE.

UMBALLA, *January 23rd*, 1855.

I am in general orders for the 70th Native Infantry. It is now finally settled, and here I am fixed for life. A third change is not allowed. I do not, however, see any probability of my regretting it, as they are a very nice set of officers, and what is of great importance, the change of Commandants which is pending brings us a particularly fine officer, and the Adjutant, who is the next important person, is the same.

TO HIS BROTHER JAMES.

UMBALLA, *January 26th*, 1855.

The "Black Officers," as we are called out here by the Royals, give their ball on the 19th, next Friday, and Mrs. W——, charming creature, has kindly accepted the arduous duty of providing or rather superintending the provision of the supper, and is busying herself with making cakes and other nice things calculated to satisfy

the cravings of the most thoroughbred gourmand. She is really a famous hand at such accomplishments.

I am getting accustomed now to my own voice in giving the word of command, and can manage to growl it out pretty tolerably; but it is not easy to give it that musical tone which only comes by practice.

I saw myself in general orders the other day as having passed in Hindustani. I can now get my 180 rupees Munshi allowance as soon as I choose to apply for it; this will not come amiss after that loss of mine.

TO HIS SISTER LYDIA.¹

UMBALLA, *February 15th*, 1855.

We expect the Commander-in-Chief and his camp at this Station next week. Then we shall be harder worked than ever. On Monday morning next all the troops are to be out in review order in full dress, to be reviewed by his Excellency, who is expected early; then we are one day to march by in review in slow time, and another day in quick time, and have sham battles every day in the week. The Artillery here had some very interesting practice the other day, the grand finale to their season for practising firing at targets. A platform was erected for ladies close by the batteries, which consisted of large and small guns, mortars and rocket stands. About thirteen hundred yards' distance was a temporary fort erected, with a tower at the east and west sides, over which the Russian flag was floating. This was to be their work. The 19th Borderers soon made a considerable breach in the walls, and shells were seen bursting right and left into the very centre of it. After having amused the spectators for some time, they commenced firing the rockets into the fort to fire it. They soon gained their object, and the whole curtain was in a blaze, followed almost immediately by an

¹ Now Mrs. Henry M. Sladen.

immense explosion : they had sprung the mine. This was a magnificent sight. The earth exploded and showered up like a regular volcano. They sent a few more rockets into the midst of it to show their skill, and then the *tamasha* ceased.

I have been much interested lately in reading the *Times* my father very kindly sent out to me. They give me a better idea of the state of affairs in the Crimea than I ever could have arrived at by reading the Indian papers, which are very indifferent. It was quite a treat for me to see my old friend the *Times* again. Juland sent me, too, the *Observer*, which has a very graphic account of that terrible hurricane at Sebastopol.

We shall soon be packing up our things for the march. The first week next month we leave Umballa for Delhi.

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

UMBALLA, February 22nd, 1855.

We hear that Delhi swarms with flies. Of course there is a legend connected with that. A Hindu Prince was entertaining one day at dinner a numerous retinue, and a fly came and settled on a dish before him. He got up in great disgust and withdrew from the apartment with his guests, with these words, "The curse of flies be on this place!"

The stupid natives declare that ever since that time the plague of flies *has* been the curse of the place. I believe they are really very bad, and it requires every care to prevent them becoming an intolerable nuisance.

TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.

DELHI, March 19th, 1855.

My regiment arrived here last Tuesday. It is too early to judge of the place, but I certainly am pleased with

what I have seen of it. It is pretty and picturesque. Our parade ground is excellent and our lines the second best in the Cantonments. The Jacks grumble, as they always do, at their huts. I think they have a dread of the place, which has the credit of being unhealthy. It would be our main dependence in case of war. There is no trust to be placed in the natives, who, as soon as they saw us denuded, would probably turn upon us, revolt, and the consequences might be serious.

TO HIS SISTER EMILY.¹

MAIN GUARD RAMPARTS, DELHI,
April 14th, 1855.

We have had such stormy weather the last day or two, which keeps off the hot winds and cools the air greatly; it is most universal at this time of year. The poor old King of Delhi is in a very decrepit and weak condition. His death now at any time would not cause surprise. It is expected that there would be some disturbance just at first after his decease, and the officer of the week on the Main Guard duty is particularly warned to hold himself in readiness to quell any, and there is a foolscap sheet full of instructions hung up in my room as to the course to be pursued in case of anything happening. At present everything has been very quiet and orderly. I have to visit my guards twice at night and twice in the day to see that they all are on the alert.

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

DELHI, *May 3rd, 1855.*

I am certain I shall never cease to long intensely for home. There has been a good deal of gaiety here lately of different kinds—dinner-parties, balls, picnics. Bushby

¹Now the Viscountess Hambleden (created 1891), widow of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., First Lord of the Treasury, who died Oct. 6th, 1891.

and I gave an evening party last Tuesday, to which almost every lady in the Station came; seventeen ladies sat down to supper, which Mrs. W—— had provided with great taste. It was not intended to be a formal party. We asked them all verbally, and got them all to promise to bring their music, at least the few who could perform either vocally or instrumentally. We are particularly fortunate with our ladies in this Station. There are some both pretty and accomplished. The playing and singing was kept up till about 11, when it began to flag, so we moved the tables, sofas, and chairs, and cleared the room for dancing, which continued till 2 o'clock. You would have been amused at all our preparations. Pictures, sofas, easy-chairs, ornamental things, Turkey carpets, came dropping in the day before from different officers of the regiment for the decoration of our rooms, and they really did look very pretty. The band, or rather part of the 22nd Band, played. Everybody seemed very happy and enjoyed themselves, and it went off most sociably. Parties in this country are very much cheaper than at home, or else it would have been madness to have done anything of the kind.

I am glad James is so pleased with the E.I.H. I am anxious to see this book of Juland's about Indian Railways.

TO HIS SISTER CHARLOTTE.

DELHI, *May 15th*, 1855.

I was so delighted a short time ago, just as I was going to bathe and dress, to see the bearer coming to me with two substantial-looking European batches of letters. I seized them, and read and re-read them. My chum is a very nice fellow, a favourite with all. His merry laugh is very infectious at times. I am trying to reform him in some things. He is a dreadful fellow for sleep, and is getting fatter and fatter; he is as tall as I am and stouter, not handsome, but the most laughably good-natured face I

think I ever saw. Nothing puts him out of temper. I have boxed with him till his eyes were running with water, from continued taps, but still there is the same smiling face through the tears, which makes it even more ridiculous.

We have had a great deal of boxing, single-stick, wrestling, and such athletic games, but the weather is becoming too hot for anything but quiet exercise. I get up at 4.30 or 5, walk till 6.30, when I return home, enjoy a cup of coffee and a piece of toast preparatory to a two-hours' study with my Pundit from 7 to 9. Then boxing, etc., if inclined, or practising on the cornopean until it is time to bathe and dress for breakfast. Munshi comes at 12 and stays till 2. I have then the rest of the day before me for reading, riding, and dinner. I always find the day too short; I cannot get through half what I want. It is not near so easy to study here as in Calcutta. Here everything is against one—constant interruptions and regimental duties. I ought to study eight hours a day at least, but that I cannot do without neglecting everything else. The Oriental books are by no means interesting, but I feel it a duty which is incumbent upon me to qualify myself for the highest and any staff that is open to me.

TO HIS SISTER LYDIA.

DELHI, *May 28th*, 1855.

What should I have done had I remained at home? Most probably I should have been in the Crimea, perhaps high up among the lieutenants or no longer a pilgrim in this wretched world. I love my profession, and find plenty to do in it, though many say it is an idle one. One year and a half almost have gone now, and in eight and a half more I shall be entitled to my furlough; but I hardly like to look forward to such a long stay in this country.

TO HIS SISTER EMILY.

DELHI, *June 1st, 1855.*

I suppose on Monday we shall be at our destination and be inhaling the mountain air of India. I have got all my packing to do yet, but that will not take very long; merely for a month's absence few things are necessary. We sent our servants some days ago, so that they may be there to meet us. I expect my horse will get quite skittish in the Hills. It has a wonderful effect on the poor brutes. I believe after grilling down on the Plains they enjoy the change as much as we do.

TO HIS SISTER REBECCA.¹MUSSOORI, *June 12th, 1855.*

Thirteen days of my month's recreation is gone. It seems more like yesterday when I first arrived here, the time flies so rapidly; that's the result of being constantly employed. I dare say you laugh at the idea of my calling this recreation, and consider my life as one run of it; but you can form little idea of the real relaxation it is—a month's leave from the Plains. Not that we are overworked, at all events professionally while with our regiment, but I think change is always beneficial morally and physically. It refreshes the mind as well as the body, and I can assure you the mind does require occasional stimulants after long being accustomed to the debilitating influence of the Plains. The beauties of nature lend no aid as they do up here. On the contrary everything tends the other way. I cannot fancy any climate, even in Italy, Switzerland, or any other European country, more delightful than that of the Hills for a few months in the year. I am at my old seat in the verandah of the hotel; 1.30 o'clock has just struck. It is

¹ Now Mrs. Power, widow of Samuel B. Power, Esq., who died April 15th, 1892.

the hottest month in India ; the sun is shining as it always does very brilliantly, but there is a delicious cool mountain breeze which makes sitting in the open air more agreeable than being boxed up in a dark room.

I feel regularly intoxicated, and am more inclined to tear up and down the Hills, alpenstock in hand, knapsack on my back, nailed shoes and strong leggings, and fancy myself far, far away roaming over the Tyrolese mountains, than to be sitting still, but I must practise mental engineering first a little to effect such an elastic imagination. However, while here I make the most of this delicious place, and am enjoying myself thoroughly.

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

DEOBAND, *June 29th*, 1855.

We have now said goodbye to the Hills, and are fairly in the Plains again—not, however, sitting under a punkah or with the thermometer at 100, but with open windows and a cool air blowing in. The rains have effected this delightful change from the last time I was in Dak Bungalow on my way up-country. My month's leave seems to have sped away like lightning ; a very pleasant month it has been, and right sorry I am to get into the Plains again, after the bracing hill climate. I can't say I feel the better, for I was as well as I could be when I left Delhi, but I believe it does some imperceptible good.

TO HIS SISTER LYDIA.

MAIN GUARD, DELHI, *July 5th*, 1855.

I am regularly settled down again for a couple of months and a half, when I hope again to get a month's change—not to spend it as we did the last in Mussoori, but in walking into the interior. B—— and I propose making a walking tour in quest of bears and other game, carrying our guns and rifles and borrowing a hill tent. This is far less expensive.

The enclosed will give you some idea of the way my Munshi excuses himself coming, on the plea of a cold which he says has seated upon his nose !

TO MR. DANVARS ESQUIRE.

RESPECTED SIR,—I most humbly beg to inform you that I cannot present myself to you on account of my broken health of constitution.

Cold has seated upon my nose.

I remain, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,

P. G. R.

May 9th, 1855.

Fancy my marriage being sent to the Delhi paper the other day by some unknown person !

Being known to the Editor personally, it was not inserted, and I sincerely trust that it may not find its way into any other Indian papers, but if it does and you see it in *Allen's Indian Mail*, which you probably would, you will know what to think of it. I am exceedingly annoyed, not so much from personal consideration as from regard to the lady's feelings.

I know none in my regiment did it, and am almost sure that no officer in any other corps here would do such a thing.

TO HIS SISTER CHARLOTTE.

DELHI, July 29th, 1855.

You will be interested in reading an account, which I presume will appear in the English papers, about the insurrection among the Sonthals of Rajmahal. They have the idea that a virgin, a girl of eleven years old, has given birth to a boy of about sixteen with large whiskers and moustache, and with a very handsome face, who is to lead them to victory against the English, and finally to drive

them from the country and reign himself. But the insurgents are so badly armed and disciplined that I for one do not anticipate much serious fighting. They are reported to have obtained the aid of another tribe, the Coles. It *may* turn into a tedious jungle warfare. The fear is when revolt once begins in the country it may spread among the disaffected tribes, but I hope not. We shall soon, however, be able to judge better when we receive further intelligence. More troops have been sent to the scene of the disturbance, and if they can only get at them fairly will soon rout them. They defeated some of our force the other day, killed some and took others prisoners. They are regular savages, and would, I imagine, give no quarter to the unhappy wretches who may ever fall into their hands ; they hate the Feringhees (English), and revenge would be sweet to them. Some poor defenceless ladies have been murdered, besides other Europeans. The telegraph they have cut in two or three places ; and the Grand Trunk Road is unsafe to travel on, and will be for some time, until guarded by troops or police.

TO HIS BROTHER JAMES.

DELHI, *August 6th*, 1855.

The insurgents seem to be increasing in numbers, and continue their pillaging and murderings—have already burnt several villages and threaten more. They say they have taken possession of Rajmahal. Our troops are frequently brought into contact with the rebels, and have, with two exceptions, met with success against overwhelming odds. The last accounts mention a party of some four hundred of the Sepoys attacking ten thousand of the enemy, but in crossing a nullah they stuck in the mud and were overpowered by the Sonthals, who killed some and wounded others. A European officer is missing, but it has not

appeared yet whether he was killed or taken prisoner. In the cold weather an army will be formed there. Colonel Birch, the Military Secretary, has been appointed Brigadier of the Forces.

TO HIS SISTER MARY.

DELHI, *September 2nd*, 1855.

I have quite given up William¹ as a correspondent. His work seems to be overwhelming. This I can well believe, as before I left home and you became a deserter from home his time was fully occupied with writing, lecturing, and hospital practice. Now in addition he has the heavy cares of a wife and child, and, as I am delighted to hear you say, increasing practice: so he is free from blame entirely. I often think of our College days, and the many cosy chatty evenings we've spent together within the dusky walls of Somerset House. Is there any immediate chance of his being free from pupils? You will have heard before you receive this of this Sonthal insurrection. By the latest reports the rebels seem to be changing their position and endeavouring to out-flank our troops, but now I fancy we have too many detachments scattered about to leave any hope of escape for them. Free pardon has been offered to any who give themselves up, as long as no proof of murder be brought against them. They are a horrible set of savages, and I shall be glad to see them brought to justice. In the cold weather I hope an end will be put to it all.

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

MODINA, NEAR RHOTUK,

September 18th, 1855.

At last I have something new to talk about, and something different to the daily routine of cantonment life;

¹ William Brinton, M.D., F.R.S. who died January 1867.

so as I am vain enough to believe you when you say the most trifling incidents are interesting to you, I will commence *ab initio* and do my best to test whether your patience is exhaustible or not, of course relying on your candour to tell me the result.

My travelling companions are fast asleep outside in the verandah—lazy fellows! Well, our leave “to visit the district on private affairs” dated from September 10th, so to lose no time Bushby and I left our bungalow, after seeing the camels packed with our beds and other things, at daybreak, just as our Adjutant passed through our house to go to morning parade. We walked a few miles out, mounted our horses, which were following us, and walked again to our first halting-place, Mokat, eleven or twelve miles from Delhi. There we found pitched already for us a couple of tents, which we had sent on the night before on camels, and we were soon sitting before a jolly breakfast, enjoying a nice cool breeze: you may imagine after confronting it for a few minutes whatever was on the table looked very foolish.

In the afternoon, about 6, we went out in quest of deer, which we were told were in great abundance some few miles off, having taken with us the man who gave us the welcome information (but very much against his will) to show us the way. We saw a herd of splendid animals, but a long way out of shot, and stalked them till darkness obliged us to give up the pursuit and retrace our steps. I can so well fancy my dear mother saying, “I am so glad; cruel boys! they ought not to hunt such beautiful creatures.”

Well really, as I saw the graceful animals, headed by two splendid bucks, one scampering across some two or three hundred yards, that very idea occurred to me. It did seem a shame to destroy them; they looked so majestic, with their heads well up and their long horns jutting out,

jumping so lightly over the high grass and jungle ; but nevertheless the idea, good as it may be, did not last long enough to deter us venturing out again. The first thing the next morning we got up about 4 and hunted till 10, but with no better success. I never had such a walk since I've been in India. I should think we must have walked at least twenty miles, frequently running after them : not exactly after them, for that would alarm the timid animals at once, but round, so as to encompass them and get a fair shot ; but, and for my mother's satisfaction, I did not get a shot. Joe shot at what he fancied a hyena. We asked the natives who were accompanying us what the name of the animal was. They told us, but we are still in ignorance, as we never heard the word before. Well, after this long search we gave it up. I exchanged my rifle for a gun, and thought I might see some pea-fowl, hares, or partridges on my way home. You must know when our guns were loaded with ball we saw lots of this kind of game. I had not gone far when some deer got up under my nose, as much as to say, Now shoot me if you can ! They were within sixty yards, and with one contemptuous look at me with their pretty eyes away they went, and I was too tired to follow them. I was so annoyed. I could hardly have missed them with a rifle, and now I might have had a fine pair of horns on the table before me and a skin at my feet. After such bad luck, we went home as quick as we could, determined not to allow it, however, to interfere with the enjoyment of the rest of the day. We had sent a man into Delhi the day before to bring out our English letters and some provisions, the latter of which came in very opportunely. The man only returned a few hours before the rain commenced, but, much to our disappointment, brought no letters—the mail not having arrived.

We were none the worse the next morning for our

disturbed repose and late supper, and therefore we thought it best to proceed on our way. The roads were of course very heavy for walking. I walked half the way and drove the other with E——. My misfortunes began that morning, and it was entirely my own fault, which made it more annoying. At all events it is a lesson I may well profit by. As I was walking along and passing a bull, the brute without the slightest provocation gave me a hard kick on my leg, which nettled me considerably, so much so that I lowered my gun from my shoulder and struck him twice across the head with it, returning his blow with interest. The animal shook his head and went away, and gave me time to consider and see the result of my ill-judged temper. My gun was rendered perfectly useless by the stock being smashed, and I shall now be put to the expense of having a new stock put in. Some Hindus were burning the body of a relative who had died a few hours previously some little distance off. We went to see the ceremony, but there was nothing pleasing at all in it. The body was covered over with a pile of wood, and there was a man by who was constantly administering ghee (a kind of butter) to the body to make it burn well, routing it about in anything but a respectful way. The relatives and friends of the deceased were around laughing and joking.

Such a storm as we had yesterday I never was in before. Almost immediately after breakfast the whole sky became overcast, and the rain came down in *torrents*, accompanied with thunder and lightning. In a very short time the whole country was like a vast sheet of water, and our tent had about eight inches of water in it. By chance I saw my gun-cases immersed in the unfriendly element, and everything inside soaking, and boots and shoes and articles of raiment floating about. There seemed no immediate probability of its clearing off, and the depth

of water was steadily increasing, threatening to carry us away bodily, tent and all; so we thought it our best way to tuck up our trousers, and, with the help of our servants, transport ourselves and goods to the Dak Bungalow, which providentially for us happened to be near. Had we been compelled to remain in the swamp all night, most likely we should have got fever or ague by next morning. Of course we were necessarily detained there for a couple of days while our things were drying. Joe and I went out shooting in the afternoon, wading in mud the whole time, and got *nothing*—served us right too for our stupidity.

TO HIS BROTHER JAMES.

DELHI, *October 25th*, 1855.

There has been great excitement on the Madras side of India lately caused by a revolt of some of the natives at Hyderabad. It appears that Colonel — had been very injudiciously interfering with the prejudices of the natives in forcing upon them a Christian education during their pujahs (holidays set aside for worship). He endeavoured with as little show of prudence to quell the noise which is always a necessary accompaniment of any native festival, particularly religious festivals, but this he failed to do at first by merely sending word to them. The row continuing, he went out himself among them and commanded them to be quiet. They obeyed him, and returned sulkily to their homes and the Sepoys to their lines. Shortly afterwards, as he was walking in his verandah, he was attacked and cut down by a number of his own Sepoys and left for dead. Some ladies were also attacked in the same dastardly manner. So like natives when aroused by religious fanaticism. They stick at nothing, and consider anything justifiable to punish whomsoever shall attempt to interfere in their customs. The Colonel is doing well, I believe.

I heard this from B——, whose father is Resident of the place, and whose mother and sisters had a very narrow escape from falling into the hands of these enraged fellows. The ladies were sent into cantonments, and all Europeans came to place themselves under the protection of the military, and they were obliged to fortify the Colonel's house in case it should be attacked. The Sonthal insurrection continues, and pardon is offered, and I believe a reward too, to any of them who shall give themselves up to Government. Did you ever hear of such folly? trusting savages like these, who are barbarous enough to kill European ladies, hew them to pieces and drink their blood, lay waste and pillage and burn all the villages they come across. These are the men who are offered unconditional pardon upon surrender. Savages, in my opinion, ought to be treated like savages and not like reasonable beings; they will interpret our misplaced leniency as cowardice, and their avarice will be excited by the knowledge of the fact of Government being so rich that they can afford to give reward to their enemies.

Amy's old bearer came up-country to me from Calcutta; he is a very good old fellow and a capital servant, a kind of pater-familias who looks after the others. After my return from leave the other day I hardly knew the man; his hair, which was perfectly grey, had turned black. I quizzed him about it, and asked him how it was he had turned so young all of a sudden. He laughed, and said that he had dyed it because one day we were joking about his venerable appearance.

TO HIS SISTER CHARLOTTE.

DELHI, *November 2nd, 1855.*

You begin by rejoicing at the *fall* of Sebastopol, but, from all accounts, I imagine much tough work still remains to be done. The south side only is taken, and our persevering enemy is strengthening and increasing the

fortifications on the north side, so that further sacrifice of life and property must follow before the final overthrow of their stronghold; but I do hope the columns of the papers will not present such a cruel list of killed and wounded, that the attacks and all operations will be better planned, and much valuable life saved. I was indeed sorry to hear of poor George Rochfort's death: the poor fellow did not live long to enjoy his promotion. Fancy there being a nursery in Lancaster Place again! Who would have thought it a year or two ago? I was going to say it may still be one by the time I return home, but I am in hopes, long before that, you will all have bid a long adieu to the Duchy¹ and my father be released from the drudgery of office work and be living in some nice country place. I hope you will *all* attend to our dear father's advice as expressed at the breakfast-table one morning and not spoil the little cherub "Mary Auber." My mother, I imagine, was not far wrong in reminding him to include himself in the *all*. What big things these nephews and nieces will all have grown by the time I see them! We had an Inspection Parade this morning. I am just exchanged into the Grenadier company, and inspected them this morning as my company for the first time. They are magnificent fellows. We have a couple of them six feet four, and broad in proportion. I assure you as I walk down the ranks I feel quite small by many of them, and I am *not* so small either. We are able now to enjoy a game of cricket, as in times of yore, when we used to play in the orchard at Barons. I often think of those bygone days. I should like to send you home some of the skins and horns of the deer I killed. They would ornament your room, but I dare say I shall have the opportunity of bringing some with me. "Wait and see."

¹ Mr. Danvers retired from the Duchy office in 1861, after forty-five years' service under four sovereigns. He died Oct. 21st, 1867.

TO HIS SISTER LYDIA.

DELHI, November 14th, 1855.

My later letters would have arrived before my departure on my September shooting excursion, and in time to relieve my anxious mother of all fears about bear-shooting, etc. I should like to have such another month ; it was such fun. I should most probably not have got any bears, had I gone, as a friend of mine went into the interior and found none. It is not the most favourable time of year for that kind of sport.

Delhi is now exceedingly gay. The Races commenced on Tuesday, and will end next Tuesday. Several strangers from Stations near at hand have come over to see them. The ladies of Delhi assemble on race mornings in the grand stand in gorgeous array, bright ribbons, latest fashioned bonnets, all to show off their blooming faces to the greatest advantage. There are public breakfasts, dinners, and ordinaries for bachelors, and balls for the ladies. I have seen nothing of this yet, having been too unwell with fever to venture out, but I hope yet to see two days' races. I am interested in them because a poor fellow of my own corps, a very wild but a most liberal man, is running several horses. He has been dreadfully ill for a long time, and has got a sick certificate home. The first day he was successful and won about £200; if his success continues he may treble that sum, which would help him home. He is already very much involved, and is playing a dangerous game. If he loses instead of wins in the long run, I can't imagine what he'll do. Many a foolish fellow has been ruined by this iniquitous habit.

November 29th.

Since I wrote last I have been unable to apply myself to anything, having been laid up with the Delhi fever

again. I thought I was getting well over it, but the uncertainty always attending this peculiar sickness proved itself forcibly the next day, or rather the same afternoon, when fever and ague came on. However, I do think now it has done its work and will leave me in peace. I have had a most interesting set of papers from my dear father, which have helped considerably to while away the miserably dull hours spent on a sick-bed.

TO HIS SISTER MARY.

DELHI, *December 7th*, 1855.

A curious accident happened here the other day. An officer of the 22nd had a tame leopard—or rather one which in its infancy was tame, but as it matured got very fierce. It was kept in a kind of shed fastened by a strong chain, long enough to enable the animal to have a little freedom. There was a beam across the roof, and it appears that the leopard, whether provoked or not, nobody knows, during the night jumped over this beam and hung himself, for he was found suspended and dead the next morning. He was a splendid animal. I think the Sonthals will soon be settled now. It appears from the latest accounts that General Lloyd has succeeded in completely surrounding them, and they have become regularly brow-beaten. Detachments have been sent to disarm them, as they have given up all intention of fighting. The Governor-General has arrived in Calcutta and resumed his seat as President of the Council of India.

TO HIS BROTHER JAMES.

DELHI, *January 12th*, 1856.

I saw my name as subaltern officer on Main-Guard duty for this week in Saturday's orders, without the usual warning. This duty I think involves a strange incon-

sistency. An officer of my standing in the service is not allowed to hold a company and therefore draw company's allowance, but yet he is considered competent to hold this post, which is by no means an unimportant one, and to have the charge of some four hundred guards. The fact is that there are so few officers that they find it convenient to employ all the subalterns, without regard to length of service, on such duties as this. All our attention now is directed towards a new quarter, where they are concentrating troops in anticipation of the annexation of Oudh. Some expect fighting, others that this new country will be annexed without a blow. Rumour says that the Nepaulese are a little restless and show some anxiety to meddle. They are looking out for the loaves and fishes, and want to see some part of Oudh appropriated to them. There are all sorts of rumours rife. It remains to be seen what will happen. Nothing will be done until the first of the ensuing month, when a large force will be ready to do whatever may be proposed by our Government and rejected by that of Oudh. The last accounts from the Crimea were scanty. I hope they are not wasting time there now, as they did at the commencement of the war. They might well take a lesson from their gallant enemies, who never seem to relax their labours.

TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.

DELHI, *February 7th*, 1856.

Your letters are most encouraging. It was very considerate of — offering to interest himself for me. I wrote him a few lines thanking him for his kindness, and said that I should feel much obliged by his applying to the Commander-in-Chief on my behalf. I told him that in September, when I should have completed my two years regimental duty, I should be eligible for acting Staff appointment, having passed the P.C.H. in Calcutta several

months ago. I thought while I was writing it might be as well to mention that I was passing the Surveying Examination at that very time. I even went so far as to ask him if he would have any objection to apply to the Commander-in-Chief *now* for an appointment in one of the Irregular Cavalry Corps that are about to be organised for duty in Oudh. If he *does* ask, I consider there is very little if any chance of my getting it; but if he be really anxious to do me a good service, and the Commander-in-Chief anxious to show himself a friend to him, then he may either by making mine a special case give me an appointment at once, or if he be unable to do that, he may put my name down for the next vacancy. Nothing like beating the iron while it is hot. He often spoke to me of your assistance and kindness to him while at home, and I believe is really anxious to show his gratitude to you, but time will prove. You ask me in what line I intend looking for Staff employment, "Civil, Political, or Military?" This is a question I find some difficulty in answering; the different departments have different advantages, and disadvantages. I don't like to choose because I may have to wait so long until a chance of being satisfied occurs, so I think upon the whole it is best to trust to Providence, and be thankful for what comes. I like my profession extremely, and should be sorry to give it up; but, as you say, the prizes and qualifications are higher in the Political line, and there are more opportunities for being useful. For these reasons I should prefer that line. My next object, setting aside the good of the Service, is a speedy return home. I should be able the sooner to compass this by getting some lucrative appointment in the Civil or Political line. In the Military your income, even when in command of Regulars or Irregulars, never exceeds from 1,000 to 1,400 rupees. I don't consider the Adjutant-General's department or Quartermaster-General's or Commissariat or

Secretary as Military at all. In those you shrink into an ordinary quill-driver. Of all things that I should dislike would be an aide-de-camp-ship to the Governor-General or any other General, except in service, and then to the Commander-in-Chief or General it would be great fun. But in time of peace you might as well be a valet at once, to dance attendance on my Lord this or my Lady that, as to be aide-de-camp. The last mail brings us news of Sir Patrick Grant's appointment as Commander-in-Chief at Madras. If this be true, it is another triumph for our army. Yesterday's *Delhi Gazette* states that the Sonthals are again in arms, and an engagement has taken place between a small body of the insurgents and a company of the Hill Rangers, in which thirty-one Sonthals were killed and some Sepoys wounded. The King of Oudh has refused to sign his abdication, and says he will go home, lay his case before the British House of Commons and his seal and crown at the feet of her Britannic Majesty, and to her alone he declares he will give them up. The deputation answered that would not do, and that he must say he abdicated of his own free will. This he positively refused to do. He is allowed three days for consideration. The troops are encamped one march from the capital. I wonder if there will be any fighting? If there is, and the Sonthals are not put down at once with a strong hand, there will be plenty of work for the troops. We sadly want our army increased now that we have annexed Oudh. The King of Oudh has issued orders for his troops to be paid up to the end of January, and to be disbanded. A Padre here named Hubbard (one of the Missionaries) dined with me at mess yesterday, having had a game of cricket first. While talking over old times at College, I discovered he knew several King's College men of my own standing, Rawlinson among them. His friend and fellow-Missionary here knew him, he said, better a good deal than he did

while at Emmanuel. They are both very good fellows. Jackson, I fancy, if not Senior Wrangler, took a very high degree at Cambridge.

TO HIS SISTER LYDIA.

DELHI, *February 16th*, 1856.

Though his Majesty the King of Oudh declares his intention of proceeding to London, and laying his grievances before the English House of Commons, he has wisely allowed his government to be transferred to the Hon. East India Company and disbanded his army without a blow. This is all very well if the country remains quiet, but that remains to be seen. I hope it may.

TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.

MAIN GUARD, DELHI, *March 10th*, 1856.

We had a very pleasant day out at Egerton's camp the other day. The shooting is very different in this country from anything you see in England. We had eight elephants, about a dozen chuprassees (corresponding in a measure to our policemen), and I should say three dozen coolies. With these we formed line over a large extent of country and beat all the jungles for game. There were black and grey partridges, the hog, deer, antelopes, and boar; the latter we hunted with spears, the former we shot with shot and ball. Hog-hunting, though it doesn't sound very sporting, is about the most exciting sport there is, particularly when you are well-mounted and the animal shows fight, which they invariably do when brought to bay. The first spear is in most cases fatal. The impetus at which you are going, and the rate at which the hog charges you, render the stab fatal if well planted; but if you miss your aim it places you in a critical position. The ground over which we

rode was so jungly and broken that they all escaped us, and we took no tusks home with us as a signal of our success.

I suppose the parting speech of Lord Dalhousie to the farewell deputation at Calcutta will find its way into the English papers. He spoke with feeling and shortly. His health has been breaking up lately, and various reports greatly exaggerated have reached us, causing more anxiety than necessary. It seemed to be the fear at one time that he would leave his bones in this country.

March 16th.

I am more anxious than ever to get something more to do, something settled and *in a department in which I can rise*. I work, but how do I know whether my studies are to assist me when my circumstances are changed? I may be applying my talents, whatever I have of them, to a point totally unnecessary; others may be lying dormant which, for want of scope in action, may be, I don't say are, concealed. For this reason I sometimes wish to know in what line I shall be employed, that I may direct all my energy to making myself useful in that line and ensuring advancement to the top of the list. To be a Colonel merely requires patience; in course of time that must come.

TO HIS SISTER CHARLOTTE.

MOHUN PASS, April 10th, 1856.

Having yesterday morning dismissed my companions, the stupid ignorant coolies, and taken a shikaree or native sportsman, I have seen more of the game frequenting the hills, and enjoyed my morning and evening rambles much better. Some of the hills are very steep, and require great care and caution in ascending and descending. The loose stones which roll from under your feet, the prickly shrubs

which penetrate trousers and coat, the flies which buzz perpetually about you, certainly annoy one not a little, especially when a combination of speed and quiet is necessary; but I think the fine view and the bracing breeze which you get on reaching the top, together with the excitement and novelty of the thing, quite repay you for those little annoyances. The guns which the natives use are awkward, cumbersome weapons, and not formidable at any great distance. Every morning that we go out we see traces of bears and tigers going and returning on the same path to feed and drink. They have regular resorts—the latter where they can get a pick out of a herd of cattle, and bears where they find water. As they feed off roots of trees, of course in a jungle they can get their food without going far for it; but it is different as regards water, for the streams are dried up, and there are only small pools here and there. To-morrow morning I am going to start very early and see if I cannot get a shot at one. Tigers I leave for moonlight nights.

Friday.—Well, I went out this morning, but not early; my lazy servants never awoke me till the sun was well up, so that my friend Bruin, before I got to the place, was, I dare say, comfortably settled in his home, where I did not follow him; but in going to a cud (a ravine) where the shikaree expected to show me a herd of fine stags, I heard a noise among the bushes, and, looking in that direction, saw a young tiger; it saw me too, and after a good stare bounded away. We mounted the hill, thinking possibly we might get a shot at it underneath, but we could see nothing of it at first. At last, after a little looking about, we saw in the distance no less than seven, three large ones and four small ones, stealing away. To-night I am going to waylay them, and, if possible, get one or two. I believe now there is more truth in what they say here than I did at first, and really do think that the

scarcity and timidity of the game may be partly owing to the number of tigers about, for in addition to seeing every here and there the half-eaten remains of the poor animals, I have now seen the beasts of prey themselves, of which the stags live in mortal dread. Another reason is that at this time of year they burn the long grass and clear the jungle, and the deer migrate to some other spot. I should so much like to send you home a good specimen of a tiger or bear skin.

Wednesday, 16th.—I got a tiger the other night, but unfortunately a small one, so that the skin is not worth sending home. The ball went right through him, and he died after a very little struggling. I tried again in different places the two nights following. The first I saw nothing and slept soundly; the second I had hardly been asleep for an hour when the shikaree awoke me and told me there was a tiger coming. I jumped up and seized my rifle, and saw an immense large animal stealing quietly along. I waited till I could see him well, and then attracted his attention by cocking the gun. He looked up and I fired. With a deep roar he rolled over and went tumbling down the bank of a dry river, breaking the shrubs in his fall. We both thought we heard him struggling at the bottom (some eight feet), and that he was dying, but at last he managed to get up and staggered away. I was so disappointed. I flattered myself I had got what I wanted, and that I should be able to send home a skin; but when I saw him get up I thought my chance was gone, for having no elephant I could not search for him in the jungle and long grass where he would most probably conceal himself and die. The shikaree seemed quite happy though, and told me I should be sure to find him the next morning, as he was too badly wounded to go far. The next morning I examined the place where the brute had fallen, saw the way he had torn up the

ground with his claws in his desperate effort to save himself, and traced him some little distance by his blood, which had fallen in a large quantity. I satisfied myself with merely taking a very trifling search, and hurried home to write for elephants to enable me to make an effectual search; but, of course, as I particularly wanted one, there was not one to be had. I have written to a Nawab who lives some twenty miles off as a last chance. In the meantime I fear wolves, jackals, and vultures will have done their work. I was vexed afterwards that I had not fired both barrels. Tigers have been known to carry away several balls in them, and go for some hundred yards and then die. I have now been in India exactly two years; it was this day, 1854, that I first stepped on Indian shores. What numerous changes have taken place since that time! I wonder what more will happen before we meet again? It is well we cannot dip into futurity at our pleasure, and foresee the stability, or the reverse, of our fine castles in the air, which hope loves to build and live upon.

TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.

DEOBAND, *April 21st*, 1856.

Since writing to Charlotte I have shot a fine tigress, nothing remarkable for size, as she was not full-grown, a four-year-old, but I should imagine some nine feet including tail. I shall send home the skin the first opportunity. News was brought me that she had killed a cow in the middle of the day, and dragged it away into the jungle, where she left it. We got our battery ready and proceeded to the spot, and waited there in a tree close by till she should return to finish the repast. It was a lovely moonlight night. She came about 10 o'clock, having warned us of her approach from some distance with some deep roars; but she came along so quietly that we did not see her

till she was on the point of seizing her prey, when we fired, and rolled her over. For about three seconds, not more, she continued rolling over and over, crashing through the shrubs, and making a great clearance, when there was suddenly a dead silence. She must have dropped down, and died immediately. We found her some ten or fifteen yards off, the next morning, half concealed in some long grass. She had been hit in a mortal spot by both balls. This was the first large tiger I had seen so near to me, and she looked terrific in death. We sent for a camel and had her taken away. There was great rejoicing among the villagers, whose cattle these beasts destroy daily. But tiger-shooting without elephants does not do. It is all very well to shoot them from a tree, but unless you kill them on the spot (and at night-time, it is not always easy to see very distinctly should the moon happen to be partially obscured) they get away in the thick jungle and long grass, and it is doubtful whether you find them. It is hardly safe to search on foot for a wounded tiger, unless you are one of a large party with guns, for they attack you with great ferocity and prove a most dangerous foe. I was led into an act of imprudence this morning on the spur of the moment. As we were returning home, one of the men said he saw a young tiger (a cub) alone. We all went in search. The shikaree and myself, being the only ones with guns, kept skirting the hills, thinking we might get a shot at it in the ravine underneath; but, much to our surprise, as we looked along the brow of the hill, we suddenly saw a tigress and four cubs stealing away from us some fifteen yards in advance. I could not resist the temptation, but took aim at the last of the lot. She fell, but recovered herself, looked round at us, and went quietly down the ravine. All the men, seeing her turn round, made up their minds it was going to attack, and away they ran as hard as they could go; but as I had

seen the brute go away in another direction, and had lost sight of it, I thought by running too I might run into mischief and do no good, for it is impossible to run away from a tiger if it really chases you. The ground too was so rocky that I must have tumbled in my flight. So, having one barrel left and keeping my eye open, I went towards the man who had my powder, etc., and reloaded. The shikaree and I then went in search of the cub very cautiously, but could not find it. We left the other men standing in mortal dread, but some time afterwards in looking for them we found them at a great distance perched up in a tree out of harm's way. I asked them the reason of their alarm, and they told me that the tigress and her remaining three cubs had pursued them. Perfectly absurd ! True, they had fled (but not pursued, or the men would not have all been alive to tell the tale) in their direction, for we traced them by their footmarks ; but they never attack man unless wounded or disturbed in their sleep or while feeding, and then not if left undisturbed. Had the tigress been the nearest to me and been shot, she, I doubt not, would have proved an awkward customer. I was thankful that it happened as it did, but I never expected to see five when the men only warned me of one, and that a cub, or I should not have thought of going after them. You might tackle a cub, if not a very large and plucky one, with a hunting knife or the butt-end of your rifle, supposing it attacked you, but I had much rather not try. Their claws are tremendous and would inflict a nasty wound. I wrote in all directions for elephants, but could not get one. The Nawab offered to send one if I postponed my departure for a day, but that was impossible, so I have offered a reward to any person or persons who may bring me the skins of those tigers I lost—that is to say, skins whole and undamaged by vermin or other animals. Two were very large tigers. I should like to send home

their skins. The result, then, of my tiger-shooting is two tigers secured and three lost in the jungles.

I suppose there is hardly another place in India where there is such a collection of all kinds of wild beasts. You see tigers, bears, elephants, leopards, hyenas, wolves, and then again monkeys, porcupines, deer of various kinds, and the beautiful spotted deer or chēētah, the bārā-sing or large horned stag, the maka deer, barking deer, goorel, jungly fowl, and peacocks in abundance. At night it was most exciting, hearing the forest babel—the roar of the tiger and growl of the bear, the cry of the jackal and timid noise of the deer as they fled from the hungry tiger, the croaking of monkeys when the approach of anything disturbed them, the screech of the owl and chorus of peafowl. At first all tended to drive sleep from me, but latterly when I had had my shot—I never but once had more than one—I resigned myself to indulging Morpheus and slept soundly.

TO HIS SISTER EMILY.

DELHI, *May 4th*, 1856.

Last night we had a fire in the lines of our regiment. The news was brought to the officer of the day after mess, about 9 o'clock. We all (except —, who I imagine had seen too many fires to care for leaving a comfortable seat) sallied out, and were soon on the spot directing and assisting the Sepoys to put it out, or rather prevent it spreading, for the thatch is of such an inflammable nature that the only chance of stopping it was to pull off the thatch from the neighbouring huts, and thus leave nothing to feed the flames with. It was a fine sight, and a very curious one to me. The night was pitch dark, therefore the flames were seen to greater advantage. In every direction were men running about with gharras (earthen vessels) of water, and serving them to others perched on the top of the

adjoining roofs, who in their turn threw vessels and all over the fast approaching fire. At first they were attempting to extinguish the fire itself, which was impossible considering the hold it had on the dried thatch; but when we came to the spot we induced them to sacrifice one or two of their houses for the safety of the rest, and superintended the operation of lifting off the roofs. In about half an hour the flames were checked at the vacant space which they had made. This is a serious loss to the poor Sepoys. Government gives no compensation, and quite rightly, for these fires generally occur from carelessness or are the work of an incendiary.

TO HIS SISTER MARY.

DELHI, *May 19th*, 1856.

In my description of my month's shooting and its result I think I omitted to mention the curious way in which I found broken pieces of porcupine quills firmly transfixed in the tiger's body. You probably know that it is believed by many, while others are sceptical on the subject, that these animals have the power at will of shooting out their quills. I have no doubt myself that they have, for by the manner they were dispersed about the tiger's body I feel little hesitation in saying that it could not have been a matter of accident, or consequent upon the clumsy way in which the tiger worried his prey, but more likely they were shot while the porcupine was trying to defend itself against attack. The tips of the quills were as sharp as needles almost; one was right through the brute's nose, another in its upper lip, while several were in different parts of the body and legs.

TO HIS SISTER EMILY.

DELHI, *July 25th*, 1856.

I saw a battle the other morning between a cobra.

and a mongoos ; the latter is a rat-like animal, only much larger than an ordinary rat, and lives principally on snakes and vermin. It was wonderful to see the sparring that went on between the two—how cleverly the mongoos avoided the darts of the cobra, who, with its head raised, was hissing defiance at its little plucky enemy. After what appeared some harmless sparring, the mongoos jumped up and met the snake half-way as it was darting at it with open jaws, seized it by its mouth, pulling it down with it, and rolled over and over twisting its neck the while, till the snake became perfectly powerless, and then it enjoyed a dainty repast off the snake's head : they never eat the body.

TO HIS SISTER LYDIA.

DELHI, *September 11th*, 1856,

There is intense excitement going on now, and has been for the last few days, in the city and cantonments among the Mahomedans. Their grand festival, the Mohurram, is now nearly over. Last night we all went down after mess to see their Taazir, a large high temple, richly emblazoned with different coloured tinsel, which our Mussulman Sepoys made up among themselves. It was a very handsome one, and stood, I suppose, some 40 feet high and occupied a square base of 12 feet. They carry it about on their shoulders all night with great singing and shouting, and cast it into the river to-day. It was a curious sight to see several hundreds of natives all salaaming, bowing and worshipping this temple. Then there were other sights going on, athletic games of different kinds round about it. All this was at night, and a beautiful moonlight night it was, but the moonlight seemed quite obscured by the numerous bright and coloured torches the Sepoys were waving about. When their officers came

they immediately cleared a way for them, and brought us chairs and punkahs in front of their taazir. It pleases them vastly to see their officers take an interest in their concerns. To-day almost all my servants have got leave to go and see the end of the taazir. All their religious ceremonies are usually accompanied with noise, beating of the drums and blowing the fifes.

TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.

Cawnpore, *November 1st, 1856.*

While at Futtegarh we went over the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing's house and grounds. The gardens are not laid out tastefully by any means; they are too stiff and neat, and the beds of flowers might be distributed to greater advantage over the undulating ground. I never have seen any garden in India to be compared to a very second-rate one at home. There is such a want of freshness. The house itself is neatly and handsomely furnished, and reminds me of a comfortable English home in the country. Thank James for the *Indian Mail* he was kind enough to send me out. I was much interested in reading your article on "Electric Telegraphs in India." Do you think there is any chance of O'Shaughnessy being knighted or his services being recognised by the Crown in any substantial form before coming out again?

TO HIS SISTER EMILY.

2, STAFF BARRACKS, FORT WILLIAM,

March 7th, 1857.

Our regiment is in great repute down here for the cleanliness and orderly conduct of our men. The Governor-General remarked it to the Town Major, who told him it was the cleanest and smartest looking regiment he had ever seen. So far so good: I hope they will keep up their

good character. We have had a state visit from the Rajah of Gwalior, and a grand Durbar was held one day, at which of course he attended. We, *i.e.* the military, were all out, and formed streets of redcoats for him and his suite to pass down, and saluted him as he passed. I went into the Durbar just to see what it was like, and came out again; this was a full-dress business and somewhat warm. At the end of the room were seated the Governor-General, his staff and visitors, while right and left were seats arranged for strangers. It looked pretty—the variety of dresses, civil, military, and the jewelled dresses of the native bigwigs. There is some talk of the Rajah giving a picnic in the Botanical Gardens, at which there is to be dancing and fireworks, as a return for the ball given at Government House to him.

TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.

FORT WILLIAM, *March 9th, 1857.*

I am just now in a state of disagreeable uncertainty. I heard yesterday of a vacancy having occurred in my regiment for Staff employ by the resignation of Captain Harris of his command of the Gwalior contingent. This is one of the chances I have been looking for, and now is the time for testing the value of my interest. I am going to call on Colonel Birch this morning. I *believe* he will assist me—not from any encouragement he himself has given me, but from what his son has said to me on various occasions, I am inclined to think he will be ready to give me a helping hand. I hope I may find him at home, as I do so much prefer talking in these matters to writing. Other officers of my regiment are at work too, and I fear have the start of me, having heard sooner of the vacancy, so that perhaps it may already be filled up. . . . Well, I have seen Birch, and found him everything I could wish, and ready in every way to help me. His kind way of

expressing himself towards me rather surprised me, for he usually is so reserved in his manner. He put me in the way of applying for an appointment, and showed me a list of the vacancies in the gift of the Governor-General, permitted me to make any use of his name I liked in my application, and promised to speak himself to the Governor-General on my behalf the first opportunity. I am going to-morrow to take my letter to Major Bouverie, the official Military Secretary to the Governor-General, and shall tell him, as Birch advised me, of my interview with him, and request him to lay my letter before the Governor-General. I do hope this may lead to something. The Governor-General thinks so highly of Birch that, unless he has already promised, I stand the best chance of getting on the Staff. He asked me what kind of appointment I wanted, civil or military. I said either the Irregular Cavalry or an Assistant-Commissionership; the former I preferred as being professional, and the latter as holding out more opportunities of advancement and being more lucrative: however, it ended in my applying for the former.

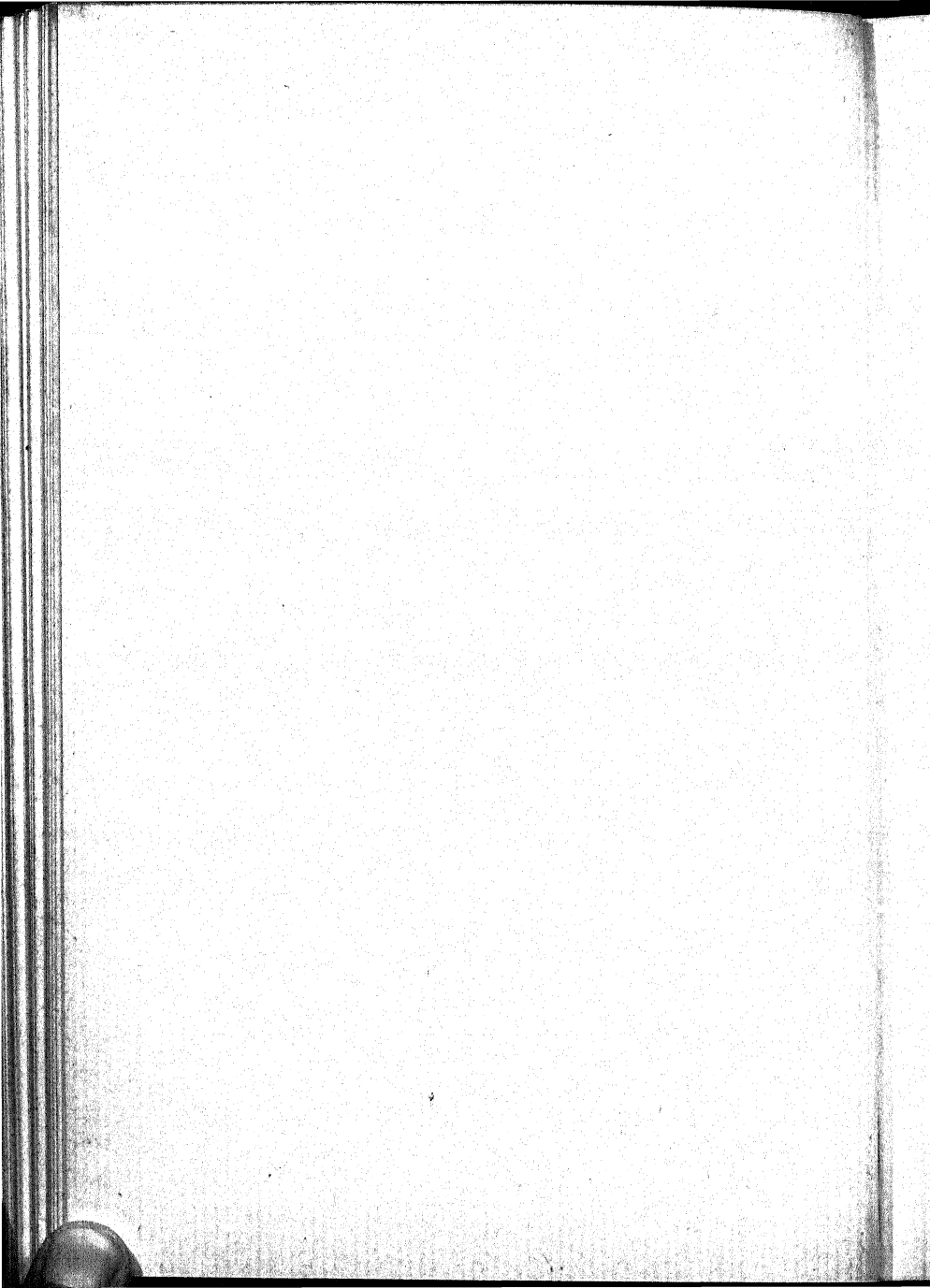
March 10th.

I saw Bouverie this morning, but alas! he gave a death-blow to all my high expectations, Byers of my corps having anticipated me. Does not this further prove what an unfortunate exchange this was into the 70th, where I have such powerful interest to contend against? In the 15th there are now two vacancies for General Staff, and one for Regimental. In the 70th there are none, and not likely to be any for a long time to come. Major R——, Assistant Military Secretary, on hearing of my incessant bad luck, said laughingly he wondered I had not taken strychnine long ago; but really and truly it is beyond a joke, and I am getting more and more dispirited and disgusted by this cruel stagnation work. It is a trying

thing to a man anxious to get on. However, I must stick to my profession, and do my best to deserve success. I attached a certificate from my Colonel, at Colonel Birch's recommendation, to my application. It is rather an amusing one, very much like a character given by a master to his servant, so I give you a copy of it :—

“Certified, that I consider Ensign R. W. D. of the 70th Regiment Native Infantry a most honourable, upright, and gentlemanly young man, having invariably found him so during the period I have commanded the 70th Regiment. He is smart, active, and intelligent, and one whom I should be glad to see advanced in his profession. Considering him as I do qualified to hold a Staff appointment, I have great pleasure in recommending him to the favourable notice of the authorities, for a share of their patronage.”

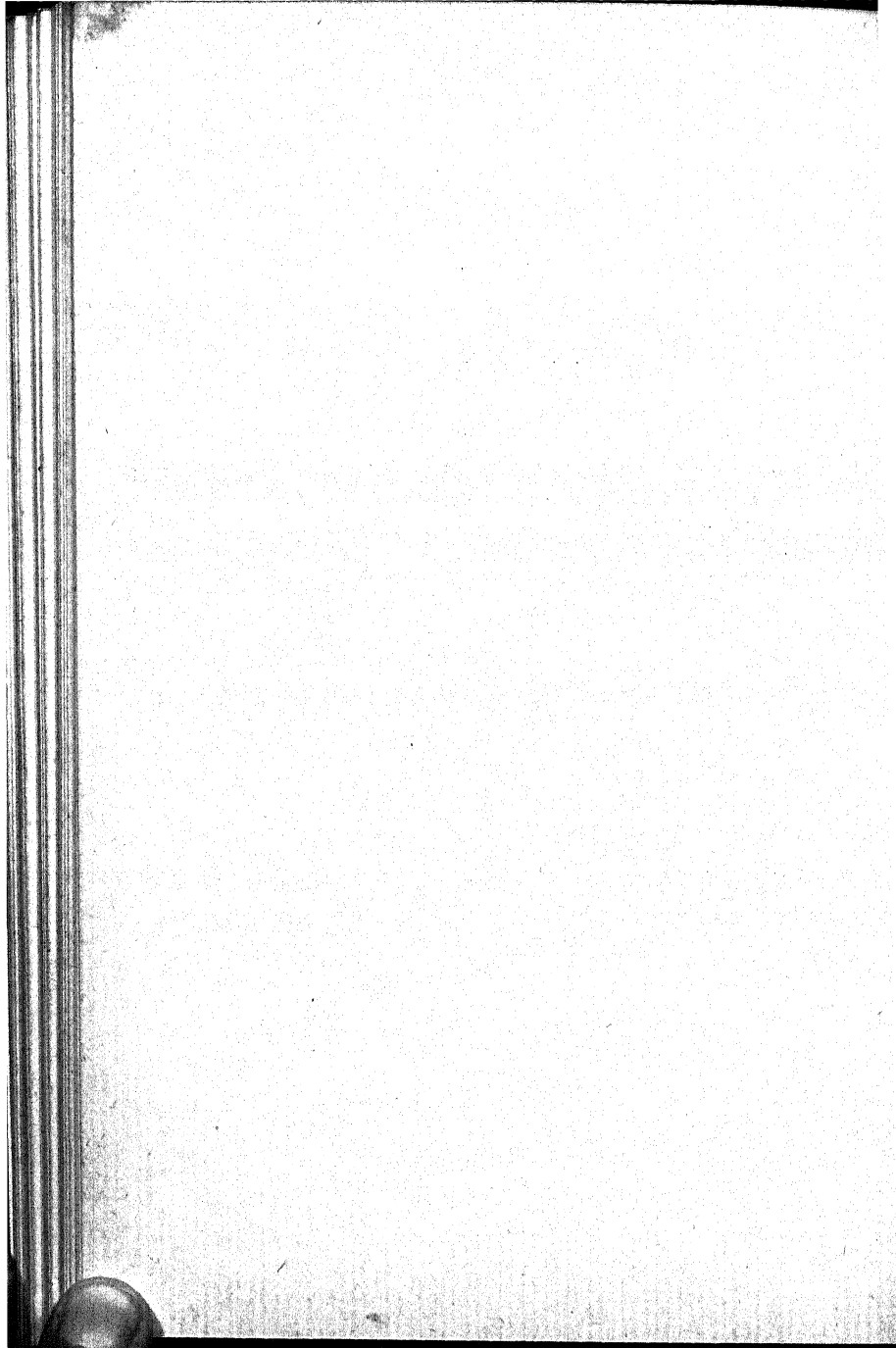
Bouverie said that the Governor-General expressed himself very sorry that he could not give me an appointment, but it was impossible to remove more officers from my corps. And so this bubble has burst, and I fall back to the old routine—Persian and Munshi seven hours a day.



PART II.

FROM MARCH 1857 TO JANUARY 1858.

Symptoms of Mutiny—End of War in Persia—Outbreak of Mutiny at Delhi and at Meerut—Murders of Officers, Ladies, and Children—70th Regiment Loyal—Addressed by Governor-General—Death of General Anson, Commander-in-Chief—Lord Canning—Disarming of 70th—Appointed Interpreter on Staff of H.M.'s 5th Fusiliers—Farewell to 70th—On way up-country by the River Ganges—Delays—Disarming of Native Regiments—Fighting at Dinapore—Arrives at Cawnpore—Joins Force under Havelock and Outram—Appointed Orderly Officer to the Force—March from Cawnpore to Lucknow between September 19th and 27th—With the Besieged in Lucknow from September 27th to November 16th, when Sir Colin Campbell Relieved the Garrison—After the Relief—Camp Alumbagh—Wounded—Ordered to Rejoin 70th Regiment for Service in China—Leaves the 5th Fusiliers—Farewell Letter from Colonel.



TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.

CALCUTTA, *March 19th, 1857.*

THIS discontented feeling among the Sepoys still continues. I *hear* of no steps being taken to subdue it. Perhaps Government is waiting until the 84th Lancers comes up from Burmah (it *is* sent for by steamer), so that there may be means if necessary of enforcing obedience. The 19th mutinied at Berhampore, and turned out armed with loaded muskets. The Artillery and Indian Cavalry were called out under command of a Colonel M——, who ordered the 19th to lay down their arms. Their reply was, "Not till you have sent your force off the field." This the Colonel did—some say injudiciously, I think so too—and they then laid down their arms. The *on dit* is that they are being marched down here unarmed, to be disbanded, and that Colonel M—— is to be brought before a Court Martial. It appears to me mistaken policy on the Colonel's part to have called out those troops to enforce his commands when disputed, and then at the desire of the mutineers to remove them, thus depriving himself of the only power of enforcing his word, and allowing them to dictate terms when they *ought* only to have obeyed. He evidently feared responsibility, and preferred gaining his object without sacrifice of life if possible, without considering at the time the dangerous precedent it afforded. Had he peppered them well with grape, and given the order for the Irregulars to charge them when thrown into disorder by a well-directed fire, I doubt very much whether

it would not have put an end then and there to all this fuss. As it is, the mutineers have had no firmness displayed in putting them down, and they are getting impudent, and still refuse to use the new cartridge. Some Sepoys want increase of pay, five shillings a month, and argue that Government makes every use of them they can in making them a General Service Corps, and insisting on their using these new cartridges, but does not give them a *quid pro quo*. "Let the Sirkar give us five shillings a month more, and we will do anything," they say; but that is not the style of thing to be tolerated by a Government for a moment. A couple of fellows in the 2nd Grenadiers were arrested the other night in the fort, while going their rounds to all the guards, spreading a mutinous spirit amongst them, and inciting them to rise against Government that very night. They will be shot or transported.

I am not at all an advocate for lenient measures with such ruffians. Make an example of a few, and the chances are the many will not follow in their footsteps. But, on the other hand, if they see they can do as they like, there is no knowing where it will end. I am afraid this is against any of the Bengal troops being sent to Persia or China.

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

FORT WILLIAM, *March 21st, 1857.*

You will have read in the papers doubtless long ago of the disaffected spirit so prevalent in the army out here, and of the ridiculous trifle that led to the rupture—namely, a Calashie quizzing a Sepoy when he refused him a drink of water from his lota (a brass vessel which the Sepoys always use). It continues, and in some regiments worse than ever; few escape. We were congratulating ourselves on the good behaviour of our men, and were complimented about it by the authorities, when, lo and behold, one day a

native officer is arrested haranguing the Jacks and inciting them to revolt, and one or two other sergeants and privates for aiding and abetting. So you see even the gallant 70th is not entirely exempt from the general taint. However, I am glad to find the bad spirit does not spread in my regiment, and is only confined to those villains already in prison, and whose doom is perhaps sealed by this time. A Court Martial has been assembled to inquire into their cases, with several more from other regiments, and to decide on the proper punishment. The case of our native officer is such a flagrant one that I hope he will meet with an adequate punishment, and be put out of the way of making any more harangues. Some of the native officers in my regiment in the Court Martial called on me yesterday, and I had a long chat with them about these matters. They assured me that our men in general were quite ready when ordered to use the new cartridges, which others still obstinately refuse to do, and expressed their disgust that by the infamy of three or four a bad name should be attached to the whole regiment, which had hitherto been distinguished by smartness and good feeling. I take every opportunity to talk to the non-commissioned officers and privates, and they all seem to be much of the same opinion, and very wisely too. They say, "What should we do without the Company's nimuck (salt), and what would our children do after us?" I have no doubt that in some cases strong measures ought to be adopted to put down this bad spirit, and to show the army at large that they are here to obey and not to dictate. It requires great caution, together with a knowledge of the native character and prejudices, to set about this. It would be an awkward thing to clash with the native army, backed as we are by so few available Europeans. Of course the times are prolific with horrible reports. That we are to be massacred in our beds is by no means an

uncommon idea among the Queen's officers in the fort, and accordingly some sleep armed ; but we know a little more of Jack to think there is the slightest chance of such a thing occurring. The next step would be to sack the City of Palaces, and so on, until the English rule would be entirely destroyed in the country. I think in a few weeks the whole affair will be forgotten, and the disbanding of one regiment, and shooting one or two of the mutineers, will be a wholesome example to others not to follow in their steps.

TO HIS BROTHER JAMES.

ROYAL BARRACKS, FORT WILLIAM,

April 2nd, 1857.

I see by this mail that all our hopes of service in Persia are knocked on the head, and that peace is concluded between the Persian and British powers. I am glad of course on public grounds, but a little disappointed in other respects, as I was sanguine from what I had heard that my regiment would have been sent, and I was looking forward to that as a first opportunity of picking up a little practical military experience.

There has been a very bad spirit prevalent in our army lately, especially in some regiments down in Bengal. The 19th at Berhampore broke out into open mutiny, armed themselves one night to resist orders, and threatened to commit violence against their superior officers and Government. This was about the use of the cartridge, which they objected to without reason, because the cartridge served out to them happened to be the old and *not* the new one. They were marched down to Barrackpore, the centre of the disaffected troops, and disbanded last Tuesday in presence of every available soldier, European and Indian. The 84th Queen's were sent for post-haste from Rangoon ; a wing of H.M. 53rd and batteries of twelve guns altogether

were in the field to enforce orders if any resistance should be made. However, everything went off quietly, and upon receiving the order from the General to ground their arms they promptly did so, and received their pay up to the date of discharge. They talk of the parting between some of the officers and men as being very affecting, one case in particular: a Captain who had been accustomed for years to look upon his regiment as his home, having no other, poor fellow (his parents both died early), was greatly cut up at leaving his men, who also showed much feeling at leaving their Captain and so good a service. The native officers and men petitioned Government without effect. They were sent out of Cantonments, the other side of the river, and allowed to make the best way home they could. It was a remarkably fine regiment, one of the best in the service, which makes one regret the more their being disbanded, however necessary such a step was. The way they marched into Cantonments and took up their position was the admiration of their European brethren in arms, who *expressed* their admiration of their fine soldierlike appearance. Their band too was very fine. The officers will continue now doing duty at Barrackpore until their services are placed at the disposal of Government by the Commander-in-Chief. The usual mode of disbanding a regiment is first compelling them to ground their arms, and then beat them out of Cantonments with drums and sticks. The 34th, from all I hear, is likely to be disbanded also. They are in a shocking bad state, and a party of them broke out into open mutiny the other day, attacking and severely wounding the Adjutant and Sergeant-Major. They say it was at their suggestion that the 19th mutinied. They wrote word to the 19th, when about two marches from Barrackpore, that they were going to massacre all their officers, *had* done for one (this was after the

murderous attack on the Adjutant, Baugh), and recommended them to do the same. They have been discontented for some time. I am glad to say my regiment has behaved very well throughout and got great kudos for itself. There is one native officer, though, who tried to do mischief, but did not succeed, which proves better than anything the state of things in the 70th. He is now being tried by Court Martial, and will probably be shot or dismissed. The latter would be far too light a punishment. I have got leave to go down to Barrackpore to-morrow for a day. I have not seen my regiment now for two months—it seems ages.

TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.

FORT WILLIAM, *May 16th, 1857.*

Everybody is asking, what is Government about? There is no doubt the country is in a bad state, and if very strong measures are not speedily taken to quell the *increasing* spirit of discontent, Heaven only knows how it will all end. Ranunge has been plundered by some disbanded men of the 34th, so say the papers, and so I heard yesterday at Chinsurah, a place about ninety miles from Ranunge; but the alarming news came by telegraph to Colonel Birch on Thursday to the effect that the 3rd Cavalry had risen and slaughtered their officers, that the principal Europeans at DELHI had been massacred and the city taken by the troops. The policy of leaving a place like DELHI without European troops has often been questioned. Other natives have joined the troops, and cut off all communication between Calcutta and Meerut, so that we have no further news. And what is our excellent Commander-in-Chief doing all this time, while the army under his command is in open mutiny? Well did Lord Ellenborough say in the House that we want *experienced* men for the chief command of a vast army like ours; the

general cry is for a Napier. I never could have imagined, and it has caused universal surprise and disgust in the army, that in the case of a *general* mutiny Government could have demurred as they have done, and while they were discussing what remedy to apply given such ample time to the mutineers to gather purpose and strength. They must have more Europeans to keep down the natives; now the latter have the upper hand and dictate terms to us. We eat humble pie, and they see it, and begin to feel their power and exert it. Some of the few Europeans we had have been taken away to this newly annexed territory of Oudh. They could ill be spared. The Sonthal insurrection might have shown to Government the imprudence of leaving Bengal so denuded of troops, and of believing in their fancied security. They never expected any outburst there. It came, and they were unprepared. Four months ago there was great murmuring and discontent among the men of the 2nd Native Cavalry Regiment at Ranegunge; no inquiry was made into it until officers' bungalows and their lines were burnt down. The 34th, avowedly among the worst of the lot, are spared: only half, not half (some four hundred men only), disbanded; the other half—what an absurd contradiction on the face of it!—*not put on duty because* Government “had no confidence” in them! If they are not fit to do their duty, surely they ought no longer to be soldiers. *Our* poor fellows, because they have behaved well, are fagged off their legs, do double duty, are sent up monthly to Calcutta for this confounded policeman's work, which demoralises the soldier and ruins a regiment, and are expected to look soldierlike and smart on parade, perform the evolutions in a soldierlike, efficient manner, which the greater part of the men have never seen, and which certainly have never been once performed by the entire regiment. Will Government never learn to guard against

evils? or will they always rest content until the evil day arrives, when at immense cost they are compelled by circumstances to apply the very remedy which if earlier employed would have averted the evil altogether? That is always the way with us: the Crimean War found us totally unprepared, and when it was over we were more fit than our Allies to carry on the war. Had a larger European force been in this country, and a good Commander-in-Chief to head it, this mutiny might have been crushed at the very first, but for want of them we are now suffering. Government is losing its prestige as fast as possible, and the Native Army gaining confidence as fast. Now that they have once felt their power, it will require a still larger force to prevent a recurrence of this evil. I am greatly afraid all this is against our Army. It will either do us good or great harm. Either the Queen's Government will saddle so many more regiments on the Company, or the Company's European Army will be increased.

Latest news just arrived. Every European and civilian with the exception of Colonel Abbott has been murdered at Delhi. The native troops of Meerut are all collected at Delhi, and it was in their hands up to 9 o'clock this morning. A nice state of things! Our Commander-in-Chief could have avoided this.

TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.

FORT WILLIAM, *May 18th, 1857.*

Nothing new since closing my first letter to you, further than that the Sappers and Miners which were ordered down from Roorkee to assist in the recapture of Delhi murdered their European officers and joined the insurgents, who up to date of dispatch of the telegraph yesterday morning kept possession of the city. The Commander-in-Chief is reported to be on his way down to Meerut. Five

European regiments will be available, with Cavalry and Artillery, and it is to be hoped a day of retribution is close at hand for their unparalleled brutality. The fear is much mischief and bloody work may be done at small detached stations without European troops. The wing of the 53rd Queen's at Dumdum are to join the Headquarters of their regiment in the fort here. A wing of the 84th Queen's now at Chinsurah relieves the 53rd at Dumdum, the other wing remaining at Barrackpore. The 2nd Europeans and 35th Queen's and 78th Highlanders are sent for from Burmah, and all the European troops in the North-West will be concentrated at or in the neighbourhood of Meerut and Delhi. The object is now to surround the native force at Delhi and cut them off to a man. Willoughby of the Artillery, in charge of the Ordnance Department at Delhi, most heroically sacrificed himself by blowing up the magazine rather than allow the insurgents to get possession of it. There is still the powder magazine outside the city, which I imagine was taken by them. They have enriched themselves, it is said, with fifty-two lakhs of rupees from the Treasury and Bank. The only names given of officers who escaped the massacre of Delhi were Captain de Teissier and wife (very intimate friends of mine), Colonel Abbott, and Captain Wallace, 74th Native Infantry, and wife; the rest were all supposed to have shared a common fate, women included. I had a letter not long ago from poor Jennings, the chaplain, who with his daughter was murdered in the Palace. The poor girl was just engaged to be married, and her *fiancé* had only left and gone into Camp two days before on duty, and complained of the cruelty of his case having to leave her immediately upon being engaged. The Sepoys when they had taken the city went to the Palace, and wanted to place the King on the throne and to transfer the Government of India to him, but he remained staunch to the Company

and declined, and sent news of their proceedings to Lawrence, who communicated of course without delay with the Governor-General. What they will do nobody can tell; it depends greatly whether they have any headpiece to guide them, or whether they are acting without any definite plans. It can but be for a few months at the worst, when terrible will be the day of reckoning. The men of the 70th remain well affected up to this time. My first regiment, the 15th, is among the mutineers at Meerut. I was at Dumdum yesterday, spending the day with the Wrights of my regiment; he is one of the Instructors of the School of Musketry, and his men were the first who made the cartridges—three of my company (the Gurkhas) and another of his own (the 4th). They are all apparently good men. They had received authentic intelligence of the row at Delhi, and expressed themselves disgusted at the brutality and cowardice of their fellow-countrymen in murdering the females, defenceless and innocent as they were. They begged to be allowed to do sentry's work over Wright's quarters at night. European patrols were sent round three times a night. The guards are doubled in the fort, and the whole regiment remains virtually under arms day and night. The 2nd Gurkhas is on duty here, and the men of that regiment are much distrusted—in fact it is not safe to trust in any native now. They are fanatics for the time being; but I do not anticipate any outbreak here or at Barrackpore: we are too well prepared for them. The eighty-five men in the 3rd Cavalry who mutinied at Meerut, after they had been dismissed and put in chains and taken to jail, were released by their comrades of the same regiment, who immediately took themselves off to Delhi and incited the Native Infantry Regiments there to murder their officers. The bloody work commenced, and they did not finish before all the Europeans, with those few exceptions, were slain. The

telegraph wires being cut between Delhi and Meerut, communication is difficult between them. To give you an idea of the state of things at Meerut at the time the men of the 3rd Cavalry were disbanded, there was a general parade for the purpose: the 6th Carabineers could only muster sixty on parade—there were no horses for the rest; the 60th Rifles could not use their rifles, because the bullets served out did not fit the Minie rifles. This I was told by an artillery officer in the Ordnance Department here. We are all very anxious to hear fresh news. I am enabled to write on account of the packet being detained here till Thursday, so that Government may be able to send more particulars of the mutiny to the Court. I have just heard that the company of artillery men under De Teissier's command held fast, but the Sepoys knowing that they would had previously secured their guns. They, however, did their Commandant a good turn by assisting him to effect an escape. The report of all the officers of the 3rd Cavalry being slain is untrue. All quiet at Meerut; plenty of arms and ammunition. The mail, I am sorry to find, left this morning instead of Thursday, as I understood. However, I send this by the after packet in hopes it may reach the vessel before she leaves the Sandheads. Latest report is that the Sappers and Miners which were ordered down to assist in the recapture of Delhi murdered their officers and marched to join the mutineers, but the 6th Carabineers pursued them and cut up about sixty of them. Several Europeans, male and female, have been killed at Meerut. The women are all sheltered in one large house; provisions scarce. The Zemindars seem inclined to assist in sending in provisions to Meerut. The Rajah of Gwalior is sending down a large force, and even his own bodyguard. The Rajah of Patiala is also assisting Government. To-day's paper says that the Commander-in-Chief is not to be found, and that the Governor-General

does everything. The Madras Fusiliers are expected in here daily, and two from Bombay follow them.

TO HIS SISTER LYDIA.

FORT WILLIAM, CALCUTTA, *May 31st*, 1857.

I can well imagine how eagerly you are all looking for this mail's letters with further intelligence respecting the mutiny. Thank God, as yet we have heard of no more Europeans being sacrificed, no repetition of that fearful Delhi massacre. The European troops and some native regiments supposed to be staunch are all on the march towards Meerut and Delhi. The telegraph of yesterday informed us that the Commander-in-Chief with some troops was at Kurnaul, a place some sixty miles off, which could be reached in two forced marches from Delhi, so that one may hope in a few days to hear that the day of retribution has arrived to those savages who, faithless to their Government, so pitilessly slaughtered their own officers and defenceless women and children. A heavy reckoning will they have to pay for such bloody deeds. We have received detailed accounts of the mutiny at Meerut from some who escaped, but are still in the dark as to the Delhi one. There is no European there now, and communication is cut off between that place and others; but we were delighted to see that more have escaped than we dared hope at first, and those who have not received circumstantial evidence of their relations and friends being slain still cling to hope. Poor Ripley of my regiment has lost a father there. I have lost some valuable friends—poor Jennings and his sweet daughter, and several in the 54th. Only two in that regiment are mentioned as having escaped—Danvers Osborne and Vibart. Beresford, his wife and two daughters, at the Bank, Hubbard the Missionary, Douglas in command of the guard at the Palace, and Fraser the Governor-General's

agent, all whom I knew intimately, are believed dead. Then in Cantonments few were spared to tell this tragic tale. Dr. Balfour and Miss Smith were saved ; Captain de Teissier and his wife escaped too ; Nicoll, the Brigade Major, with a wife and six children, and the Brigadier Graves, are named among the saved. A portion of the 84th Queen's is dispatched by train and Horse Dak to Benares, a place with three native regiments and an immense population, supposed to be disaffected. The Madras Fusiliers we expect in here to-day or to-morrow.

Monday, May 25th.—I wonder whether you have such a fine bright day in England to celebrate the Queen's birthday. I was up this morning at a little before 4 to get ready for parade. All the troops in garrison paraded to do the usual military honours for celebrating the anniversary of Her Majesty's birthday, viz. a *feu de joie* and three hearty good cheers. Jack Sepoy was not much in the humour for cheering, and made but a faint attempt to vie with the strong-lunged Englishmen who roared as if they loved their good Queen.

There will be the annual grand State Ball at Government House this evening, but it will not be so well attended as usual. Many think it would have been more decent towards the memory of those poor fellow-countrymen who died at Delhi and Meerut had the ball been postponed, and therefore keep away. Several ventured to advise the Governor-General on the subject, but he was inflexible, and seems to consider more what opinion the natives would form of its postponement. We all dine together, and make a cosy family party, in Little Russell Street. Many people again, I believe, will go to the Ball for safety, as they anticipate an attack and there will be European troops there. This is the holiday time now for the Mussulman—Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the three great days in their festival—and it is thought probable

by some that the natives may take this opportunity to make a disturbance with Christians; but I am not an alarmist: we are too well prepared for them now, as far as the military are concerned, and the native merchants and shop-people know their own interests too well to think of falling out with their European customers and almost sole supporters. I should not be in the least surprised if there were some rows; there generally are during holiday times; but I quite eschew the idea of any combined attack on Government. I have lost much of the confidence I had before in Jack Sepoy. I still stick up for my own men—they have behaved well hitherto—and feel it a duty and pleasure to do so on every occasion; but I have my misgivings, strengthened as they must be by so many sad examples of misplaced confidence up-country. I have heard of officers declaring that, if all the regiments in the Station were to mutiny, *theirs* would never join, and in a few hours they were brutally murdered by those very men whose character for fidelity they maintained so ardently. I can only be too thankful my own regiment was not at Delhi at the time; the test might have proved too severe for even their supposed staunchness, and I and my brother-officers might have shared the fate of our less fortunate comrades.

TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.

BARRACKPORE, *June 5th.*

I have rejoined my regiment, which has been struck off duty at the fort. All the men volunteered and petitioned Government to send them against the mutineers at Delhi. The Governor-General came down to Barrackpore the following morning, and, at full-dress parade, answered their petition in person, and gave the regiment a very handsome address, praised and thanked them for their loyal feelings, and accepted their services, so that now we are in the

midst of making preparations for the march, dismantling our mess and houses, selling and buying, etc.

Our destination is uncertain. We go wherever we are likely to be most useful. Boats are indented for, and we have received boat allowance up to Allahabad, where, if all remains quiet, we shall probably stay, but it is impossible to say. It does not appear to me at all unlikely that eventually we may be sent to Oudh, but it is only conjecture. I feel the fullest confidence in our men. They did this entirely of their own accord, without any persuasion from their officers. They are of course highly elated at the honour shown them by the Governor-General—an unprecedented one, they say—and show themselves very disgusted at the brutality and cowardice of their brothers-in-arms. I shall try and get the paper containing their petition and the Governor-General's answer, and send it to you by next mail. Yesterday's news was that the insurgents had given battle a second time to the advance guard of the European troops near Delhi, and had been signally defeated, with the capture of some guns, and that the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces had been superseded by Sir Hugh Massey Wheeler. That order of the Lieutenant-Governor offering free pardon to any mutineers who would lay down their arms, has caused general surprise and led to his supersession. Sir Patrick Grant is, I believe, sent for to succeed General Anson, who died of cholera. This has given universal satisfaction. Lord Canning seems to be acting now with great decision and uses his own good sense. There has been a row at Lucknow, but we have heard no particulars further than that the rebels were beaten. The 35th Queen's has just arrived. Several of them came to our mess. They are at sixes and sevens, and have no mess of their own. The same with Her Majesty's 84th, who were all entertained at our mess the first few days and afterwards became

honorary members. They have written home for a piece of plate, which they will present to us as a token of their gratitude for the hospitality they received from the 70th Regiment Native Infantry during their stay here. How little I expected when we arrived here five months ago that we should so soon be on the march again and on so disagreeable a service. I hope we may have an opportunity of distinguishing ourselves. The general order about the 70th is to be read at the head of every Native Infantry regiment in the service.

TO HIS SISTER GEORGINA.

June 28th, 1857.

Everything now looks, and is, so sad and gloomy. I fear we have not yet heard of the extent of the massacres up-country. The Daks are stopped, and the telegraph wires cut and melted into bullets by the insurgents, so that communication between many places is cut off. We heard officially that at Hansi and Hissar, places near Delhi, where if you remember I went out shooting some time ago, every European was massacred. Poor Metcalfe, after remaining hidden in Delhi for three days, managed to escape to Hissar; but as we have not yet heard the names of those killed, I hope he may have escaped. Bright of the 22nd, with whom I went out shooting, a great friend of mine, was shot down. English, Cautley, Lindsay, and many others of the 22nd, are all reported killed. Their regiment mutinied at Fizabad in Oudh, and, having robbed the Government treasury there, politely informed their officers that the rule of the English was at an end, and that they dispensed with their services, paid them their arrears of pay, dismissed them in country boats, and placed themselves under the command of their native officers. The British officers on their way down were

attacked and fired at by a body of insurgents from the banks of the river. Bright (the Adjutant) and another were taken prisoners and brought before a Subahdar (native officer corresponding to our major's rank) and tried.

There were several hundred Sepoys of disbanded and mutinous regiments. The Subahdar recommended them to mercy, and called upon the Mussulmans and Hindus alike to spare them ; but he had no sooner spoken than some men stepped out and shot them dead. This was told by a European non-commissioned officer who was present and managed to escape by the assistance of an artillery man. He also saw a party of the mutineers return and tell their comrades that they had followed and slain the remaining officers of the 22nd. The latter, seeing they were observed, had made for an island, where they tried to conceal themselves, but they were speedily followed by the rebels in dinghies (country boats) and pitilessly slaughtered. Such a catalogue of horrors as those that have been enacted in this country I suppose have never been read of since the French Revolution.

How thankful I am that my regiment, which has behaved admirably throughout, up to this time was not exposed to such temptations, under which others have entirely succumbed, and that it was cantoned at the time of the outbreak so far from the focus of the mutiny ; their loyalty might not have been able to stand it, and our names might have been added to the list of killed. All native troops, faithful or not, are being disarmed, where there is a European force to carry out the measures, as a precaution. The 70th has shared the common fate, and a sad one it is ; the poor fellows feel it acutely, the more so having received so much honour from the Governor-General for their expressions of fidelity. Their actions, more than words, have hitherto proved their loyalty. I hope I may never

live to see another disarming; it is a melancholy sight to the soldier, and a humiliating one too, to witness the infliction of such an indignity on the regiment we have regarded with love and pride; but, after that fearful instance of misplaced confidence in the 6th at Allahabad, Government thought it more prudent to place ourselves beyond a doubt out of harm's way. I think I mentioned in my last, as a proof of the confidence we have in our men, that on the night of the 13th, when a general rising was confidently expected at Barrackpore, most of us, and some of another corps, slept in our mess-house, under a guard of our own men with fixed bayonets and loaded muskets; while others in the station avoided their men, thus, encouraging them to go their own way by deserting them. Greene, Harris, and I went down to our lines late in the evening, about 12 o'clock, explained to the native officers the nature of our visit, ordered out a guard of fifty men, four from each company, with two officers and the ten pay sergeants, to guard the mess and the lives of their officers, and told the whole regiment to keep in readiness, as in case of an outbreak we should come to their lines and lead them on to help to quell the row. They did not abuse the trust reposed in them, and our confidence is still justly strong. The men were crying like children in their lines when we went to see them the day after their disarming, and were much more pleased by the sympathy and fellow-feeling exhibited by their officers in this common calamity than they would have been by any consolation offered them by the authorities. They ought to have sent us up-country at once instead of delaying so, and you might then have heard that the dear old 70th held a glorious share in giving the well-merited vengeance to the brutal murderers in Delhi and other places. No native regiment in the service had ever held such a high position as mine did a month,

may, a fortnight ago, and now we are one in a confused mass of degraded soldiery. I awoke the next morning after the disarming, and felt as if I had lost a dear friend whose existence was essential to my happiness, and when I went to talk to the men of my company I really had hardly the pluck to face them after what had occurred. They have been behaving very well since, I am glad to say, and have a melancholy satisfaction in showing that, notwithstanding that they are punished for nothing, they still retain the same feeling of attachment to their officers and Government. The Governor-General has been inquiring about this, and I am in hopes, when the army is reorganised, the 70th will hold an honourable position and receive justice at last.

ON BOARD THE "GANGES,"

CHINSURAH, *July 15th*, 1857.

I have only just time to scribble off a few hasty lines to you by this mail. I am ordered off sooner than I expected, and have to be in readiness for embarking this evening as soon as the steamboat arrives. I accompany headquarters. I have been appointed Interpreter to H.M.'s 5th Fusiliers. I am better able to judge now of those who are to be my future companions for some time to come than when I wrote to my father. I like them. They seem to be a particularly gentlemanly set of officers, and I think I shall get on well with them. My duties as Interpreter are not heavy at present. They will be more so when we commence marching, as the regiment will then be dependent on me to make known their wants to the natives. Now they consist chiefly in setting officers right about their servants, and interpreting their wants, etc.

The first detachment left in a steamboat and flat yesterday for Allahabad. Headquarters, band and colours, and about four hundred men follow to-day or to-morrow

morning; the remainder on Saturday. We all collect at Allahabad, and there await orders from the Brigadier-General commanding. We shall most likely move on to attack the enemy in conjunction with more Europeans, artillery and cavalry. I am sure my friends will feel less uneasiness at my going up with a European regiment on service than with my own, a native one; though I never for one moment mistrusted our men, and still much regret that our march was countermanded. Yet from the many sad examples of infamous treachery of native troops, faith in them must be terribly shaken, and you would always be imagining that the same horrors of which you have heard and read would be enacted by my own men. I have been receiving congratulations on all sides at my appointment, and the chance of seeing active service under such favourable auspices. People who never will think as we do on that point consider that we have all had an escape in not going up-country with a native corps. Our men still behave well, which is so far gratifying that it confirms the good opinion we have held of them.

I dined for the last time at our mess last night, and they insisted on drinking my health in champagne. This gratified me very much. I shall never meet with a better set of fellows again.

TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.

CHINSURAH, *July 19th, 1857.*

I am afraid, long ere this, that the *uneasiness* of which you spoke as having been felt in the India House about this mutiny will have turned into serious alarm. Affairs still look very gloomy, and will continue so until a large force of Europeans arrive here, and even then there will be a great draw on the resources of the country to supply provisions for so many men. Since the commencement

of the row all or nearly all cultivation has ceased in the Upper Provinces, labour has been entirely suspended, and the work of murder and destruction has been going on uninterruptedly. We have already lost our two greatest generals, Lawrence and Wheeler, and if we are to believe report, the brave few under their commands at Lucknow and Cawnpore have been cut up to a man. Of the surrender and subsequent massacre of the Cawnpore garrison, after Sir Hugh Wheeler's death, there remains but little doubt; but the fate of the former is not really known. Hemmed in by an overpowering force of well-armed rebels, deserted by the Native Cavalry, Artillery, and Infantry forming part of his garrison, hard-pressed for supplies of any kind, and with no assistance at hand, it is but a forlorn hope that they at Lucknow have escaped the same cruel fate of our brethren at Cawnpore. Agra too is said to be surrounded by two thousand rebels; the Europeans of that place are at present in the fort, a strong one, and if they have only artillery, ammunition, and provisions *may* be able to hold out till assistance arrives. Havelock, and Brigadier-General Neill of our Madras Europeans, a most active soldier, are pushing on as fast as they can to Cawnpore to meet the rebels there. I am inclined to think that after the fall of Delhi the rebel army will retire into Oudh, and there make a stand, and we shall have some difficulty in regaining the province.

Far from Delhi being taken when the last dispatch was received, our troops were still before the city unable to do anything for want of ammunition but receive and repulse repeated attacks from the enemy. Some bloody sorties were made from the city, always attended with great loss to the enemy, and on one or two occasions to ourselves. It is feared that Sir Henry Barnard is not the right man in the right place. It seems strange that he should have shown such remarkable want of foresight in

not taking with him a sufficiency of ammunition to storm a large city like Delhi, where the mutineers had seized two of the largest arsenals in India. It is a sad business altogether, and it is generally supposed out here that it will go hard with the East India Company, and that the same reason that was given by the Company for the annexation of Oudh, viz. misgovernment, will be brought forward for the absorption and amalgamation of our services with Her Majesty's. However, it will be a long time before anything can be done; peace must first be restored, and then it will be time for considering a change of Government. The poor Bengal Army! How little did any of us ever anticipate such a smashing blow to all our hopes and pride! To think that those very men for whose loyalty and fidelity you would have staked your life, and whom you would have been proud to command, should have sunk so low, degraded by the foulest deeds that could disgrace humanity!

The 5th Fusiliers arrived here a fortnight ago from Chittagong. They were on their way to Hong-Kong from Mauritius, and were ordered out here as soon as the row looked serious. Since that they have been stationed here waiting for boats to take them up-country. Two steamers and flats have already taken up two detachments, one yesterday, some on Tuesday. I remain behind to accompany headquarters, which expect to leave to-day if the steamer arrives; but affairs are done so slowly that it is uncertain when we shall be off. I like the appointment of Interpreter; it is an opening, and a fine chance for seeing active service, and with a good corps, the fighting 5th, armed with, and well used to, the Enfield rifle. I like much what I have seen of them during the last fortnight; they are a very agreeable, gentlemanly set of fellows. The great drawback to my happiness is being obliged to leave dear Amy and my friends of the 70th. My duties

as Interpreter are light at present, and so is the pay, being, I believe, only 40 rupees a month, but some say 100. The steamer is in sight, so we shall be off this evening.

ON BOARD THE "BENARES," ON THE GANGES,

July 26th, 1857.

When I last wrote I think even the day of departure from Chinsurah was not known, and I was therefore unable to give you even a notion of the probable date of our arrival at our destination. For the last week we have been making but slow progress, owing to the great force of the current against us during the rains, and partly owing to a very heavily laden flat attached to the steamer, containing, in addition to the men, some guns and a quantity of coal and provisions.

We left Chinsurah this day week late in the afternoon, and were obliged to rest content with an hour's run or so; for the navigation is so intricate that we always anchor at sunset and never start before daybreak on the following day.

We arrived at Berhampore, the first place of any note, on Thursday the 23rd. It was there, if you remember, that the mutiny of the 19th first broke out, whence that corps was marched to Barrackpore to be disbanded. At present there are two Native Infantry regiments, an irregular cavalry corps, and some artillery there; and a few companies of Europeans of the 64th and 35th Queen's to protect the European and Christian inhabitants in case of a mutiny among the native troops. They seem rather uneasy there, for the native troops alone would overpower the small number of Europeans opposed to them, and with the aid of a large Mussulman population in the neighbouring city would be able to commit any depredations or atrocities they might wish. By possessing themselves of this station, which would be invaluable to them

as commanding a fine view of the Buggratty river on which it is situated, they might be enabled to prevent any troops from passing up the river to the North-West.

However, it would be but a temporary advantage, as a force dispatched from Calcutta by land would soon send them to the right-about.

Almost every officer in the place came on board, and took some of us away to their mess to read the papers. We could only stay there an hour or two ; so, to prevent the possibility of being late, they accompanied us back to the boat, and stayed to take some luncheon with us. The band of the 5th played afterwards, and continued till we got out of sight of the place. As we went off they gave us hearty cheers, which we returned.

It is a pretty looking place as you approach it from the river, with its green sloping banks and some fine houses scattered about. At Murshedabad, some six or seven miles farther up the river on the same side, is a remarkably fine building, the Palace of the Rajah. He was supposed to be disaffected towards Government, and inclined to mischief ; but as proof is wanting he is still allowed to enjoy his freedom.

We are now, and have been since the morning, in sight of the Rajmahal hills, and expect to be at Rajmahal this evening. They look very pretty, and afford a pleasing variety to the monotonous scenery of the country we have passed through the last week. What a tremendous river the Ganges is ! When I last came down with my own regiment in October and November 1856, a large part of it had dried up and there was not half the width there is now. It looks an ocean of water at times, and in some places, I should think, must be three or four miles wide. The current is so powerful at some of the turns that we hardly make head against it, crawling at a snail's pace round the corners. I do not fancy we shall be at Allahabad

for the next three weeks, in which case we should probably remain there until a large force is collected, and then move up *en masse*, retake places that the rebels have possessed themselves of, and sweep the country of such murderous villains.

Cawnpore is retaken, I am glad to say ; but Nana Sahib, the perpetrator of all the cruelties on our unfortunate countrymen, has escaped. Poor Sir Hugh Wheeler, commanding the intrepid little garrison at Cawnpore, and Sir Henry Lawrence at Lucknow, have both been killed. We have lost fine officers in those two, and such as it will not be easy to replace. Poor old Wheeler !—it seems a melancholy thing that a distinguished man like that, grown grey in the service, should have lost his life in the rebellion of the army he has fought with and commanded for upwards of fifty years. Lawrence was a younger man ; but he too was cut off with blushing honours thick upon him. How many, though, have shared the same fate during this terrible business !

ON THE GANGES,

July 27th, 1857.

After a detention of some hours for coaling at Rajmahal, we put off and made but slow progress against the tremendous force of the current. Notwithstanding the steamer is between two and three hundred horse-power, we only made a few hours' run before sunset.

On June 29th we sighted the Colgong rocks, and anchored about four miles from them. The current in some places was tremendously strong, and at one turn of the river we could make no head against it. Our efforts were quite unsuccessful, and we were twisted round the eddies like pieces of straw, and carried some four or five hundred yards down the river before we could turn the steamer's head or drop our anchor. We only managed

to pass the place by making a large detour. These frequent delays are very annoying, inasmuch as every hour is of consequence to us, or rather to our troops up-country, who, though able to hold their own, are sorely embarrassed by the enemy on all sides.

We passed the rocks and reached Banghipore. We had a marching parade of the men of the 5th, band playing, through the station and by the lines of the native troops. The previous detachment did the same when it passed through, but without the band. The display of English troops was supposed to have a beneficial effect upon the natives by impressing them with an idea of our power. We soon made acquaintance with the residents of the place, civil and military, and were very sorry to hear of a fresh mutiny at Dinapore, where the 78th and 40th Native Infantry Regiments and 12th Irregular Cavalry had walked off in a body with their arms and ammunition, and took up their position at a place called Arrah, on the Soane, some thirty or forty miles distant. A detachment of the 37th and 10th Europeans marched against them, and were repulsed with great loss. It appears they fell into an ambush, and were opened upon with grape and musketry and terribly cut up. This news made the Banghipore people very nervous lest the troops there should join in the mutiny, and they hailed us with delight, as the means of having saved them from a general massacre.

The proper thing, no doubt, would have been to disarm all the native troops at Banghipore as a precautionary measure; but as the 5th Native Cavalry had detachments out some miles in the district, and there was another native regiment at a place some forty miles off, it was feared that the act of disarming would only enrage the other detached parties, and that they would accordingly adopt the general plan of murdering their officers and going off with their arms and ammunition to their out-

stations. The roads were reported as impassable, even elephants being unable to make way through the marshy jungle country, which at this time of the year is intersected by numerous nullahs and rivers.

We left a hundred men, two officers, and a doctor behind, and we ourselves took our departure on the 2nd inst. (July). Banghipore is one of the prettiest little stations I ever saw situated on the river; its undulating ground prettily dotted with fine houses on well-wooded compounds, as we called them; but in reality they are more like small parks. We usually went for a swim in the judge's bath before breakfast, and amused ourselves with those aquatic feats I used to practise at Egerton's at Delhi. In the evening we used to have marching parades with the band playing and all Banghipore at our heels, attracted by the unusual sight of European soldiers and the sound of martial music. Very few of the cavalry or other native regiments have bands, so that it was quite novel. One evening the Commandant of the Irregulars had some of his picked men out to show the illustrious strangers their feats on horseback; they practised in the judge's compound—a fine large open piece of ground of many acres, nicely undulated and planted. They are wonderfully active horsemen, and you would be astonished to see the way they throw themselves off their horses at full gallop, run by their side, and cut, slash, and fire at an imaginary enemy, and when free from assault jump on again without drawing rein at all. The other feats they excel in are charging and lifting up (all done at tearing gallop) tent-pegs stuck firmly in the ground, with the point of their long spears, firing at and breaking bottles with their carbines, lying down as if dead on the backs of their horses, sitting lady's fashion, standing upright and fighting while in that position.

All these exercises they are most expert in, seldom or

ever getting spilt or hurt. When in good practice they will break two or three bottles with a ball.

How melancholy it is to think of these fine fellows turning mutineers and murderers of helpless women and children!

It was in this regiment that Sir Norman Leslie, their Adjutant, was killed. He, Major Macdonald, the Commandant, and Dr. Grant were sitting together drinking tea outside, when they were attacked by three men in the dusk of the evening. Poor Leslie was cut through his shoulder and lungs with a downward stroke. Macdonald was scalped, and Grant's arm nearly cut through. Leslie died instantly; the surviving two beat off the assailants with chairs.

A parade was ordered next morning, and all the men's sabres were examined; but no trace of blood was found on any, and it was thought the murderers had escaped. But "murder will out"; and facts were brought to light which ended in the discovery of the rascals, who were two recruits and a good-conduct man in the Major's own regiment, the 5th Native Cavalry. The latter had only very recently received promotion as a reward for his long and uniform good conduct.

A Court Martial was held on the spot, and the men were sentenced to be hanged. At the time this happened they were out in the jungles, a long distance from any European assistance. The Major, wounded as he was, and weak from loss of blood, sat beside the gallows with a loaded revolver in his hand, as he expected an attempt at rescue. When the culprits were brought to the spot one commenced addressing his comrades, calling upon them to rescue him and kill the Feringhee Suar—the pigs of Englishmen—but Major Macdonald cocked his pistol, and threatened if he spoke another word to shoot him through the head; this had the desired effect, and he suffered himself to be hanged.

The Major has quite recovered now, and resumed his duties. Grant, they say, will never recover the use of his arm. These murderers were of the same regiment as those who were only a few nights ago performing their different feats for the amusement of the hated Englishman, while the band of the 5th was playing on the spot! The next time we meet, it may be to fight. Who knows?

All natives alike seem to be carried away by the same bitter fanatical hatred towards us into the vortex of murder, rapine, and everything that is horrible to contemplate.

August 4th.

We reached Monghyr, and found the people in the same state of alarm and apprehension that something terrible was going to happen. We made a few purchases there, coaled, and started after a delay of some four hours. You must remember my mentioning this place on my way down-country some seven months ago with my dear old regiment. I can't help, as I come to these old familiar spots, each of which has some pleasant association connected with it, drawing comparisons, usually very painful ones, with my hopes and prospects then and what they are now. I used to write gloomily then, I am afraid; but I little dreamt in my most despairing moods that events would take place such as are now happening, and that a fine army would be ruined and irrevocably gone. This is a severe judgment we shall all do well to profit by.

August 5th.

We met two or three boats taking European fugitives to Calcutta; the reports we received from them were conflicting, although on one point agreeing. We had suffered severely from a repulse by the rebels at Arrah, losing forty men and two officers of the 10th Queen's. They marched to attack the rebels at night, and, as might be anticipated, being ignorant of the country and trusting

to native guides, they fell into an ambush and were cut up terribly by grape and musketry. It is reported only four men returned unwounded. The first party told us there was not a European left alive at Dinapore, which with Patna was in possession of the rebels, and that the preceding steamer containing a detachment of the 5th had been fired upon. From this account we thought it probable that we should be engaged with the enemy to-day or to-morrow, and looked to our firearms and ammunition, so that everything might be in readiness in case of an attack. Patna is a few miles below Dinapore, which we expect to reach this evening, or early to-morrow. It is a large city with a large fanatical Mahomedan population, who, inflamed with religious zeal and hatred against the Feringhees, have, it has been considered, only been waiting for the rising of the native regiment at Dinapore to join in the revolt; and yet in the face of this the troops were not disarmed at the latter place, although it might easily have been done, and without loss of life. The General in command of the division had fought against disarming them from the beginning, though the expediency of doing so had been pressed upon him more than once from Calcutta. At last he gave the 3rd Regiment six hours to consider whether they would give up their arms and ammunition quietly or not; they made a totally different use of the interval to what the General anticipated. Before the expiration of the time, the 3rd Regiment and the Native Cavalry had left with their arms and ammunition and horses, and, before the day was over, had defeated the Europeans sent against them with a severe loss.

At the beginning of the mutiny one could expect to see great opposition to disarming the native troops by their officers. Accustomed as they were for years to regard them as a faithful body of soldiers, it would take long to convince the most foresighted and intelligent that the

mutiny was so deep-rooted and widespread as to warrant a total distrust of the *whole* army ; but the many flagrant cases of treachery for some time past ought certainly to show them that the greater part have justly forfeited their trust, and that as a *precautionary measure* alone it would be a wise act to deprive them of offensive weapons. I still maintain that the 70th was staunch, at least the far greater part of them, and I have not got over my disappointment at our march up-country being countermanded ; but I fully understand the policy of the Government in disarming the Barrackpore Brigade, and do not see how with all the cases of treachery before them they could help doing so. What disgusted us all at the time so much was the paltry reason adduced to justify the measure, viz. the violence of a Seikh spy. The Seikhs and Sepoys are at daggers drawn and vow vengeance against each other. The former are fighting bravely on our side, and know no mercy will be shown them if they unfortunately fall into the hands of a Sepoy. A Seikh was sent into our camp the other day from the rebels with his ears, nose, and hands cut off, and was told that torture and death should be the fate of any they caught.

August 9th.

Nothing happened on the 5th. On the morning of the 6th, about 12 o'clock, we steamed by Patna, and our fears as to its safety were soon dispelled by the sight of happy-looking European faces assembled in knots on the roofs and verandahs of their houses to see the boats come in. The scenery on the banks is pretty and varied, well wooded, and dotted with graceful Mahomedan temples, singly situated in some shady nook, and in other places again in the midst of dirty little native mud huts, where they looked terribly out of place. Then again you frequently saw fine old native buildings and magnificent old mosques enclosed in a square by large stone walls,

surmounted at each corner by minarets. There are several fine ruins too, and signs of great wealth having once been there. Between Patna and Dinapore is a large domed building, built for stowing a large quantity of corn at a time when a famine was expected. Jung Bahadur, the Nepaulese chief, is said to have ridden up the steps outside, stood on the top, and down again on his Arab horse.

Dinapore is not nearly such a picturesque place as Patna, and its river banks, instead of being ornamented with ancient native buildings, are dotted with modern English ones. The first few houses were evidently deserted, and as afterwards appeared the inhabitants had taken refuge in a house near the European barracks. We anchored at the Flat Staff Ghât, and Major Simmons' son boarded us, with the news that General L—— was superseded by Colonel Grey of the 5th. We are sorry to lose him. Simmons commands us now. The first party that followed the three rebel regiments, 800 strong, who left Dinapore for Arrah—consisting of 200 men of the 10th, 200 Seikhs, and some 50 of the 37th Queen's—*did* fall into an ambush, and got cut up. They made a night attack, and after crossing the bridge leading into Arrah were fired upon; they threw their arms and accoutrements away, climbed the wall, and laid themselves down till morning, when they retreated in great disorder to the river, the rebels following and killing. The 37th and the Seikhs behaved nobly and fought well. One hundred and eighty Europeans were killed, and many wounded, and six officers killed. The next day a detachment of the 5th, 180 strong, and three guns, attacked the enemy, and after a fight lasting from 7 a.m. to 3 p.m. succeeded in driving them back. It was described as a gallant and brilliant affair. Overpowering odds were against them, but even numbers could do nothing against the artillery and Enfield rifles. Only seven on our side were wounded, and two killed, while

the enemy are said to have lost three hundred killed, including their commander, a Traubadar Major. The trees around us and our baggage were literally riddled with balls, and yet so few men were touched. The fire of the enemy was so hot at times that our officers feared being obliged to retreat. The enemy retreated to a place about forty miles distant, and were to be attacked again the next day by a large force. In the meantime we are on our way to Allahabad. General Havelock has been obliged to retreat to get reinforcements. Delhi is not yet taken. The Seikhs are behaving and fighting splendidly, and well for us that they are, or we should, I think, be driven into Lower Bengal, if not out of the country. They fraternise with the Europeans and are great friends. I hope you will get this letter safely. I rather fear it, as the country south is disturbed now, and we hear of Daks being stopped by these rascals.

ON THE "BENARES" STEAMER,
NEAR CHUNAH ON THE GANGES,
August 14th, 1857.

Here we are still on our way to Allahabad, which we had expected to reach in twenty days from the time of leaving; but owing to various delays caused by sticking on the mud and attempting to take short cuts, stopping at small stations where a rising of the native troops was expected, disarming, coaling, etc., we shall be at least a week longer than we at first expected. I was very sorry to hear at Benares that the Dak between Calcutta and that place had been stopped and robbed, and that all the English letters by last mail had been burnt by these villainous ruffians on the road. That was the severest cut, for home letters are too precious to lose. I shall now be long without them, I fear. I much doubt whether I shall be able to send my packet home this mail, as it is only safe to send *via*

Bombay, and I am afraid we shall not reach Allahabad in time. Our 70th men are still behaving well. Two envoys of the King of Delhi and the mutineers there, who came to our lines for the purpose of corrupting our men and persuading them with promises of good pay and advancement to join the rebels, were seized and handed up to the authorities by our Jacks and were hanged. This looks well. I can't help hoping an opportunity will offer that they may prove exceptions to the generality of regiments, and be sent up-country in the cold weather, *with* a European force, to take part in the campaign. At Gazapore we were stopped to disarm the 6th Native Infantry. It went off quietly. We took from them twelve hundred stands of arms, and two hundred thousand rounds of ammunition, which it was supposed they were only waiting a favourable opportunity to use against their masters. This step was hailed with delight by most of the residents, some officers of long standing in the regiment excepted, who could not even with such sad instances of treachery before them believe their own men otherwise than loyal and staunch. I don't wonder at it. How many of our fine, brave officers have died while asserting their men's fidelity, shot by the very men they have taught and commanded, and with whom to the moment of their death they have not hesitated to associate. They are fanatics and deprived of their reason, dupes of mere designing men who persuade them it is their salvation to murder the Feringhees and free themselves from the British rule.

The 5th Regiment of the Irregular Cavalry we saw at Banghipore, which amused us in the evening with their feats, mutinied, and is said now to be on its way to Oudh. A party of Europeans of the 18th Queen's and some guns made an unsuccessful run after them, but they were ten hours behind them, and had to give up the chase. We want cavalry terribly; we are unable to follow up a victory

for want of that useful branch of the army. Officers of disbanded regiments are forming themselves into a cavalry corps, and scour the country at Allahabad. They ought to be a splendid corps, well mounted, commanded, and with unconquerable pluck.

We have made a wonderfully strong fort at Benares, commanding the river, city, and cantonments. It was built in a fortnight by an Engineer officer, and is well calculated to hold out against an attack of fifty thousand or more men. On one side facing the river its cliffs are perpendicular and washed by a deep and rapid river. The banks are steep, and a small deep river runs at the foot. The other sides are guarded by a deep ditch, strong walls, with plenty of cannon mounted. There never was a fort there; the ground originally belonged to a planter. Great credit is due to the rapid way in which the Engineers have had it erected, and taken advantage of its natural strength. I did not recognise the place at all. The gardens are entirely destroyed. Walls are run up everywhere, and the private houses turned into barracks, and many of the old picturesque ruins taken away or blown up. We were cheered on by the soldiers in the barracks as we passed; our second welcome was from a group of gentlemen and a lady, who stood up waving her handkerchief, while the others took off their hats and shouted. Our soldiers gave them some jolly English cheers in return. I met an old King's College medical friend, and walked round the fort with him.

We left Benares early the following morning. To-day we passed Chunah fort, which has also been put into a defensible state, and ready to give the Sepoys a warm reception should they attempt to take it. It has generally been an invalid depôt, with a few old pensioners living there. It is now a very strong place, and surrounded by steep and precipitous banks on all sides.

TO HIS SISTER CHARLOTTE.

MIRZAPORE, *August 18th, 1857.*

In my note to James I told him that we were about to march into the interior after a rebel force reported to be in the neighbourhood. Well, we started two hundred strong at 3 o'clock on Sunday morning, under the guidance of some dozen Sowars, to a place called KOOTWAH, eleven miles south of Mirzapore, where we arrived a little before 8 o'clock, and found the tents pitched on a nice piece of rising ground, commanding a fine view of very pretty undulating country several miles in extent. Being a comparatively old campaigner, at least in marches, I had sent my kitmatgar on in advance with instructions to get coffee ready on my arrival, and right glad was I, after a long dusty walk, to see a good fire and the water boiling outside my tent. Two or three civilians and some volunteer officers accompanied us, so we formed a pretty strong party of sixteen. It was lovely weather, and the change from close quarters in the boats to an open camp life was charming. Sowars were dispatched in different directions for the purpose of gleaning information as to the movements of the rebels, who were reported to be collected in large numbers not very far off. The accounts we received were various and conflicting, and we were a little puzzled to know how to act. One party, laden with plunder, was said to be on their way to a place called GHAROWAT, about twenty miles to the south. The village was entirely deserted by its inhabitants, which fact seemed to give substance to the report, as they were evidently apprehensive of an unwelcome visit from those marauders. So they shut up their shops accordingly and fled. Again, another and stronger party was said to be four marches behind them, advancing from AHRORA, ten miles from CHUNAH fort, with the intention of effecting a junction with the party in

advance, and then marching on to Mirzapore for more plunder. Now it was evidently our right plan to attack and defeat the first and smaller party before they could be reinforced, and thus prevent their further advance; then, depending on more information regarding the second party, under a Rajah Covar Sing, who fled from JUGDEESPORE near Dinapore, where they were defeated by a party of the 5th Fusiliers and some guns, either to give them battle or retreat on Mirzapore. This was determined on by Major Simmons, commanding the 5th, and we were to march to Rhigowan, a place equidistant from Kootwah and Gharowat, the next morning; but an order came in the middle of the night for us to march back upon Mirzapore, as we should probably be required to return to Benares to assist in opposing the passage of the river by another party of mutineers, composed of the Rhamgush Battalion—infantry, cavalry, and artillery. No orders have come since, so here we are *in statu quo* for the present. We are expecting to hear from General Outram at Dinapore every minute. General Outram has been appointed to the command of the Dinapore and Cawnpore division. The post between Calcutta and Benares has been stopped, so that I fear my last English letters from home have been lost. There was a report that the English letters had been taken and destroyed by these rascals. I am longing for more letters; it seems so long since I had any. It is the greatest loss that could happen to me; home news gladdens. I read yesterday extracts of a speech made by Colonel Sykes. I consider him entirely wrong in his opinion of the cause of the mutiny; it lies deeper than he has any idea of at present, and this religious argument which the rebels are making use of is a mere pretext for the mutiny to make it appear plausible. It is unfair in these people at home, who are the least capable of judging in the matter, to ascribe this melancholy business

to the want or rarity of good feeling between men and their officers. I have seen it in a few cases, but I do not hesitate to say that this arises more from the Sepoys being too much petted and spoilt than from want of respect and consideration from their officers. It is but adding to the strong feelings of grief that must be endured by the friends and relations of these poor murdered officers, who have slept unarmed in the lines of their regiments, surrounded by their own men, when smarting under what they considered false suspicions, to prove that rather than for a moment show any want of confidence in the soldiers they have fought with, and whose interests they have watched and *not* abused, death would be more welcome. I feel more proud than I can tell you of the behaviour of our officers. None in any army in the world have ever been tested as they have, and none could have acquitted themselves more *bravely* or honourably.

TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.

CAMP, CAWNPORE, *September 17th*, 1857.

Immediately on our arrival here we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness for crossing the river that evening ; however, just at the starting time, 12 p.m., came counter orders, it was supposed from Sir James Outram, so here we are. The force is to wait till the bridge of boats is prepared to effect a passage, and then make our way as quickly as possible to Lucknow. We can see from this side the enemy's camps distinctly. The amount of fighting that we are likely to have between this and Lucknow is variously estimated by different Generals. Havelock thinks that they will dispute every inch of the way ; Outram that we shall only have one good fight, and then that the enemy will scatter, and we shall be in time for the recapture of Delhi and relief of Agra. I have no

good news to send, I am sorry to say : Delhi, Lucknow, Agra, are still as they were ; and the massacres of Delhi, Meerut, Cawnpore, Jhansi, Mhow, Futtegarh, Allahabad, Arrah, Hansi, Hissar, and Lucknow, and numerous smaller ones, have to be avenged. The enemy have been defeated whenever engaged, but owing to their vast superiority over us in numbers, and their being better able to bear this wretched trying weather than we are, and our want of cavalry, we are unable to follow up any advantage, and as yet our success has been very questionable. A retreat in this country before the enemy is more likely to encourage them than anything I know, and Havelock has made three already in Oudh, fought two battles in the same place, and crossed the river eventually, leaving them to strengthen their entrenchments. We are looking impatiently for more troops from England. We want a very large force of Europeans to do the thing completely. By this time I hope you all at home are alive to the magnitude of the rebellion, and will act with the utmost vigour. The poor Europeans have undergone unparalleled hardships—bivouacked in swamps for weeks together, been exposed to the sun all day, and at the hottest season of the year and usually without tents. On application being made the other day to Government by Staff officers for compensation for chargers killed in action, they received reply that Government could not for a moment entertain the idea of allowing compensation for any loss, as the army now *was not employed on Field Service, that they were merely quelling a mutiny*. You can judge of the justice of this yourself, and whether it will be countenanced at home. I am just recovering from a slight attack of fever. Some quinine which dear Amy provided me with, nicely weighed out and made up into powders before I left her, has by God's blessing saved me, I think, a severe attack. I was appointed orderly officer to the advanced force, a

mere honorary appointment, and my duty consisted in assisting the Baggage Master. This necessitated seven or eight hours in the saddle every morning, the greater part in a burning sun. This with the intense heat and wet brought on the fever. I had it last year at Delhi much about this time. Our camp now is a perfect swamp, water several inches deep in many tents, and I am therefore writing on my bed. The mail is in, but I have as yet received no letters. We expect to advance with 2,700 men besides artillery (18 guns), and some 150 Volunteer Cavalry. The 90th, a young Crimean regiment, is knocking up terribly; the 84th and 78th are wrecks of their former selves. I never saw such a sight as the entrenchments here, where Wheeler made his gallant defence. The houses are regularly riddled with round shot, grape, and musket-balls, and the wonder is that it was held so long. The entrenchments as they are now are very weak, but I fancy they had no time or opportunity to complete them, as they were surrounded by a numerous enemy. The room where upwards of two hundred unfortunate women and children were kept and slaughtered is a most heart-rending sight. I have not seen it. Stories of blood and brains, matted hair, torn dresses, bullet and sabre marks on the walls, prove too truly the unutterable horrors that were committed there. Every Sepoy that is caught now is made to clean up some of the blood, and then hanged in front of the house; but such horrors have not been unusual—many other places will bear the same incontestable proof of our enemy's butchery. I hope I shall have a letter from you this mail. Firing is going on now on the other side, so we may expect to cross to-morrow or the day after. You shall have full accounts, please God, of our work when we return here. Fifteen days is allowed for us to relieve Lucknow and come back.

DIARY WHILE BELEAGUERED AT LUCKNOW.

TO HIS FATHER.

LUCKNOW, *October 21st, 1857.*

I am afraid before you can possibly receive this letter you will have suffered much painful anxiety on my behalf, the more so as, in addition to my not having been able to write by the last three mails, the news which you must have received from India can have been but gloomy and sad. I am writing now, not because I see any chance for some time to come of dispatching my letter, but so that I may be in readiness in case of any unforeseen opportunity occurring. This is the first day since our arrival here that I have had pen, ink, and paper at my disposal, or I should have begun long ago to give you an account of our doings since I last wrote to you from Cawnpore, previous to our crossing the river, *en route* to the relief of our besieged friends in Lucknow. You will have received official intelligence that our object was effected, how it was effected, and at what a tremendous loss to our brave fellows. Thank God, I escaped unhurt through the whole fighting, and am now in the enjoyment of as good health as ever. At present I will only give you an outline of our doings since we left Cawnpore on September 19th.

On Saturday, the 19th September, we left Cawnpore, with the idea that no time was to be lost in reaching Lucknow, lest we should be too late to relieve our unfortunate countrymen. We were roused from our sleep in barracks about 2.30 by the reveille, and were soon all dressed and ready for a start. We marched to the bridge of boats, built some two miles off, for the purpose of our crossing, by our engineers, and there met the other regiments composing the Oudh field force. The passage with the artillery and cavalry took some hours, and the sun was well up and hot before we had formed up on the

other side. The enemy were firing at us with their guns the whole time, but with little damage, and did not succeed for a moment in hindering our crossing. The 5th Fusiliers, Madras Fusiliers, and 84th Foot, with Major Eyre's battery, formed the 1st Brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Neill. When the whole force, numbering some 2,500, had crossed and taken up their position, a few companies were sent out from the different regiments to skirmish over a large tract of hilly and sandy ground, where the enemy was: the remainder of the 5th was drawn up in line, in reserve. The enemy was playing upon us with a heavy gun from a battery exactly opposite us, not more than 600 or 700 yards distant, I should say. I was on horse-back, with Major Simmons, standing to the right of the line, when the first round shot came over our heads with a tremendous hiss. They were allowed to fire four rounds at us, when they were getting so uncomfortably close that we ordered our men to lie down, drew up our guns, and silenced their battery; unluckily before we could get up to take their gun they had harnessed the horses and absconded with it. We advanced after a time in support of the skirmishers, who were driving the enemy back from their sandhills. After a couple of hours' fighting the halt was sounded, and we lay in a burning sand on a plain without any shelter for some time before the few tents for the men came up. I left Cawnpore feeling very unwell, having had an attack of fever while there, owing, I think, to exposure to the sun on the march from Allahabad, while protecting, or rather looking after, the baggage, and I felt so weak that I was doubtful at one time whether I should be able to go on; however, it was better I did go, as it turned out, for the excitement did me great good, and, except for my weakness, I felt quite convalescent and jolly. The first day and night I lived in a dhoplie, a light palanquin for carrying the sick and wounded.

The next day, Sunday, the 20th, was a halt. Our volunteer cavalry went out reconnoitring, and came across the enemy's camp, and got fired upon. None of us were allowed to take tents with us (a very few were provided for the men, and only one for all the officers of each regiment). On Sunday night the rain came down in torrents, and so swamped the ground that I awoke in a regular puddle, and slept in one, well too, till the morning.

At 7 o'clock, Monday morning, the 21st, we commenced our march on the Lucknow road. We could not have gone a mile when the enemy opened a heavy artillery fire upon us. The guns—Eyre's battery—which we were protecting were immediately ordered to the front, and two companies of the 5th, thrown out in skirmishing order, protected the guns right and left of the road on an open plain. The rain was pouring down continuously, and our men were lying down in a regular swamp. Simmons, the Major, Haig, the Adjutant, and myself were all together on the left, and the only mounted officers. The Major sent me several times across the road with orders to the officer commanding the right party. This was not a very safe duty, as I had to pass our artillery, and the guns of the enemy were principally directed against ours, but I was mercifully preserved from all danger. The Major always employed me as a kind of aide-de-camp. Not having a company to command, and being mounted, it was the best way of making me of any service. While the battle was going on between the guns on the right, the other regiments and guns were busily employed on the left. The enemy had guns posted in villages on the left, and opened an enfilading fire upon our troops as they advanced in line and column. The slope of heavy ground on which the enemy had taken up position it was our business to dispossess them of, so

skirmishers were thrown out, and a good brisk fire ensued. In the meantime our skirmishers, by advancing up the gentle slope, outflanked the batteries which were firing upon our right down the road. This manœuvre—more, I think, than our firing—caused them to horse their guns and take them away. Our practice, however good it might have been with round shot, could not have done much harm to the enemy, from the nature of the defences they had raised in front of their batteries. With shelling it was different, but we could not guess even at their loss; they take great pains to remove their dead and wounded. Some few headless trunks and others terribly shattered by round shot we passed on the road; these were probably left behind in the hurry of retreat. We were rather amused at one time during the fight by a little coincidence which occurred on our right. A large body of the enemy's cavalry were threatening us, and looked as if they intended to descend on our guns. Eyre turned one of his 8-inch howitzers, and sent a couple of shells right into the middle of them, and took them quite by surprise, for immediately upon the shells bursting they commenced a most precipitate retreat, amidst roars of laughter from our men. When the enemy's fire ceased we advanced up the road, and found their batteries empty; they had built a strong breastwork across the road, which took us some time to level, to enable our guns to pass. They were flanked on their right by a small clump of houses, and on the left by a long, low, loopholed mud wall. Their position was capitally chosen and fairly contested, but they cannot wait for the British bayonet, and as they see our line steadily advancing, they as steadily and surely retreat. We went on that day marching till dark, the rain continuing to pour down in torrents, and got shelter in a very dirty gunj, two long rows of low buildings—a kind of market-place, in fact—which had been vacated by the

natives. Our cavalry pursued the enemy almost up to this place, and cut up a good many. This battle was fought at a place called Manglwarra, a small insignificant place, about two miles from the bridge. On the road, farther on, we found a few cartloads of the enemy's grain, a few tents and camels. We took some of their guns, but not all; their horse batteries they managed to take away with them. The first thing after seeing all the men and ourselves housed was to inquire for our kitmatgars, with a view to get some dinner; but what was our dismay to hear them say that all our provisions were behind in the mess-cart, and that orders had been given to admit no carts within the gunj. We immediately sent out foragers, but with no success, and we had the pleasant prospect of going without anything to eat, having only taken a light breakfast before we started and feeling ravenous. Had it not been for Captain L——'s corned beef I don't know what we should have done.

On Tuesday, the 22nd, we commenced our march in a pouring rain, with our wet clothes on. All my coolies, carrying our luggage, had run away during the night, and I could not by any means get any more. The General told us before leaving Cawnpore to bring as little as we could, as we should be back again in fifteen days. We marched the whole of that day in an incessant and drenching rain, saw nothing of the enemy, and merely took a few prisoners. We passed a very strongly fortified position on the road, where we expected to meet with opposition from the enemy, but they had deserted it, taking their guns with them. We put up in another native village that evening, even dirtier than the former; the roads were ankle-deep in mud and filth, which we had to wade through before we could get to the mud huts where we slept. That evening I dined off a wing of a

chicken, and most thoroughly I enjoyed it after our hard day's work. We fired a salute from that place, to warn our people at Lucknow of our approach. We could distinctly hear the firing at Lucknow, and felt more than ever anxious for the safety of the garrison.

On Wednesday, the 23rd, we again set off at the usual time (7 o'clock), under a cloudy sky; the sun shone at intervals during the day, and dried our clothes somewhat, and cheered our spirits. We went on and on with little or nothing further than an occasional search of some suspicious-looking village till about 2 o'clock, when our reconnoitring party came back with the news that the enemy was in position some short distance in advance. The "halt" was sounded, and lasted till all the force and baggage were well together, when we again advanced. We had not gone far before we saw the enemy in position, their cavalry formed up in two long lines on their right; then came masses of infantry, and skirmishers they had thrown out to their front; more cavalry on the left, and guns everywhere. We halted again, and the guns were sent to take up their ground on the open plain, and the regiments ordered off the road to oppose the enemy's infantry and protect our artillery. We were marching first in column of sections preparatory to leaving the road for the plain, when a round shot came ricochetting along the ditch on the left of the road; then came a second, whizzing close over our heads, which killed a captain in the 90th, and wounded others close behind us; then another and another, in quick succession. We soon left the road, and deployed into line on the plain, and advanced in skirmishing order over a swampy ground, where the men sank deep at every step. We halted for a short time, and the men were ordered to lie down. Poor Haig was just in the act of doing so when a round shot passed through his body. I was close by at the time,

heard the horrid crash, and saw him knocked down. He was the first man I had seen killed, and knowing him as I did, and having spoken to him recently, it greatly shocked me. It is extraordinary, though, how familiar one gets with scenes like these in time of war. The other regiments were hard at work on our left, opposed to the enemy's right, taking guns and villages. A company of the 5th was ordered to take an enclosure on the right of the road, which the enemy had possession of, and where at the commencement of the engagement they had guns in position, which they withdrew on our advance. In this enclosure was a Rajah's palace, where the 5th slept that night. After skirmishing for a short distance, the men were again allowed to lie down, as affording a less prominent mark for the enemy's guns. A shell burst close in front of us, killing three and wounding four. I was, as usual, on the right of our line, with the Major, and the dirt was sent spattering about us when it burst. This kind of fighting went on for some hours, until the enemy was driven back from Alumbagh. The infantry was drawn up—at least our brigade—in contiguous columns, and our artillery and cavalry passed by in front of us, receiving cheers from us all for the gallant way in which they had done their duty in the fight. The cavalry only consisted of some hundred and twenty volunteer English and a similar number of Afghan cavalry. We felt sadly the want of cavalry in all our engagements to follow up the enemy with. The most unpleasant part of our day's business was yet in store for us. The enemy, though driven back, still kept up a harassing and heavy fire upon us with their artillery and musketry, and some guns were sent down the road to try and silence them, and we were ordered to protect them. On the right of the road was a low marshy ground, covered with high grass and jungle, with two or three small villages beyond it occupied by the enemy. From this

they opened a heavy fire upon us with musketry and artillery, and annoyed us not a little. Our guns, I suppose from not seeing them clearly, seemed to do but little execution. It was getting dark, and we could see nothing but the white smoke from their guns and musketry; they had opened another gun upon us, enfilading the road, and their round shot and shell came ploughing up the ground on all sides, tearing through the trees, and their shells bursting close to us, but providentially doing but little damage. At last it was getting so very hot that Major Simmons sent me back to ask General Neill for orders, and to explain to him our position. The answer was that we should receive orders almost immediately to leave the place, and take up lodging for the night; so the Major moved his men in the meantime off the road on to a field on the left, protected from the enemy's gun on the road by a walled enclosure, and from their musketry on the right by a bank. The enemy seem to have noticed this move, for they sent frequent shells near us; one burst a few yards behind me, after having embedded itself deep in a heap of mire and clay. However, at last the order came, and we retired into the palace garden, and provided ourselves and men of the 5th with a handsome lodging in the palace, formerly occupied by some high native civilian of the King of Oudh. It must have been handsomely furnished at one time, for we found large mirrors, chandeliers, and pictures; the other things had been either carried away or destroyed. Unfortunately, just before the order was given to retire a tremendous rain came down, which sent us to bed for the third night drenched to the skin—I and many others, whose baggage was behind or straying, not being able to get a change of clothes. It was melancholy that night, as A—— C—— and I were sitting down to dinner, to think of the sudden death of our former messmate, Haig. The poor fellow seemed to have

a presentiment of his death, for, just before he went into battle, he asked a brother-officer by his side to finish a letter he had commenced to his sister: the next shot, I think, was the one which killed him.

On Thursday, the 24th September, we halted; the enemy shelled us, and sent round shot amongst us, and occasioned a heavy loss. We answered them with our artillery, but they were so well sheltered that I doubt whether we did much harm. We could see their infantry and cavalry hovering about, but they took care to keep out of musket-shot, except on one occasion, when their cavalry attacked our rear-guard and baggage, which was some way down the hill, and cut up some hundred and twenty of our men. It was done in a most infamous, treacherous manner. An officer in the 90th was with his men on rear-guard duty, protecting the baggage, when he saw some cavalry advancing up the road. Supposing them to be our own Irregulars, and seeing the No. 12 on their pouches, he allowed them to come close up instead of firing upon them. The commandant of the cavalry advanced up the road, and conversed a little with the officer, when all of a sudden some other men rushed by, then fired upon and cut up several of the rear-guard and camp-followers. He, seeing the treachery, immediately drew his revolver, but all the barrels missed fire, and then he drew his sword; but it was too late, the cowardly traitors attacked and soon killed him. However, before they could decamp several of them were shot down by our men when they saw the true state of things, and better precautions were taken against the recurrence of such a catastrophe. In the evening a party was sent out reconnoitring, to see whether the canal, which we had to cross the next day, was fordable. They effected their object, but were immediately obliged to retreat, owing to the very heavy fire they were exposed to from the enemy. One of

our men got his leg carried away by a round shot ; that was the only casualty. We were watching them from the house in the garden all the time, and it was a marvel to us that no more got wounded or killed. We buried Haig in the morning in the garden, and the Major read the burial service over him. We were roused and called to arms late in the evening, with the impression that we were going to be attacked ; a few shots were fired, but nothing more ; and after an hour or two watching we were allowed to return to quarters, and prepared for sleep. Orders were given for two days' rations to be issued to the troops before starting for Lucknow. No officer was allowed to take any servant, and therefore no baggage, with him—except mounted officers, who were permitted to take their syce, or grass-cutter.

On the 25th (Friday), after having had our breakfasts and completed our preparations, we took up our respective positions as we were to advance upon Lucknow. We started then from Alumbagh about 8 o'clock in the morning, and advanced up the road some little distance, where we halted to protect the guns, which had commenced firing in reply to the enemy's. Two companies of the 5th were in front of the guns on the road, and two behind. The men were all ordered to lie down. Major Simmons and I were at the head of the first two companies, mounted, but the fire was so hot, both artillery and musketry, from the right and in front, that Simmons's horse reared and plunged in such a manner as to oblige him to dismount. Our position then was frightful ; the enemy were enfilading the road with grape, canister, and round shot, which came ploughing up the ground, tearing down branches of trees over our heads, smashing through artillery waggons, knocking down poor fellows right and left, while the men were frequently wounded by the unseen enemy's sharpshooters on our right, who were firing at them from behind the long

grass, besides another gun which they had in position in a small village on our right. This went on for some time, when General Outram, who was close by, gave the order, "5th, charge the guns." Simmons immediately ordered the men to rise and advance up the road. About a hundred yards farther on was a loopholed house inside a walled garden, the wall also loopholed, from which they had kept up a sharp fire of musketry the last day and this morning. When passing this, volley after volley was poured out, and before we effected our entrance the enemy had deserted it and moved on to meet us at some other defence. It was a marvel to me how I escaped, exposed as I was on horseback.

Unfortunately for the 5th, while they were engaged in searching and clearing the house and grounds, and then getting into order again, the other regiments came up and passed us, and we thus lost our original position in the field. A little higher up the road another road crossed us diagonally: we turned down it to the right, and were opposed by a tremendous fire of musketry from its farther end, where the enemy was swarming. The Major gave the order, "Fire two volleys by sections into the middle of them"; but before we had time to see the effect produced, we were ordered to retreat into a garden on our left (this place was called the Char Bagh—four gardens) I rode up—I was then a little behind the Major—and repeated the order to him, and just turned my horse's head towards the garden, when a round shot came and knocked the poor brute over and killed three men close by me. I had not time to remove anything off his back, the enemy was too close and the fire too heavy, and though several men came up and volunteered to fetch me my saddle, I could not allow them to risk their lives. As we entered the garden the enemy's artillery opened upon us from the left extremity of this cross-road with grape and shell, and so well did

they pitch their shells that they burst immediately over the gate we entered by, killing and wounding many. We marched through the garden, clearing it as we went along, and then skirmished along the side commanding the canal and a view of its opposite bank. It was dangerous to show your head over the wall, and our riflemen had to take advantage of any little piece of cover to enable them to take steady aim. We worked on our way gradually, and came out a little on the Alumbagh side of the canal bridge, and had the satisfaction of seeing some heavy guns of the enemy captured. They had built up very strong batteries protecting the bridge, and of such solidity were their breastworks that our artillery could have made but little impression on them. Our only resource was to charge them at the point of the bayonet. This was gallantly done by the Madras Fusiliers. The 90th—a regiment in the 2nd Brigade—charged and captured the gun at the left extremity of the cross-roads which sheltered us. We halted to take breath and get into order again at the bridge for about a quarter of an hour, when we again advanced, turning to the right, and kept along the banks of the canal. We worked our way along slowly, clearing the neighbouring villages as well as our time would admit; this we did but very imperfectly, owing to our want of troops and time. The halts too were frequent to enable us to keep together. In one small village we passed through we found a nine-pounder brass gun, limber and ammunition complete, the horses standing by ready harnessed, which the enemy had left behind, being, I suppose, too hard-pressed by us to take off. While we stopped here I amused myself by catching pigeons. After some time we emerged into the open, and of a sudden the order was given to the 5th “to charge the gun.” It was up the road I knew, but whereabouts exactly I did not see. However, away we went, done up as we were

by several hours' hard work in the grilling sun—our pace, as you may imagine, not very rapid—until we sighted the gun (a long brass native-made one), mounted on a carriage, and deserted. At the corner of the road was a group of cavalry, supposed to be protecting their gun, looking in astonishment at our boldness; but they hardly waited for a volley, when they bolted, and we saw nothing more of them. A scattered fire was still kept up at us by the enemy, who were occupying the street on our left, and, if I recollect right, a gun also opened upon us. Here we halted and got under shelter, till the other regiments came up, when the houses right and left of the street were broken into and many men shot and bayoneted. We captured the regimental colours—very pretty ones and well embroidered—of the 6th Oudh Irregular Infantry. The rebels had on most occasions fought against us under our own colours, which they plundered at the time of their mutiny. I was sorry to see my friend W— limping about here, and found he had been wounded in two places. We found a good deal of sugar-cane, which we peeled and ate, and most refreshing it was to us. In the last charge we all felt at every step we took as if we could not take another to save our lives, but we went tumbling on, with our mouths open, as dry as bones. This, you must remember, was a cloudless day in September, the hottest and certainly most depressing month in the year, and just at the breaking up of the rains; and after the last two or three days' incessant rain the exhalation from the ground was very heavy, and rendered it doubly oppressive.

On we went again, and our next halt was in full sight of the splendid Palace of Lucknow, the mosques, and other fine buildings. On the road we passed the cavalry stables, where hundreds of horses were picketed. I got permission to provide myself with one to replace my own killed; so,

with Creagh of the 5th, I left the column for a time, and went and selected one. It was a fine, strong artillery horse, but unfortunately without a bridle, so of no present use to me. We saw some dismantled heavy guns lying about there, and a company of ours sent there to survey and clear the place of the enemy, if there happened to be any, reported that there was a quantity of treasure lying in different places; but such was our headlong speed that guns, horses, and treasure were all left behind, for the subsequent use of the enemy. This halting-place was a very dangerous one, the shelter very insufficient; and we remained exposed to heavy artillery and musketry fire. The round shot came in numbers, smashing through the walls close by us, and the frequent crack of the musket from loopholed walls and windows of houses close by, and the whirr of the bullet, told us too plainly that our position was not very tenable. To our right there was a large house supposed to be occupied by the enemy. We were ordered to take it and hold it. To get to it, it was necessary to cross a small open space. This we did one by one at the double, every man as he doubled feeling the danger to which he was exposed. The bullets from a house opposite—the old mess-house of Her Majesty's 32nd—whizzed over and about us by hundreds, and it was regularly running the gauntlet through a hailstorm of bullets. Several men and horses were killed and wounded here, but there was no hesitation on our side, and the brave fellows filed through this as willingly as if they had been in their then hungry state going to a sumptuous banquet. We took the house of course as ordered, and immediately sent out skirmishing parties right, left, and front, to keep off the enemy. The house was situate in the middle of a garden, at the end of which on one side was a canal over which the enemy were firing. About 3 o'clock, I suppose it must have been (my watch's

mainspring was broken, worn out, and so rendered useless), we left this place, and after charging another gun under an immensely heavy cross-fire across a small bridge, where again we sustained a heavy loss, we found ourselves between rows of houses with loopholed walls, being quietly picked off by unseen hands. Here several gallant fellows were killed and wounded, and it was melancholy work seeing the place strewn with the dead and dying, with no visible brave enemy to make answerable for our loss. This street- and house-fighting went on till dusk, and it would be tedious to narrate all that occurred. At one place, in particular, just as we turned a corner into an open square, surrounded by high walls, where the artillery were drawn up, and the 84th was in the act of passing through an archway in column (we were close behind them), a murderous fire was opened from these loopholed walls on our men, and poor Brigadier-General Neill was shot dead off his horse. The men seemed seized with a fit of fury for the time; they left their ranks and fired a volley against those walls with the forlorn hope that some stray bullet might enter the loopholes and kill the cowards sheltered behind. When order was restored, we commenced passing through. It was a horrid business, and it was getting dark, which made it worse. You could see the flashes from the loopholes just over your head as you moved on and felt powerless, for we were unable to stop their firing or drive them from their stronghold. It was quite dark before our work was over, and we slept that night without food or drink (except the rations of grog and rum), or covering of any kind, in the road leading into the garrison. We gave and received three cheers from the people inside, and that was the only proof that night we had of each other's existence. It was a terrible day altogether, and one I shall not easily forget. We slept well after our fatigues. We lost that

day 600 odd men killed and wounded, and 48 officers—no small proportion out of a force of 2,400, a loss in proportion equal to that sustained in the Battle of Waterloo. An unfortunate accident occurred in the road that evening. Some faithful Sepoys of the 13th, who had been fighting in the trenches nearly all the siege with our people, were sent out with a European officer to assist in some work farther down the road. Some two or three of them, in threading their way through the labyrinth of gun-carriages, bullocks, and men, got separated from their officer, and the alarm was instantly raised that some of the enemy's Sepoys were in our lines, and the order was given by the Brigadier to stop them; however, they unsuspectingly went on, when the order to shoot or bayonet them was passed. Three of these poor fellows were instantly shot and bayoneted; one man, in particular, I saw with no less than three bayonet wounds and one sword-cut on the upper part of his body. The officer hearing some confusion instantly returned, and saw the unhappy mistake. It was a sickening sight. I saw the man who was the worst wounded some days afterwards in hospital, and was glad to find he was doing well and in a fair way to recovery. It was an imprudent thing in the then excited state of our troops, and at night too, to send the Sepoys into our neighbourhood, when it was well known that we were surrounded on all sides by the enemy, who at that time were firing upon our outposts and sentries. All that night there was only a wall between us and the rebels, and we did not feel safe against a sudden attack.

On Saturday morning, the 26th September, we were ordered out again, and had to retrace our steps to the house I told you we took yesterday afternoon, near which our artillery and baggage, with some of the 90th, had been left. There were some places we had to pass

much exposed to the enemy's fire, and which it was necessary to double over, to get as quickly as possible through the shower of bullets. We had to ford a canal up to our middles in water, and afforded a nice mark to the enemy's riflemen during this rather tedious operation. Several men were wounded before we reached the house, when we sent out some men to reinforce the goth, and held the house the whole of the day. The enemy had in the meantime brought two heavy guns to bear upon the house from the opposite directions, and as we were sitting inside, 24 and 18 lb. shot came smashing through the walls, knocking over men and making our position anything but enviable. Bullets too came whizzing about from all sides, and we had plenty to do from the house to keep down the enemy's fire from neighbouring mosques and houses. One of their guns was near the Palace, not more than 700 or 800 yards off; we saw the men sponging it and loading, so knew that it was no longer safe to expose ourselves at the windows and those parts of the wall which the round shot penetrated as it would brown paper. In the middle of the day our wounded were sent into the entrenchments; but, owing to some unhappy mistake, the guide mistook the road, and a great many of them got into the enemy's quarters and were attacked. Our escort was insufficient, and only a few of the wounded who were able to walk were saved; the remainder were barbarously murdered, and burnt in their dhoolies. To this day our half-burnt dhoolies are lying in that same place where the cowardly attack and slaughter was made. We have not been able to drive them from it yet, and their riflemen hold the surrounding loop-holed walls. The incessant firing went on till dark, when it relaxed a little. The men and ourselves had had nothing to eat all day: this was our second day's hard work and starvation. Towards evening we all got so ravenous that

we turned butchers for the nonce, slaughtered one of the enemy's bullocks left behind in the garden, cooked (boiled) and ate it on the spot. I had lost my knife, fork, and spoon with the saddle, and had only my pocket-knife as a substitute. I never remember having enjoyed a dinner more. Our individual shares were very small, owing to the numbers we had to divide it amongst, but still sufficient to stop our cravings for a time. There were some heavy guns of ours outside our enclosure, escorted by some of the 90th and the 5th, over which the enemy had been keeping a very watchful eye and hot fire, wounding and killing several artillerymen and others. The enemy's cavalry made a show at charging, but it never came to the scratch. These guns we had to escort into the entrenchments, and great anxiety was entertained as to the success of our plan. At 3 o'clock in the morning (it was quite dark) we sallied out, the men having received orders previously to take off their white cap-covers, and crept silently along into the city under the very loopholed walls where the day before such a heavy and murderous fire was kept up upon us. By God's blessing we got safely in, with hardly any loss, only one subaltern in the artillery having been killed.

The 27th September dawned just as we got inside, and, leaving the guns in a safe place, we went on to clear the squares and houses of the Sepoys. Most of the city is built in squares, with tanks and gardens in the centre, the rooms facing inwards. We had entered a part of the old palace (every king has a new palace), and Adair and I were sitting down on the dwarf wall surrounding the tank, when we both, stung by a bullet, suddenly jumped up and exclaimed, "I am hit." I soon found out I was not hurt, and saw that the bullet had passed through my boot below the knee, just grazing the front bone of my leg, and, unfortunately for Adair, had gone through his foot, smashing

the bone severely. We were sitting side by side. It was a most providential escape for me; half an inch more would have broken my leg, and I might have been a cripple for life. I was wearing at the time knee riding-boots, and the bullet passed through one of the creases, just slightly stinging me. I cannot feel too thankful for this mercy; it is a dreadful idea to be a cripple for life, and I have been spared, doubtless, much discomfort and suffering.

The hospitals here are miserable—stores deficient, no food for sick men, no clothing; and the consequence is that many poor fellows, who would probably recover with proper treatment and nutritious food, die off from sheer filth and starvation. Very few amputation cases have recovered. You will be shocked at the bill of mortality within the trenches at Lucknow when you receive it. I am afraid to say how many, in case I should exaggerate, but I know it is something tremendous. The 5th, out of thirteen officers, lost two killed, two dead of wounds, and three wounded; one of the latter, though not seriously wounded, is now dying, the doctors say for want of proper nourishment. It is a sad state of things, and you may imagine with what anxiety we are looking for reinforcements. Our provisions will only last till December 1st, and we are, and have been for some time, on half rations. Grog was stopped a day or two after we came in. Everything was selling for most exorbitant prices—16s. for a pound of sugar, £1 16s. for a bottle of brandy, 5s. for one cheroot; but even those luxuries are not to be had now (October 21st) for love or money: the stock in hand is gone, and we are so closely besieged that it is with the greatest difficulty we can get a native to venture into the bazaar; heavy bribes can alone do it. Fancy a halfpenny clay-pipe selling for several rupees; an old flannel shirt for £4, an old morning coat (original value £2) for £9, and

other articles of clothing fetching the same tremendous prices. For food we were very badly off for a time, and got up from our meals almost as hungry as we sat down, a little piece of tough artillery bullock, some rice, and heavy oatmeal cake composing our dinner. We have since fared better. We procured a khansamah, a head-cook, and he manages to get us the butcher's perquisites occasionally—tail, liver, hump, and feet. We have to pay high for these, but we can get so little that our individual messing will not, I fancy, cost us very much monthly, and there is no liquor of any kind. By artillery bullocks I mean the gun-bullocks, fine muscular tough old fellows, who have been providing meat for our tables since our siege commenced. Our jaws tire in masticating the sinewy morsels. Vegetables of any kind cannot be got at any price, and, consequently, scurvy is breaking out among the old garrison.

Monday, November 2nd.

I resume my narrative. Several Sepoys were killed that day (September 27th) in the different gardens and enclosures and houses. We had two officers wounded, Carter and Adair. Carter died of his wounds a week or two afterwards. Partridge, who had been in Lucknow during the whole siege, came down to see me. I was quite delighted to see an old face again. I returned with him to the entrenchments, and went to see my old Delhi friend, Macfarlane; he had been wounded twice during the siege, and was only just recovering from a severe wound in his head. I met several other fellows I knew, almost all wounded, of the 48th, and made Aitkin's acquaintance, of the 13th Native Infantry. He had escaped unhurt, and was one of the very few who had.

On Monday, the 28th September, a party went out to attack some of the enemy's guns, which were annoying

the garrison, but owing to mismanagement they, after having spiked one or two, were obliged to retreat from the enemy, who swarmed out of their houses and from behind their walls, and retook them. They were mostly our own guns. We lost some twelve men killed and wounded. I was at the top of a house watching them, with some others, keeping up a fire at the Sepoys during the attack. They brought a gun or two to bear upon us, but did no further harm than knocking a few bricks and some mortar about us. In the evening I went up to the camp to relieve Mason from picket duty and to guard some guns. Officers of the 5th were so scarce that Simmons asked me to share the duty. That night and the next I had to sleep on the road near the guns, and very hard I found the ground, particularly as I had no bed to lie upon.

The next morning a large party, consisting of some men of the 84th, 64th, and 5th, went out before light to take some more guns, and succeeded in blowing up some and one 32-pounder. I was standing by my guns, and saw Major Simmons brought in dead. He had been shot through the head, and killed on the spot. I attended his funeral that evening. A few days before only I heard him read the burial service over poor Haig, and the next time I heard it read was over himself. That day I breakfasted with Fred Birch and dined with Macfarlane, and gave my ration to the men of my picket, who were delighted with it, I fancy.

On Wednesday, the 30th September, I was relieved from picket and returned to headquarters of the regiment. I breakfasted again at Birch's, and took a sleep at Macfarlane's, on his mattress. How I enjoyed it! the only comfortable sleep I had had for days. At night there was great firing on all sides, and all the men were called to arms, but it ended in nothing.

On Thursday, October 1st, a party of the 5th, with

some four hundred men from other regiments, went out in the direction of the Cawnpore Road, to blow up some houses frequented by the Jacks. They killed a lot of Sepoys in one place and another; Scott, the then commanding officer, and myself, and his staff, remaining behind at headquarters. A reward of ten thousand rupees was offered to this party if they succeeded in taking the enemy's guns in a certain battery. All the batteries are named. We have the Cawnpore, Redan, Malakoff, and others. The next day the guns were taken and blown up with several houses. It is no good spiking guns and leaving them behind, for the enemy soon return, and either work out the spike or turn the gun over and make a vent on the other side. The only effectual plan is to blow them up, and thoroughly destroy them. It seems a pity to destroy our good guns, but it is unavoidable.

Nothing particular further than occasional alarms occurred till Monday, the 5th October, when the enemy sprang a mine in one of our picket gardens, and charged the breach made in the wall; but our men soon drove them back, without even using the bayonet. A few shots seemed to have the desired effect, and when a few of them fell the remainder thought it more prudent to retreat. Another officer, Johnson, of the 5th, died this day from his wounds.

On Tuesday, the 6th, there was another mine sprung by the enemy at a mosque near our quarters, and a simultaneous and persevering attack upon us made from many quarters. The enemy swarmed everywhere, and you heard them yelling out defiance and abuse. I was the only officer at the time at the headquarters (Scott had gone away for a few minutes), and accompanied a guard of twenty men ordered out to assist in repelling the attack. I had a house to keep, or rather a ground story of a house, on a level with the garden where these fellows

were swarming and yelling horribly. I stationed men at the iron-barred windows, concealing them as much as possible, and kept others right and left of some small doors through which I expected the enemy would try to effect an entrance. We shot several men as they came rushing into the garden with drawn swords, muskets, and matchlocks, hallooing out, "Maro, maro! chelo, chelo!" ("Kill, kill! come along!") They gave me very much the idea of men intoxicated with bhang, for they seemed to come on without any definite design, and rushed madly about, apparently unconscious where they were going to. They came within a few yards of us, and so excited were my men that they missed many even at that distance. Some Seikhs who were in the house with me were much cooler and more collected, and did not throw away their fire nearly so much. After some time the enemy managed to get into the rooms above us, and before our men in another part of the garden, and in an exposed position, were aware of it, opened a fire upon them, wounding many men. Scott, who had joined another party of his men, was wounded, and had gone to the hospital. Now, therefore, I withdrew my men, having first seen that my part of the garden was cleared, and assisted in driving them from the upper rooms. They fought from room to room, and from one corridor to another, and we made our way over the corpses of the killed. It was wretched fighting. In one small room we shot and bayoneted no less than eight. This kind of fighting went on till dark, and we found our further picket near the mosque, from which they had been driven in the morning, leaving the enemy, I am sorry to say, in possession. From this place they kept up a fire upon our picket, and any man exposing himself at the windows, even though behind the wooden Venetians, was nearly sure to be shot. Two men in the 90th, who would foolishly expose themselves, were shot close by me

—one died instantly. I dined and breakfasted in one room, at about 5 o'clock, at my picket. I was dreadfully hungry, having had nothing to eat all day, and hard work. We were very busy now in the trenches, countermining and mining the enemy, and the 5th provided their quota of working parties. The Sepoys and city people are capital miners, and if not carefully watched would do us an immensity of harm. In their last explosion they blew up two of our poor fellows, and buried them in the ruins, besides wounding others.

On Sunday, the 11th October, we retook the mosque; seven men wounded in the affair. As I was walking with another officer to the picket garden a shell burst over us, scattering its pieces close by, but providentially doing us no hurt. Such escapes are quite common in garrison. An officer the other night, while asleep, had his pillow cut in two by a round shot which came in at his window without doing anybody any harm.

On Tuesday, the 13th, we provided ourselves with a khansamah. This was quite an event, as before we lived, or rather were starving, on our half rations, and since the old man generally manages to get something extra for us, which makes our meals a little more profitable. We want vegetables almost more than anything, and next to that liquor and beer. The enemy is making a bridge of boats. We shell it, and they move and complete it further down without further interruption. Close by here we found rooms full of china and old crockery; all the crockery was piled up on the floor, and no space left to walk on, so every step you took something was destroyed. We are frequently disturbed by shells bursting in and near our square, and round shot come tearing through the upper look-out rooms, morning, noon, and night. An absurd report got afloat that Maun Sing, an influential rebel outside, had offered the General safe conduct out of

the place, and had consented to the troops carrying their side-arms. I think Mr. Maun Sing too sharp a fellow to send in so ridiculous a message. The answer was, as you might imagine, that when it suited our convenience we should go without asking his assistance. This man, at the commencement of the rebellion, behaved very well, and safely escorted some Europeans out of the hands of the rebels; but considering himself aggrieved he himself turned a rebel and fought against us on the day we entered Lucknow. He is a great landowner in Oudh, and has a kind of army of his own; he is very wealthy, and has a large stock of money in Government paper, which I should not be surprised to hear was confiscated. News was brought that all our camp-followers had fled from Alumbagh, as they could get no food there. Spies frequently come in and out with news of the enemy's movements. At the commencement of the siege 5,000 rupees were given to a Sepoy each time he succeeded in taking dispatches to Cawnpore. The usual mode of securing the letters is wrapping them up in quills. At first, I believe, they used to place letters between the soles of their shoes, but that was discovered, and another and safer plan adopted. It is a dangerous calling, that of espionage. If a spy is caught by the enemy, he is either killed or tortured. They are fond of cutting off the nose, ears, or hands of those they capture, and sending them back, if their guilt be proved. If there is not sufficient evidence against them they sometimes let them go, sometimes retain them for working in their mines and trenches, so at the best it is an unpleasant and hazardous undertaking. One Sepoy contrived to make five safe trips to Cawnpore with dispatches.

October 17th.—On Saturday, the 17th, the enemy sprung another mine in the picket garden, and blew in our gate, and a second at the mosque, blowing up two unfortunate

sentries in the Madras Fusiliers and one Seikh, besides wounding three or four more Seikhs. One of the latter had both his arms amputated immediately afterwards, and died eventually. Carter, one of our wounded officers, died in hospital to-day of his wounds. It is melancholy seeing men drop off one by one—slowly but surely; bad food, want of hospital stores and comforts, do their work, and you watch men who were at first but slightly wounded waste away inch by inch under a diet hardly sufficient for a child. I frequently go up to see the sick officers in hospital. It is a heavy task to cheer them up, for we all, sick and healthy, suffer more or less from the same cause, and have hardly spirits buoyant enough ourselves to impart any cheering influence to others; besides, affairs until lately have borne a very gloomy aspect, with no prospect of early relief; but we have very much to be thankful for that a supply of provisions sufficient for the maintenance of our force was laid in at the commencement by the foresight of Sir Henry Lawrence. Few other men, I think, would have acted with the same discretion and long-sightedness.

On Sunday, the 18th October, Meara, our present Commandant, read the service to the men. We formed but a small congregation, for, in addition to the killed and wounded, many were absent from headquarters on picket duty, reducing our numbers to about a hundred and twenty. Received news that the 93rd and 23rd Queen's were on the road between Allahabad and Cawnpore, moving to our relief. It is said that some petty rajahs now with the rebels are disheartened at the news received from Delhi, and are contemplating retiring from the struggle, if they can. Maun Sing is reported to be treating with the General.

On Thursday, the 22nd, the enemy made an attack on Alumbagh, some three or so miles from here, where we left some men and guns, our sick and wounded, and

provisions. They only played at long bowls with their artillery, and I believe the extent of our loss was some four elephants and a few Seikhs, which their cavalry managed to cut off while out foraging. We, on the other hand, could do nothing but hold our own. Young Birch, brother to my friend, got wounded on the way here. He was in the Volunteer Cavalry, his own regiment—cavalry—having mutinied.

On Monday, the 26th October, we really did hear cheering news, to the effect that Colonel Grant, of the 9th Lancers, with one Delhi column, was on his way down here to relieve us; that he was urgently recalled by express from Agra, to assist in driving off a large body of the enemy threatening an attack on the place; that he made a forced march of twenty-seven miles back to Agra, and while the force was breakfasting the alarm was spread that they were attacked; that he gave them a tremendous drubbing, and cut up a great many of the enemy; that troops were fast gathering at Cawnpore; and that four hundred men, with a convoy of provisions, had arrived at Alumbagh.

On Wednesday, the 28th, we received news that Grant had again defeated the rebels at Mynpuri and Meerutkiserai, and that his Delhi column had arrived at Cawnpore. This force consisted of a wing of Her Majesty's 52nd, two hundred and fifty of 9th Lancers, two troops of Horse Artillery, two regiments of Punjaub Infantry, and two Punjaub Cavalry. In speaking to S—, of the Madras Fusiliers, a day or two ago, I found out that he knew you all. Major Renaud of the same regiment he spoke about; he seems to have been a fine gallant fellow, and is universally well spoken of.

On Saturday, the 31st October, I found, much to my grief, that my only flannel shirt was getting into holes, and I had none to replace it; luckily I managed to buy,

from a friend in the entrenchments, some old linen ones for two rupees each, and some socks for about the same price—very, very cheap, much below the market price. I never could have believed I could have worn the same suit of clothes so long. It is not comfortable, as you may imagine. When my shirt is washed I only wear my coat, and *vice versa*; before I got a second pair of trousers I had to remain in bed for the morning.

November 3rd.—Yesterday (Monday) I had another narrow escape of being shot. I was behind a Venetian door in a turret, with Captain Grant, of the Madras Fusiliers, shooting at the rebels on the top of a sandbagged, loopholed house, from which they were keeping up a hot fire on our picket. While we were firing they sent in several bullets, stinging us with the splinters from the door. Grant had only just picked out some splinters from my neck, and was on the point of taking a shot, when he threw down his rifle, and said, "I'm shot!" I took him downstairs, and laid him down till the doctor came, who dressed his wound and extracted the bullet. I fear from what the doctors say the wound is serious, but it is early to judge. I shall go in the evening to see him, poor fellow.

I have little more to tell you now, having brought my diary down to this date. Grant, I am happy to say, is doing well as yet, and I am in hopes his wound is not so bad as was at first feared. A code of signals has been established between General Outram and the Commandant at Alumbagh. The whole relieving force is expected to arrive at Alumbagh to-day. Its arrival is to be signalled by two salvoes of guns. What a fine sound and music that will be to us! There are rumours—but only rumours—about their and our plan of operation and co-operation on entering the city. In a few days—before the week is over—we hope we shall be relieved from our

uncomfortable position. If I am spared, you shall hear full accounts of the second relief of Lucknow. The enemy made another attack on the picket garden, but were soon driven back by our fire, without any loss on our side. Two of our men, while digging in the trenches this morning in the garden, were, it is feared, mortally wounded. Seldom a day passes without some men being killed or wounded. Since we arrived here I believe we have lost upwards of 300, and our force is now reduced to something like 1,800 effective men. On the 30th, L'Estrange, another captain of the 5th, died of his wounds; only two are remaining in hospital now of the officers who were there.

November 6th.—Nothing has occurred in the last two days worth relating. The enemy made one of their night attacks the night before last, but we are so accustomed to them now that it failed to disturb us further than just arrest the sleep of some, but not of me. I still retain my sleeping powers. We are getting quite accustomed to this kind of life, and were it not for fear of our provisions falling short should not vex ourselves about the delay of the reinforcements. There will be a severe fight when they come in, and a difficult job we shall have to drive the enemy out entirely from the city, for they are legion, and the paucity or great inferiority of our numbers will oblige the greatest caution in advancing and guarding against the second force being hemmed in and besieged as ours, the first, is. The engineers are busy day and night, mining and trenching and getting batteries ready for our heavy siege guns, which are to batter and shell the Kaisa Bagh, or new palace of the present King, when the time for our co-operation with the relieving force arrives. I do sincerely trust, on the reorganisation of our army, that our interests will not be overlooked; it would be unjust, and but a poor return for the heroic fortitude displayed by so many of our officers in this unfortunate

outbreak. We have not shown ourselves backward in assisting in putting it down, and our worst enemies cannot accuse us of inertness or apathy in the affair. The mornings now are getting bitterly cold. I walked, and felt inclined to run, this morning, to get myself warm, for a long time. It reminds one of the fresh English mornings at the end of autumn, and is very enjoyable after the oppressive weather we have had. I often and often feel I should like to know my fate—whether God will spare me to see you all again or not. It is best, though, that we should remain in ignorance of such subjects. I sometimes feel certain that for your sakes I shall be, but that thought seems presumptuous, and I try to check it. God's will be done!

November 16th.—Sir Colin Campbell effected a junction with our force on the 16th, with a loss of 38 officers and 500 men, killed and wounded: at one place, within a mile or two of our ports, 1,700 of the enemy were attacked and killed in a large walled enclosure. The same day we made a sortie and stormed some strong loopholed positions of the enemy, having driven them out previously by shelling, so that our loss was trifling. Our servants have come in with part of their property. Mine made a judicious selection of a few articles—one change of clothes, a few cheroots, and one bottle of brandy.

November 20th.—I think yesterday and to-day have been the happiest days in my life. Such a noble budget of home letters, dating from June to September. How thankful I feel to our merciful Heavenly Father that I have been spared for such happiness, to hear that you were all well. I wish it had been in my power to have written sooner, but you will understand the impossibility of my doing so. As I am writing now the enemy are firing away at us most perseveringly from the other side of the street, making a great noise, but, thanks to a wall 'twixt them and us,

without effect. The enemy are still about in swarms, and it is yet undecided whether we stay here or fall back upon Cawnpore, evacuating Oudh for the present, until a strong European army is assembled, with which we can, with God's help, sweep everything before us.

CAMP IN MARTINIÈRE PARK, NEAR LUCKNOW,
November 24th, 1857.

You will see that we have at last got out of that horrid den Lucknow, after having been cooped up for exactly two months, surrounded on all sides by the enemy, and not daring to show our faces beyond our own barricades. Subjected as we were to every kind of annoyance and deprivation, and to frequent attacks from our persevering foe, which, with our small force, crippled by wounds and disease, we were barely able to repel, you may fancy with what thankfulness and delight we hailed the arrival of Sir Colin Campbell and his force to our relief. For four days we anxiously watched his cautious approach from the look-out tower of the Chatta Memzih, where the 5th was quartered, and heard and saw the battle raging with mixed feelings of pleasurable and painful excitement—pleasure at the full confidence we felt that God had taken up our cause, and would give us the victory; and pain, to think of the many brave fellows that would meet a soldier's death while attempting our relief, and our inability to give them a helping hand. Notwithstanding the diversion that their approach must have made in our favour, we were still annoyed by the enemy's fire, and particularly in the look-out tower, which became the mark for their artillery and musketry, and was soon rendered untenable.

On the 16th November, the day they arrived in the outskirts of Lucknow—or rather that part of the city occupied by our troops—we made a sortie, stormed three

of their loopholed strongholds, and opened a communication with Sir C. Campbell. This we effected with slight loss, as our shelling and artillery practice with eighteen salvoes nearly drove them out of the place. The road, however, from our advanced post to theirs was anything but safe, and after some men and officers were wounded in going to and fro, all passing was stopped until a covered way was made to protect us from the enemy's flanking fires.

The next morning I managed to make a triumphant exit (fancy the delight of swinging one's arms in the open, especially to the old garrison, after being shut up within walls so long), and made my way down to a walled enclosure, about a mile off, called Secundera Bagh, where the hardest fight had taken place with the enemy on the advance of Sir C. Campbell. Their loss was 1,700 killed (counted while being buried); ours upwards of 300 killed and wounded. Our whole loss, I believe, exceeded 500 men and 50 officers. Two days afterwards we all got our home letters, and I really think passed one of the happiest evenings in our lives while reading them. After being shut out from the whole world for so long, and kept in utter ignorance of everything that concerned us most intimately—the well-being of our friends and relatives—the delight we experienced in again beholding the handwriting of those so dear to us was tenfold, and in my case increased by the good news the letters contained. I fear much painful suspense must have been the consequence of our beleaguered state. Though I never have had the opportunity of sending letters myself, you will probably have seen, from time to time, dispatches (enclosed in quills, and conveyed by spies) in which the list of casualties was published, and your anxiety on my behalf has been allayed by seeing that my name was not mentioned. This is my fond hope

and prayer. I have had much to be thankful for in having kept my health so well and escaped wounds and death. You will read in my other home letters to my father (that is to say, if you have patience to read through them, for they are very long) of my wonderful escapes at different times. I have not yet been able to replace my horse or saddle.

CAMP NEAR ALUMBAGH, *November 26th, 1857.*

More retrograde movements since I first closed this letter. On the morning of the 25th, as we were sitting round our camp fires in the Martinière Park (we had been up since 1 o'clock, as we had to send on our traps), the enemy commenced musketry firing at us. After a few bullets had passed unpleasantly near us we were called to arms, and, after having waited some time without replying, the brigade was ordered to retire, leaving a few companies of skirmishers to cover the retreat and prevent the enemy advancing too fast. The greater part of the force had left for Alumbagh, *en route* for Cawnpore, with the sick and wounded, the day before; so, galling as it was, retiring inch by inch before those scoundrels, there was no help for it. We had to halt occasionally, to give time for the baggage to go on, and on those occasions the enemy seldom failed to bring a gun to bear upon us, flattering themselves doubtless that they were driving the Feringhee before them like a herd of sheep. They followed very closely in our track, for almost immediately on our guards evacuating the Martinière they marched in.

On the 25th the enemy fired a royal salute, I suppose in triumph at our leaving Lucknow. We hear we are to remain at Alumbagh, while the new brigade returns to Cawnpore; this plan has greatly disappointed us, as we were led to expect that the old garrison would be sent back to Cawnpore. Here we are, without clothes

for our half-starved men, and not half tents enough, each regiment having to supply several pickets, with a proportion of two captains and three subalterns to command them; and our reduced force, weakened by bad living in Lucknow, is to keep Alumbagh against any attacks from the enemy, who are numerous and now confident. They have already commenced playing upon us with their guns, an earnest of what we may expect after a short time, when they have had time to get their guns in position. However, all is for the best. I am daily expecting my English letters of the 13th October mail; the papers I have already seen. It is very gratifying to see the kind and liberal spirit evinced by the public in getting up the Indian Relief Fund. The mutiny seems to be the all-absorbing topic in all the journals, and I suppose will continue to be so as long as it affords such painful interest to all classes. You will have heard of the death of General Havelock. He died at Dilkushah, the country palace of the King in the Martinière, after a few days' illness, of dysentery. The other brigades started from here for Cawnpore this morning. I saw Utterton, of the 23rd, yesterday, and was very pleased to see him again so little altered.

We have had a large addition to our officers and men within the last few days. We now sit down some 18 to mess, and can muster about 500 on parade—a small regiment certainly, but our losses have been heavy, and some are still away on detachment duty. I escape all the drudgery—*i.e.* picket duties and parades—and am always mounted and accompany the commanding officer on field service, and carry about orders, etc., for him. It was in the act of delivering an order to the commanding officer from the staff that my poor animal was shot. My saddle and holsters, cloak and plaid, etc., were all lost; and at the rate such things are selling for now at auctions, they are worth more than I gave for them originally. I

hope, however, to get compensation for the horse when I make a formal application for it.

TO HIS SISTER LYDIA.

CAMP, ALUMBAGH, NEAR LUCKNOW,

December 3rd, 1857.

How kind of you to write me such nice long letters. Your last, which I received on Sir C. Campbell's arrival in Lucknow to our relief, dated as late as September 21st, full of affection and interest, were doubly welcome after our having been shut up so long without ever hearing a word of "Home, sweet home," to cheer us up. I never shall, never could, forget those memorable two months, and the scenes of bloodshed, sickness, and suffering with which we became so painfully familiar. The day we effected our entry into this fated city, September 25th, I have already described as well as I could, but at the best imperfectly. Words can hardly convey an adequate idea of what the whole force underwent that day. For the three days previous we had marched in an incessant rain from morning to night, and fought three battles with the enemy, and during that period the men and officers (on service all ranks are levelled) had only the little food that the commissariat supplied—biscuits, and a very little meat and rum, and no change of clothes. The day of our advance into Lucknow the weather changed, and though in a grilling sun, which proved to some as fatal as the enemy's fire, on we went as only Englishmen could go, cheerfully braving every obstacle, with the all-powerful motive of relieving the unfortunate people in the garrison, little expecting, however, to be there ourselves for the two succeeding months and as anxiously looking for relief. I think I brought up my diary to my dear father to the date of Sir Colin Campbell's arrival, and sent a few hurried lines to Juland by the same mail, telling him of our

subsequent movements, which I regret to say have been retrograde. However, much as it grated on our feelings leaving a place we had so splendidly held for five months, and retreating before the ruffians we had, by God's help, so frequently thrashed, no doubt Sir Colin acted most wisely in insisting on its evacuation, as subsequent events have proved. After Sir Colin had seen the garrison safely out and encamped here, he, taking his fresh troops with him, returned at once to Cawnpore to look after the Gwalior troops, which he heard from the Intelligence Department would probably molest the small number of troops left to protect the place, and entrusted to us the important duty of preventing the Lucknow troops from effecting a junction with the Gwaliors, which would be their evident object, or rather *vice versa*. This we hope to do under the management of Sir James Outram, in command here. Yesterday we heard that Sir Colin and his force had arrived only just in time to save Cawnpore. On his advance, after crossing the river from Lucknow, the Gwalior force immediately advanced upon Windham, and, after driving all the residents of Cawnpore into the entrenchments, commenced a fierce bombardment of the place, killing and wounding many of the garrison. This had already lasted three days when Sir Colin opportunely arrived. It is reported that the Gwalior force have plundered all our baggage which we left behind there. That would be a most serious loss to many of us, particularly just now, when it is so difficult to replace things. We have been looking forward to having our things sent up here, as we were likely to remain here some time, and then to revel in an abundance of clothes, etc. If it prove true I really don't know what we shall do. All my portraits I left behind, as being the safest place to keep them in. To think of their falling into the hands of these blackguards is a horrid idea. I am the only person who

can fully appreciate their value. I met several friends and acquaintances in Lucknow—Fred Birch among the former. You remember him, do you not? He escaped unhurt throughout the whole siege, and was acting aide-de-camp to the Brigadier commanding. You would scarcely credit the many wonderful escapes that people had. One man had his pillow torn in two while asleep by a round shot, which came through the wall of his sleeping room, without being hurt. Another round shot came into a room where several officers were sitting down at dinner, went between them down the length of the table without touching anybody and out at the other side. Another shot, after having taken off a leg of one of the party, grazed an officer's sleeve, leaving its bloody mark behind it. It was not at all an unusual sight to see, a hat and coat perforated, or a pistol and a sword indented by a bullet. The wonder was that, after going through such fire as we did, so many escaped, and not that so many were hit. God was with us, and He saved us.

The accounts which are published in the English papers of the massacres that have been perpetrated since the commencement of the mutiny are so appalling that the fact of knowing we have such ruffians for our enemies, who do not even observe the honourable usages of war, while it tends to increase the anxiety for friends engaged, still has the good effect of making the desire for prosecuting the war unanimous among the English people. Troops are coming up-country but slowly, and it will be some time, I fear, before we have a sufficient force for attempting to besiege Lucknow. It will be the great point of concentration for all the rebels now, and they will fortify every nook and corner of it; but there is no fear of their being able to make a long stand against such a force as it is talked of bringing against them. There is much hard work yet in store for us, and many a long month will

elapse before we see India quiet and resume our ordinary cantonment life. How I long sometimes for the old Delhi days of peace and quiet; monotonous they were, but so is life throughout, and no monotony can be so terrible as that of war. This morning I walked over to the old mud fort of Jellalabad, at present occupied by a detachment of our troops, with some artillery. We hold the ground between, at least so far hold it that we have outlying pickets, who are of course subject to attacks from the enemy, and who keep up communication with the fort and camp. It is an old Indian mud fort of some extent, but no strength, and was used by us formerly as a depository for the powder magazine for the Oudh force. Inside it is very pretty and picturesque, well wooded, and what young ladies in England would call romantic; just a place for picnics. How I should rejoice to give you all a good picnic there in time of peace, employing the services of some fine military bands to enliven you. I hope those happy days are yet in store for us, only substituting old England for Jellalabad as the locality. Our camp looks very pretty, particularly by moonlight, and we are having lovely moonlight nights now. Some regimental bands play occasionally, but they are but indifferent ones, either from paucity of numbers or inferiority of instruments—generally from the former cause, as the bandsmen have been ordered to take arms and fall in the ranks for fighting.

Reports have been circulated in camp that the bags containing our letters to England were looted on the road to Cawnpore. I sincerely hope this may not prove true, as it will only add to the anxiety of friends at home. I sent two very thick packets to my father, with a most voluminous account of the siege, from the day we arrived at Lucknow, and a short letter to Juland, written after our retreat. In fact, I was a little doubtful

whether I was right in sending unstamped such heavy packets, the payment of which would fall expensive on the recipients ; but I hope to be able to send an *equivalent* from Lucknow the first opportunity. I underline that word, for it reminds me of a story of Lord Clive, I think it was, who, in writing to his sisters in England thanking them for some present they sent him, promised to send them an equivalent. His handwriting could not have been of the plainest, or they must have been but indifferent decipherers, for they read "elephants" instead, and were much perplexed accordingly to know how they should dispose of such bulky animals on their arrival. Our troops, on their entry into Lucknow for the relief, got an immense quantity of loot in the shape of precious stones and stuffs, the Crown jewels among others, and a portion of these was secured by some soldiers. However, when it became known, a peremptory order was immediately published by the General, calling upon men and officers to give up any loot in their possession, in default to subject themselves to trial by Court Martial and dismissal from the service. He said that as the prize-money, he hoped, was eventually to be divided among the troops, it would be unfair in any persons or individuals to appropriate any portion of the plunder, and thus detract from the value of the others' definite shares. The jewels alone are valued at fifty lakhs of rupees, equal in English money to £500,000 sterling. Then, in addition to this, were valuable shawls, gold and silver ornaments, ivory, weapons with jewelled handles and splendid scabbards, guns, pistols, tulwars (swords), curiosities of all kinds, and an immense assortment of miscellaneous articles and china. Some of the inferior articles were sold at prize auctions during the siege, and fetched fabulous prices—everybody was so anxious to take away with them some memento of Lucknow. The most valuable things were taken away under escorts when

we retreated, and many will eventually be sold in Calcutta. I have got a few things which, if I can manage to keep until all is quiet, I will send home. I never saw such a collection of china in my life at the largest shops at home as in Lucknow, and of such variety and value: rooms after rooms crammed with splendid old china, from large vases to small coffee-cups; other rooms as full of the modern kind, dinner, tea, and breakfast services, and flower vases richly gilt and figured, belonging to the King of Oudh, with the royal arms in the centre of the plates, etc. These were evidently of English manufacture. I secured a few of those, but china is not a safe thing to carry about in a march, and I doubt much whether it will survive to the end of the campaign. The rooms were so full that you could not take a step without smashing something underfoot, and before the prize agent came down you never saw such a wreck of vases, soup-tureens, dishes, plates, cups and saucers, as was presented there. You had to dive deep into the ruined heap to get at anything whole. We were washing out of fine old china vases and the soldiers eating their dinners off king's plates; but such dinners! it looked so inconsistent—the poverty of the food, and the gaudiness of the plates. A cup and saucer of the king's pattern sold at one of the auctions for $7\frac{1}{2}$ rupees, equal to 15s. in English money. It was allowed that the officers might supply themselves with china for messing purposes, and we were lucky enough to get hold of some of the highly prized King's china, which, when we left the place, was divided among ourselves. I don't know what we should have done had we not stumbled on this supply of china: we must have eaten our dinners direct out of the cooking pots, and burnt our fingers with the steam.

Since I commenced writing heavy firing has been going on in the neighbourhood of one of our outlying pickets, and the enemy are observed busily engaged in

(it is fancied) erecting another battery to bear upon us. We are half expecting, too, a rencontre with a portion of the Gwalior force, which is reported to have crossed the river and to be making its way towards Lucknow. We have thrown back our left in readiness for them, keeping at the same time a good part for our Lucknow friends, should they attempt any co-operation with the Gwaliors. I do not think there is much to apprehend. If the Gwaliors have crossed, it is probably a dismembered and discomfited portion of their force which retreated before Sir Colin Campbell and General Windham, and who would do their best to avoid running foul of us. If, on the other hand, it is the whole force, with their guns and cavalry, Sir Colin must be close in their rear, as he left Cawnpore in pursuit. Were he not to be ready to assist us, we should have a hard and dangerous game to play, as simultaneously (there go the guns again !) with an attack on our rear the enemy in Lucknow, hearing that we were attacked, would as certainly come down in overpowering numbers on our front ; but this, mind you, is a contingency which, though prepared for, I do not at all anticipate. God has taken up our cause, and will befriend us as He has hitherto done, and save us from falling into the hands of our enemies. I hear that the mail is expected in camp to-day. I am delighted at the prospect of receiving more home letters. Mine of October 10th have not yet come to hand—why, I cannot understand, as most of the other officers in the 5th have received theirs of that date. I sent in an application yesterday, according to form, for compensation for my horse shot under me on September 25th. What an escape that was for me ! The round shot must have entered the poor brute's shoulder just in front of my left leg and come out behind my right. A little more—half another step in advance of my horse—and both my legs would have been carried off ! What a merciful

Providence there is in everything! Then, again, when the bullet passed through my riding boots without hurting me, another eighth of an inch, and my bone would have been crushed. Often men have been knocked over right and left or in front of me, sometimes while conversing with them or being engaged in the same service, and yet I have been miraculously saved. I heard of a wonderful escape this morning at breakfast. Brigadier Russell was riding about, when an 18 lb. round shot struck the collar of his coat, carried it away, and his shirt collar and neckerchief, without inflicting further damage than a contusion. He was knocked down, of course, senseless, but I believe now is all right again. That was not the case in Lucknow, unfortunately, where a poor fellow even wounded however slightly considered his death warrant signed. I have seen men only hit with a spent ball, perhaps, declining day by day until the bruise became a frightful wound, and ultimately led to their death. This was from want of proper or any medicines latterly and nourishing food. How invaluable a Miss Nightingale would have been in those times, with a few of her assistants. It was noble to see how well the gallant fellows bore up in all their hardships; they knew they were unavoidable, and they bore them as well as they could. Sir Jas. Outram, you will see in his dispatch, speaks very highly of gallant deeds and cheerfulness under severe hardships, and pays us great compliments in every way. It is pleasant to know our services are appreciated at home, and to observe the liberal feeling exhibited by the people in providing relief for the sufferers in the mutiny. The fund has already swelled to goodly proportions.

Sunday, 7th.—I was suddenly ordered off yesterday to the old fort of Jellalabad, which I described as such a pretty spot, and here I am for a week certain. The commanding officer here applied for an interpreter, and General

Outram requested that I might be sent down. My duties consist principally in talking to the Ryots, villagers around, and endeavouring to persuade them to continue their avocations as usual, under our protection, and not desert their homes and villages from fear of us or our enemies. They say they wish to return, and feel quite safe under us, but that the Sepoys and budmashes (bad characters, not Sepoys, who take up arms against us in different towns and villages) seize them and their goods by force, and detain them for taking their corn, etc., to us for sale, with threats of death and torture. Those I have spoken to lay all their losses at the doors of the Sepoys. At least, so they declare before me, but I don't believe in their sincerity altogether. If they really wished to return and reopen dealings with us, and do as they say—confide in the strength of our protection—what is to prevent them? When all returned they would be comparatively safe, but they are timid creatures, and, until they see a force large enough to back our promises, will not venture to run away from their oppressors, in case of reverses on our side. My paper has come to an end, and I must reserve a long chat for my beloved mother. Give my best love to all the dear ones at home.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CAMP, JELLALABAD, NEAR LUCKNOW,
December 9th, 1857.

I have changed my quarters, as you see by the heading, from the dusty, noisy, shadeless camp at Alumbagh to this most charming spot, quite retired and beautifully wooded; where I can sit out (as I am at this present moment) the whole day, enjoying the delicious cool air, without being exposed to the heat of the sun. It is an old Indian mud fort now fallen into decay and disrepair. The wall which surrounds the enclosure is of great thick-

ness, and studded here and there at unequal intervals with bastions and towers, which command a clear uninterrupted view of the surrounding country, and would afford, when manned, a strong defence against any attack of an enemy. It is a most delightful change from the bustle of a large camp, and I shall be almost sorry when my week's tour of duty is closed. So peaceful is the general aspect of the place, that it requires the sound of the distant cannon-ading to remind me that we are surrounded by a foe. They leave us very quiet, however, on the whole; and after having been daily under close fire for nearly three months, you can hardly form a conception of the delight it affords me, this change, from hard and incessant fighting coupled with other discomforts, to a quiet kind of ruralising life, blessed with the common necessities to render one's existence as happy as it is capable of being separated from all our friends and in ignorance of their welfare. I often go up to these look-out towers with my binoculars, to enjoy the extensive prospect, and to see, if possible, any operations of the enemy. The crops, I am glad to see, are getting on very well, and cultivation is going on in most places, so I do not think there will be such a dearth as many anticipate. It is as much, or indeed far more, for the interest of all classes of the natives to preserve their crops, as for ours. On the north side of the fort is a large piece of water, covered with wildfowl (what in this country we call a jheel), and those who have guns find some amusement in bagging a few for dinner, and those who have not guns do their part of the duty in assisting to dispose of the game at the appointed time. My rifle and gun I left at Cawnpore, with the remainder of my property that I brought up with me from Calcutta, and which we hear have all been destroyed in the attack the Gwalior force made on our position.

An Engineer officer is busy here in putting the place in

a state of defence—erecting batteries at the principal entrance, and repairing the breaches we made, so far as to render them tenable for our riflemen. The enemy had a very large camp near the fort, and had built a battery of great strength, from which their guns sent forth missiles of death as our troops advanced up the road to Alumbagh. At present there is hardly an enemy to be seen for miles round this place ; but villagers are picking their crops and attending to cultivation. This is the happy result of our being in the vicinity. A short time back, when the Sepoys were in our place, it was very different ; you hardly ever met villagers who had not some tale to tell of cruel wrong inflicted on them by their would-be governors, who in their short-sightedness would turn them out of house and home, rob them of their little all, and decoy them from their private occupations to work for them, with promises of reward which were never to be fulfilled. They are returning by degrees to their burnt and plundered homes, and I never lose an opportunity in my morning walks through the neighbouring villages to encourage them to return and reopen their bazaars, assuring them they will be well treated, and will receive the value of the articles they sell. They believe in our just dealing, I think. Their experience of us proves that we pay for what we get, and that Government sanctions no frauds in pillaging, and that if any complaint of wrong be brought before the proper authorities it will always be attended to. In a great measure they have brought this state of things on themselves, for there is no doubt that the villagers in Oudh have been against us, and the fighting portion of them have generally assisted the Sepoys in resisting our progress ; but they will gradually find out their mistake, and the utter inability of their new masters to extend them protection much longer. It is melancholy, seeing groups of old and young and infirm gathered together in front of their former

homes, dwelling on their losses, without attempting to recover or mend. Here the extreme apathy of the native mind shows itself. They are like a parcel of babies or young children. They will rest for days with their hands before them, doing nothing but thinking of their wrongs, without devising any method of improving their condition, and merely regard it as a fulfilment of fate. Everything is fate with the native. Whatever is to be will be. And they usually comfort themselves with the idea: It is no fault of mine that such and such a thing has happened; it was written as my fate. It must be a very easy-going kind of creed, and suits their apathetic minds, who, though perhaps anticipating an evil, will do nothing to ward it off or meet it, but calmly wait for the fulfilment of their fate.

In many cases we have been unavoidably obliged to burn and destroy villages *en route* of the army, and as unavoidably in such cases innocent and guilty both suffer; for instance, any village concealing the enemy, providing supplies to the enemy, or where resistance has been made to our troops, is sacrificed. Even supposing they could not help themselves, and that an overpowering force of the enemy billeted itself on them, they can always send a deputation of the leading men of the village to our camp with information which would act as a guarantee for their good faith, and, in a great measure, wholly save their village, but not their property, which the Sepoys would generally appropriate before decamping. We went out a large party with some guns a day or two ago to Bijnour, a large village a few miles eastward, with camels and elephants for loading with provisions. We found them very ready to tender their supplies, and when they receive their money it is not expected that there will be further occasion for sending an armed force, except perhaps for escort. Major Master, of the 5th, who is commanding

here, went out as a volunteer, and men came up to him with offerings of eggs and fowls and refused to name a price for them, wishing him to take them as a present. However, he gave them a bakshish (present) to encourage them to bring more into the fort another time.

December 13th.

I have just heard that the armed Dak is going to start to-day or to-morrow for Cawnpore with our letters, so that I am in hopes this will reach Calcutta in time for the December 24th mail. I shall think much of my beloved father on the 17th, scarcely more, however, than I do daily. You are all constantly in my thoughts, and I cannot help dwelling on the clouded Christmas you will spend in ignorance of my safety and well-being. I remember in one of the early November Indian papers my name was mentioned casually in a private letter (afterwards published) as "safe and well," and I cling to the hope that you will have seen it, so that your anxiety will be partly relieved before the usual happy family gathering. This letter was written in Lucknow, and smuggled out in a quill, I believe, to prevent discovery. We are expecting a Dak in to-day from Cawnpore, with our English letters, which have now been accumulating for a month or six weeks. We have received none since we left Lucknow, so you may fancy the extreme eagerness with which we shall devour the contents. I pray God you may all be well. I returned yesterday to camp; that delightful old fort has quite spoiled us for the cold, bleak, and dusty plain. Some are busy building themselves warm huts and mud rooms for the cold weather; but our movements are so very uncertain that I for one shall rest content with my tent. The probability is that, directly they are finished and habitable, the fresh troops will come up and we shall move on. There has been sad business at Cawnpore, and much loss

of life and property. Sir C. Campbell arrived just in time to save Windham's force, and thrashed the Gwalior force in a succession of engagements, took twenty-seven guns, all their baggage, ammunition, and booty, with slight loss on his side. The day before leaving Jellalabad I accompanied a reconnoitring party to a village close by, which spies reported was occupied by some low fellows who always made a point of attacking any people from our camp who went near them. We sallied out only nineteen strong, all mounted, among us fourteen of the Military Train, with the double intent to reconnoitre and bring back anything we could get in the way of food for ourselves and horses (grain for the latter is very difficult to get); but we came across two of the enemy's pickets and were obliged to retire, as it was not the object of the senior officer to risk any life. I usually contrived, in my morning perambulations through the neighbouring villages, to get some grain for my horse by talking to the stray villagers I met. Among them I discovered a bunneah (corn-dealer), to whom I paid frequent visits. There is now a kind of understanding between us, and all he is able to scrape together from his savings from the general plunder he sells to me by a rupee's worth at a time. I bought another horse the other day from a Captain Carnegie, of the 15th, my old regiment. He is a fine strong animal, bay with black legs, and young, and I think will suit me. I hope I may be able to keep him. I have been unfortunate in my horses up to this time. I got a little terrier too, a rough brown one, which I have named "Fanny," after the little pet we had at Reigate. She is a nice little thing, and would soon make friends with you. I wish she had the opportunity.

I am going almost directly to attend divine service in the Madras Fusilier tent. There is a sermon, I understand, and the sacrament is to be administered. Before I return

the sergeant will come for the letters, so you must excuse this short note, my dear mother, this time. I meant to have written volumes, but had no idea of this armed Dak going out, which it would be such a pity to lose.

May God bless you and all, my beloved mother, is the constant prayer of your devotedly attached son.

CAMP, ALUMBAGH, *December 23rd, 1857.*

The expedition of December 22nd was well designed by General Outram, and admirably executed by the troops under his command. He had received information that the enemy were preparing to cut off our communications in the rear, and were that very morning about to proceed to form a chain of outposts between our camp and Bunnee, about fourteen miles from here towards Cawnpore, and place guns in position. For this purpose they had collected men and guns at a village about three miles from camp, in the direction of Dilkusha, near Lucknow. Outram determined to surprise them and take their guns, and started at 4 o'clock yesterday morning, with 1,100 infantry, some 100 or 150 cavalry, and six guns, to effect his object. We neared their advanced picket just at day-break. After we had approached, under cover of a ruined and burnt village, to within a few hundred yards of them, Outram halted us, and sent on his scouts to see and report. The 5th were, as usual, in front, and with the artillery and cavalry did all the work. We (the 5th) numbered four hundred; part of the remainder formed a reserve, and the other part attacked at another point, but met with no resistance. Well, the scouts passed round the corner of the village wall, and with a gesture of silence returned to Outram. All was done in complete silence. Outram went on a little by himself, and beckoned us on. As soon as we emerged out into the open plain we saw their cavalry videttes, who stared at our staff for some

seconds in astonishment before they challenged us ; but as soon as the column of redcoats showed round the corner they fired their carbines and galloped off to the main body. When we were fairly in the open the enemy fired upon us from their tope, where they were encamped, and sent us a round shot before we could deploy into line. Outram speedily gave the order to form line and advance. We accordingly changed our position and formed into line—the “thin red line” which has on so many occasions before upheld the honour of England and brought confusion to the enemy ; and only giving the enemy time for one more volley, we charged with a hearty British cheer, and carried everything before us. It is such a splendid thing to witness a charge of British bayonets. We captured their gun, with the loss of one man killed and one wounded. On we went, skirmishing through the jungle on the right, and, having driven them out of their camp, reformed line and advanced across a large plain. Just here the Volunteer Cavalry made a charge and drove the enemy still farther on. We were on the point of charging a second gun when a shower of grape came and disabled me. Both my legs were knocked from under me, just as if somebody had come and given me a severe rap with a thick stick. I fell, of course, and at first feared that my legs had been smashed, or severely injured, so fancy my delight and thankfulness, after they were examined, to hear that I had received no more hurt than a hard blow would be calculated to give. The grape had struck the inside of the calf of my left leg high up, without touching the bone, and also of the right leg, merely producing a large lump and bruise, which will, I hope, entirely leave me in a week or so, and enable me further to participate in the punishment of those ruffians. When, therefore, you read of Ensign Danvers being slightly wounded in a smart skirmish, which ended in the capture of four of the enemy’s

guns, eleven tumbrils filled with ammunition packed for service, elephants, camels, and bullock waggons, with the slight loss on our side of three killed and seven wounded, you will, I think, find little reason for regretting the issue of our morning's business. I retired to a dhoolie and remained with the reserve for the rest of the morning. While I was being carried away I heard another cheer, and knew we had taken another gun. The enemy was driven out of their village, which we left burning. They sent supports from their right; but as our object was simply to drive them from this position on their left, and take their guns, and not to hazard a general engagement with an enemy overpowering in point of numbers, and as that object was, by God's help, effected, we quietly returned to camp about 11 o'clock to breakfast. The General very kindly sent this morning to inquire after me. He is a kind, considerate man, and is much liked by men and officers. A box of warm clothing will be invaluable to me now that my kit is lost at Cawnpore, for it is almost impossible to replace articles of clothing at any price now.

TO HIS SISTER-IN-LAW FANNY DANVERS.¹

CAMP, ALUMBAGH, *December 28th, 1857.*

We have been here now about five weeks, the same everlasting game at long bowls between the enemy's and our artillery, with an occasional skirmish for variety, going on without a day's intermission. Our force is small, not exceeding 4,000 of all arms, and duty falls heavy on field officers and subalterns alike. For myself I have nothing to say on that score, as being on Regimental Staff I am exempt from picket and outpost duties, and am supposed to be always at headquarters in readiness to assist the Colonel out of any dilemma which intercourse

¹ Wife of Sir Juland Danvers K.C.S.I.

with the natives might produce. I expect soon to have something to do in the way of forming a bazaar for the 5th, which is without one at present. It is usual in this country for each regiment to have a native bazaar attached to it. We are told by spies that the enemy are busy in Lucknow and its outskirts, and have employed some 25,000 workmen in making trenches to oppose our second entry into the city. We are longing to see this arm of 40,000 with which Sir Colin is to take Lucknow. With that number of troops the thing ought to be done well, and the mutiny entirely trampled out.

TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.

CAMP, ALUMBAGH, *January 3rd, 1858.*

I received orders a few days ago to rejoin my regiment immediately. It is about to proceed to China, where I hope sincerely it may do good service. It is said that its volunteering has already had a good effect, and other regiments or remnants of regiments have done the same. I am prevented obeying this order for the present by my wound, which confines me to my bed; and shaking in a dhoolie is not a good recipe, so here I must remain until the doctor pronounces me fit for a jolting. The 70th is gone, so anyhow I should have to follow them up. I shall be sorry if I find I am late for any part of the service in which the 70th is engaged. The Colonel of the 5th wrote me a very handsome letter on receiving the order for my leaving the 5th. I will send a copy of it.

Copy of Colonel Guy's Letter.

CAMP, ALUMBAGH, *January 1st, 1858.*

MY DEAR DANVERS,—As the order has been received for you to join your own regiment, I cannot allow you to leave the 5th Fusiliers without conveying to you the

regret we all feel at losing you from among us. Having been present with the 5th in all their service during the last six months, you have become identified as one of the corps, and I can answer, not only from the reports of others, but from my own knowledge while in command of the regiment, that your services as Interpreter have been as efficiently and readily performed as your assistance has been zealously given on every occasion on which you have been present with the regiment while engaged in active operations against the enemy. Hoping you may speedily be quite recovered from the wound which at present confines you, and that every success may attend you, believe me to remain, my dear Danvers,

Yours very sincerely,

P. M. N. GUY,

Colonel 5th Fusiliers.



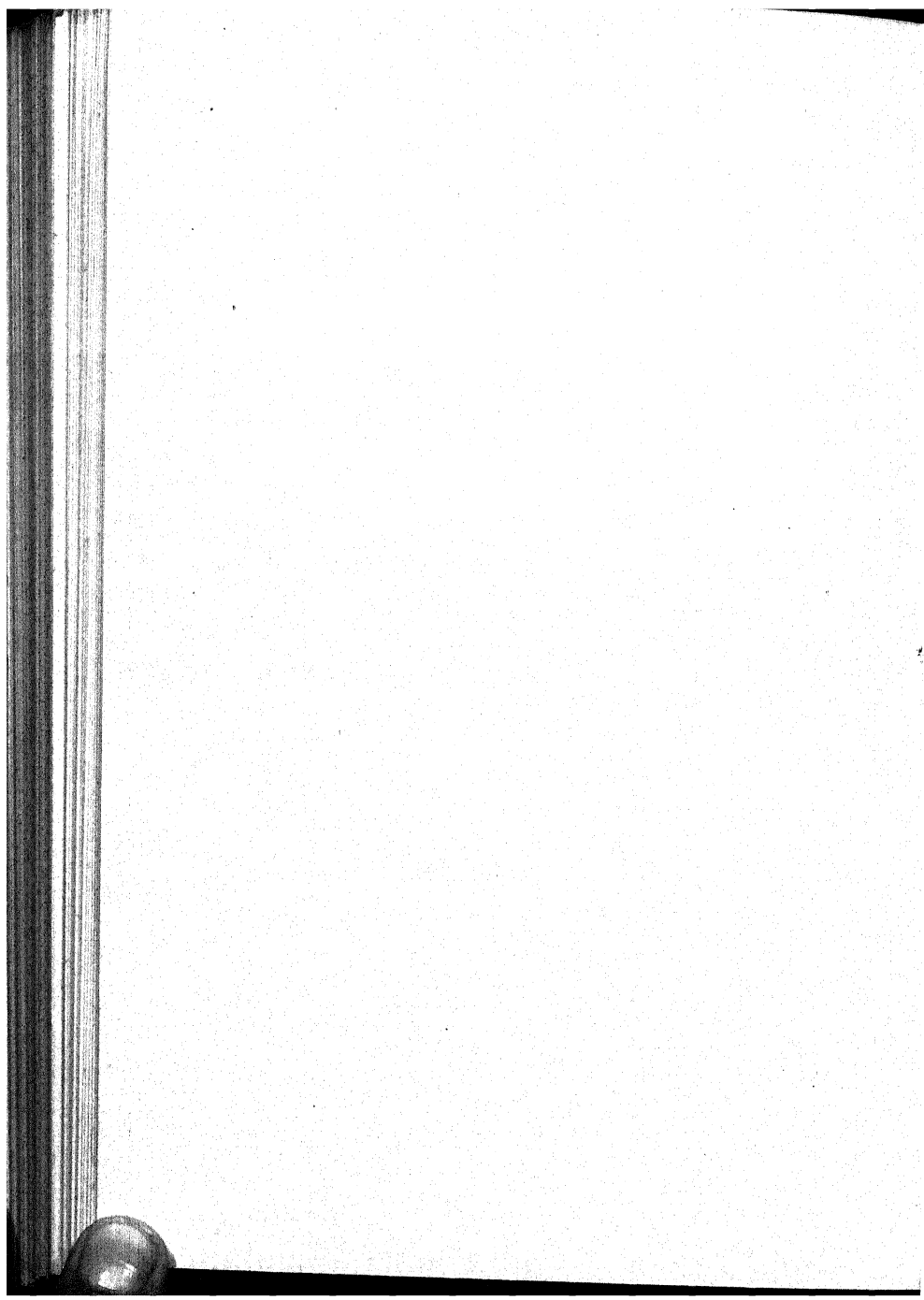
R. W. DANVERS,
January 1858,
AFTER HIS RETURN FROM LUCKNOW.

[To face p. 151.]

PART III.

FROM JANUARY 1858 TO AUGUST 7th, 1858.

Recovery from Wound—At Cawnpore after leaving Alumbagh—
The 5th Fusiliers—Journey to Calcutta—At Calcutta—
Leaves Calcutta for Canton—Arrives at Canton—Rejoins
70th—Hears of Publication of his Letters from Lucknow
—Description of Canton—Affairs there—Appointed to
Military Train—Military Duties at Canton—Last Letter
dated August 7th, 1858.



TO HIS SISTER MARY.

CAWNPORE, *January 13th*, 1858.

You see I have bid adieu to Lucknow and its neighbourhood, for many a long day I am sorry to say. I had hoped to see the surrender of the city into our hands and our occupation of it, particularly after having seen so much hard fighting in and about it; but I received orders from Government to join my own regiment immediately, as it was about to proceed at once on foreign service to China; so as soon as my wound allowed of my being moved, I made a start, and have already got through about fifty miles of my journey downwards. The jolting in the dhoolie did me no good, and instead of going on at once as I intended to Calcutta, the doctor here having examined and pronounced my wound as angry, strongly recommended me to give it rest for a few days and try to appease it. I have been here since the 10th, and its anger has undoubtedly subsided; the M.D.'s are delighted at its healthy appearance, so I may expect to get my discharge and have to proceed in another day or two. My right leg is pronounced well; the left is the obstreperous one. I left Alumbagh on the 8th, Friday, with the Convoy, escorted by some three or four hundred infantry, one hundred cavalry, and four guns. I don't mean that *I* was honoured with such an escort, but the Convoy, which consisted of several hundred camels, carts, and elephants being taken to Cawnpore to be laden and returned. A report was brought in that we were going to

be attacked on the road by a large body of the enemy who were bent upon annihilating us ; for this reason the escort was much stronger than usual, and was accompanied by two guns of the artillery as well as cavalry. However, we got safely to the end of our journey, and not a trace of our enemy was to be seen. I confess I was very glad of it, for I had not at all liked the idea of a fight going on while I remained helpless in a dhoolie, carried by men who would probably on the first shot being fired put me down and run away somewhere for their own safety. In the dhoolie I amused myself by reading and wondering why the flies would come so repeatedly to the attack on all my weak points, viz. the tip of my nose, my eyes and ears, until they drove me nearly distracted and made me wage a war of extermination against them. At the first halt from Alumbagh I had scarcely been put down by the dhoolie-bearers when I heard some unknown voice inquiring of a brother-officer of the 5th, with whom I had been talking, who was inside. Then I was snatched up and hurried away. I did not quite approve of this unceremonious and rapid way of doing business, and ordered them to stop, and asked them where they were going to ; when the unknown, a middle-sized man in spectacles, approached me, and said he thought he could make me comfortable if I came with him ; so thanking him, I allowed my men to proceed under his guidance to a small tent in a shady corner on the banks of a small river, which he kindly placed at my disposal. This dear man, who turned out to be Captain Condy of the 27th Madras Native Infantry, took every care of me and treated me as if I were his brother. I took leave of him early the following morning, and went on to Busserat Ging, to which place we pursued the enemy after our second fight at Mangwana on September 21st, 1857. Major Milman of the 5th, who accompanied the Convoy, acted the father

to me here, looked after my baggage, and procured, by going on ahead and choosing himself, as good accommodation as the Ging afforded for us two.

How vividly the sight of the place recalled every little incident to my mind when we were here last on our way to Lucknow. Then the street was ankle-deep in mud, and the huts were in a filthy state, having not long been evacuated by the natives; but now the place is dry and dusty, and the huts are tolerably clean, or at all events capable of being made so by a little sweeping. The day I arrived here I had a touch of fever and ague, but a dose of ten grains of quinine sent that to the right-about. I got up the next morning well, passed the day much about the same way, and reached Cawnpore about 3 o'clock. I had first to go to the Field Hospital, and while waiting outside in my dhoolie for the appearance of the Field Surgeon I was rather amused by being addressed in the following free-and-easy terms by men coming to and fro, without looking to see who was inside (our curtain was down): "I say, Joe, be there any of ours come down with this 'ere Conway?" "Well, how are they getting on up there? Any fresh news at Alumbagh?" One passes on, pretending he is speaking to his friend, without noticing his mistake; and another starts up and salutes very politely and begs to know if Captain So-and-so has come down with the "Conway." After some time the Field Surgeon comes, asks me a question or two, and sends me off to a large punkah bungalow, set apart for sick and wounded officers, where I have remained to this time. This is a nice house situated on the banks of the river, considerably above the level of the water, and another wounded officer and myself share a fine room in it. I had not been in a bungalow for six months, and I rather enjoy the change, more particularly perhaps because I am confined to my bed, where it is possible to

keep out the cold wind and dust. I am, as you know, delighted at the near prospect of seeing them all at Calcutta, though it will probably be but for a few days, and necessitate another parting; still, in such times as the present it is particularly gratifying to get even a glimpse of those dear to you. I have got the doctor's consent to my starting on the 15th by the horse Dak for Calcutta. Daunt accompanies and looks after me, so that I shall not have to use my crutches as often as if I went alone.

OFFICERS' HOSPITAL, CAWNPORE, *January 15th.*

There is much work still to be done in India, and I fear the force at present in the country is scarcely adequate to the task. The paucity of troops delays our operations, and every day's delay gives fresh confidence to the enemy. Where are the 40,000 fresh troops that were to have arrived in the country by December? everybody is asking. They come dribbling in, but the work to be done ought to be done quickly and effectually. Quickly it cannot be done, unless a little more alertness is shown by the home authorities; effectually it never will be done, if they keep on indulging that idle and childish idea that at the end of every siege the mutiny is crushed. This is what they said at the fall of Delhi, now nearly four months ago. They repeated the flattering and soothing assertion again at the relief of the garrison in Lucknow by Havelock's force, which itself became part of the beleaguered garrison; and I suppose the *Times* will want again to persuade you, that at the second relief of the then starving garrison by Sir Colin Campbell the long-delayed time had at length arrived—that England's new deliverer, in the person of our Scotch hero, would really do the work in style, walk triumphantly through the streets of that immense city, colours flying and bands playing, the native population and soldiery cringing at the

conqueror's feet, with innumerable petitions for pardon and grace; that the old Queen-Mother, her pride humbled and her boast of the extermination of the English falsified, would open her palace gates to the gallant little band, and hail their brave leader as the lord and master of her vast dominions; that with Sir Colin's entry into Lucknow the mutiny would be finally crushed and rebellion trodden out, and that henceforth peace and tranquillity would reign. Why "lay such flattering unction" to their souls? Far better were it that the *Times* should use its able pen in calling attention to the true magnitude of the war we are engaged in, and calculate the strength and resources and peculiar circumstances of our enemy. It is now nearly twelve months since the Indian Government first began to see that all was not as it should be. Repeated conflagrations in the Sepoys' lines, cutting of the telegraph wire, burning of officers' bungalows, first warned them of the mutiny which was about to take place and make the whole world recoil with disgust at the unheard-of atrocities it brought in its train. In May the fighting first commenced, and from that time to this the flame of rebellion has been spreading till the whole country has become ignited with it. Little bands of English have been called upon to hold their own against overpowering numbers of men, from whom no mercy, but rather the most lingering death that a savage mind could invent, must be expected; and nobly have they done, and still continue to do, their task. But there is much desperate fighting still in store. These men know well they are fighting with halters round their necks, and there are but two alternatives left—to die like soldiers, or to be hanged like a felon or shot like dogs. It is easy to see which they would prefer. There are still some 100,000 fighting men, of whom some 50,000 are, I fancy, Sepoys, regular and irregular, whom we have still to dispose of. Is it to be supposed

that these men will tamely lay down their arms when they know the fate in store for them? And is it likely, on the other hand, that we should offer pardon or anything but unconditional surrender to the murderers of our countrywomen and children? So we are fighting with a mutual understanding: no quarter to fighting men. It is true most of these, in fact all, are beaten troops, and, as such, disheartened and even more disorganised than they were at first; but still, as long as they have powder and shot and food, and trenches to sit in and brick walls to fire from, they will be, to a certain extent, a formidable enemy, and it will not be an easy task to lash them into obedience, or sweep them from the face of the earth. What, after all, are 40,000 men to spread over a vast country like this, convulsed throughout with the same shock? and how few remain united of this scattered force to conquer a country like Oudh, whose whole population is inimical to our rule? It will be done, like everything England undertakes, under God's blessing, but not in such a way as to preserve her prestige, unless prompt and energetic support is given from home. Already we have accepted assistance from some native chiefs, a proceeding which, however politic and useful in one sense, will not improve the moral weight of our authority.

TO HIS MOTHER.

OFFICERS' HOSPITAL, CAWNPORE,
January 15th, 1858.

As this may be the last opportunity of writing by the next mail, and as I know you will be anxious to hear how I am getting on with my journey, I will write a few lines to post here before I leave the place. I have been a prisoner now for five days, having arrived here on Sunday afternoon last, and am all the better for the rest and care good Dr. Torey, Her Majesty's 30th Regiment, has been

taking of me. I had intended pursuing my journey downwards the day after I came here, or as soon as the Dak could be laid for me, but being pressed by the doctor to remain a few days on account of my wounds I yielded, and certainly have every reason to be glad I did so. The experience of the last six months will be invaluable to me, and I daresay I shall ere long have some occasion to profit by it. I wish it were possible to exchange from the Company's into the Queen's. I think I should be tempted to do it now, and Colonel Guy mentioned the subject to me one day; he used often to come into my tent and have a chat with me, and was kind enough to say he wished I could get an exchange into his regiment according to my army rank. You will wonder, I daresay, at seeing the 5th Fusiliers so seldom mentioned in the Lucknow dispatches. It was not because it was less frequently engaged, or in a less perilous post than other regiments in all our important engagements with the enemy, but because we lost first our fine Brigadier, General Neill, and secondly our Commanding Officer, Major Simmons. Therefore there was no private dispatch sent in by the Commanding Officer of the 5th. The regiment (or rather the part of the regiment, for detachments were left in the Lower Provinces) was commanded by a Lieutenant in Lucknow, and he being a quite unassuming man said and did nothing to bring his regiment into notice. You want a writing Colonel to bring a regiment into notice. The return of casualties is a most unmistakable proof of a regiment's service, and the 5th will be found to have lost more men than the greater number of the regiments engaged: five officers killed and died of their wounds and four wounded out of thirteen—no small proportion you see. It is a splendid corps, and I never once saw the slightest indecision or backwardness on their part in performing any service against the enemy, however difficult or perilous.

The last time I saw them charge the gun I never shall forget; their cheers thrilled through one, and as we rushed on the veriest coward must have been animated with courage by such an example. Well, I have heard that Sepoys behave well and bravely in action when led on by their European officers. I only hope those of the 70th will do so, otherwise the sight of them unredeemed by one manly quality will become intolerable.

What an eventful year the last one will have been to me, and how marked with mercies! The fighting in China will, I expect, be child's play after this. Fred Birch is here aide-de-camp or private secretary to Brigadier Inglis. The camp at Alumbagh was attacked by the enemy two days ago, after we left it. They came out in force, but had not the pluck to bring their guns out with them, but kept them in position and remained content with the old game at long bowls. After three hours' fighting they were repulsed. The fighting, I believe, was principally by our artillery, which sent repeated showers of grape amongst them, and compelled them to relinquish their design of capturing our camp and annihilating the Feringhees. Four hundred of them were said to be killed, and I hear four killed on our side and some fifty wounded, but the return of casualties has not been seen by anybody that I know, so it is all guess on the part of my informant. We also hear that the Convoy on its return march to Alumbagh was attacked at the first halting-place from this, but with what results we do not know. A party with two guns left this last evening to act in co-operation with another party from Futtehpoore against a body of the enemy supposed to be in the neighbourhood. No news of them yet.

TO HIS FATHER.

7, MIDDLETON STREET, CALCUTTA,
January 30th, 1858.

I have been now in Calcutta exactly a week, having completed my journey from the North-West on Saturday evening the 23rd. I told you in my last from Cawnpore that I was likely to be detained there some days. I since congratulated myself that it happened, as the delay enabled me to travel more comfortably and with a brother-officer, Daunt, who like myself had been ordered to rejoin the 70th, and had been prevented doing so sooner by a severe wound he had received in action while acting Interpreter to Her Majesty's 53rd. We met quite accidentally. Major Milman, of the 5th, who came down from Alumbagh, saw him at barracks after he had seen me safely deposited in the Officers' Hospital, and told him of my whereabouts. I was therefore not a little surprised to see Daunt walk into my room the following morning, and we passed a very pleasant hour in comparing notes on our campaigning exploits. We got down safely, as you see, but not without some troubles. One which might have proved serious providentially only resulted in bruises and colds. On the fourth night *en route* from Benares, our coachman, who I verily believe was in his dreams, though he stoutly denied it, upset us down rather a steep bank, throwing my poor servant from the top of the coach some distance down the bank and rolling us inside over and over. I ought hardly to use the plural, for being awake when the catastrophe was about to take place, and the upset being on my side, I had just time to holloa out, "I say, Daunt, we're over!" and make myself as compact as circumstances would permit, when Daunt was pitched on the top of me, and with the final somersault of the gharri was plunged head-foremost against the side

of the conveyance, myself remaining all the while snug in my corner. When the noise of the crushing boards and groaning coachman, syce, and bearer had ceased, and we had recovered from the surprise, we made the best of our way out. Daunt jumped out of one of the windows, and I crawled out on all fours from the back, in which position Daunt saw me to his relief and amusement, for he had received, he said, no reply to his repeated inquiries for my welfare. The question, after surveying the wreck, was, how are we to get on? Not a soul was near; there were no means of mending the fracture, and no shelter for making a dormitory for the night. Daunt went back some distance on the road and secured some coolies, whose united efforts, however, did not succeed in replacing the prostrate carriage, and our prospects for the night looked cold and gloomy, till we waylaid some natives coming along the road and made them assist us. With a little trouble we made the crazy old affair do, and, with a few wholesome cautions and threats to our driver to drive slowly and *not* dream, we went shaking on some miles farther till the fore part and the hind part of the gharri seemed inclined to come asunder, and we were again obliged, though in a less unceremonious manner, to disembowel ourselves from blankets and counterpanes, which we had brought together, partly to save ourselves from bruises in case of another overthrow, and partly for warmth. The nights were bitterly cold, and a sharp east wind was blowing to add to our comfort. This night, nevertheless, had an end, and during the few last hours of darkness we slept away soundly in another gharri we had met and changed into. We reached Dharre early the next morning, and were dragged across the heavy sand bed of the Soane by a pair of bullocks. We arrived at Shergotty at dusk, and after eating a good dinner at the Dak Bungalow, we went on our way again with a change of coachman and horse.

We had some pretty scenery while passing through the Rajmahal Hills, a pleasant change after the unvarying plains of the North-West. We got to the Raneegange railway station early on Saturday morning, in plenty of time to clean ourselves and take a light breakfast before the 10.15 train started. The last hundred and twenty miles of our journey was completed by about 5, and by the time I had crossed the river Hooghly and driven to Amy's house it was quite dark. The plain, clean, good living after so much filth and coarse fare is a luxury which only a Lucknowite can fully appreciate, and the warm welcome from those one hardly dared to hope to see again during all the dangers and turmoils of war is cheaply gained by the last few months' privations and danger.

The letters I found awaiting my arrival from you and Juland, and others subsequently received, are bearers of such good news that I feel really as if I would endure another Lucknow siege for such moments of bliss as its reward. Thank God, you are well! Although painful doubts would often arise, I have had throughout a kind of assured feeling that all would end well. General Beatson made a particular and personal application to the Governor-General that I might be allowed to accompany him on the staff to Mysore, where he is empowered to raise troops. He asked it as a personal favour, urged my claims to the Governor-General's favourable consideration on account of my service and wounds, but all without effect, as the Governor-General insisted on my joining the 70th as soon as possible. He could not have done otherwise, but it almost makes me regret that the 70th did not mutiny.

We of the mistermmed faithful regiments, faithful only on account of circumstances, are the men that suffer now in the army. Others of mutinous corps get promotion and jolly fat Staff appointments. I envy them not. Their

promotion is obtained by death steps, but it does seem to be hard that we should be such direct sufferers. I am convinced, however, that all is for the best. The present arrangement is anything but congenial to my feelings or encouraging to my prospects for the future; but so many things during my short service in India which I at first regretted have turned out to my advantage. Bright visions of Adjutant-General, Deputy Judge Advocate, General Military Secretary, Chief of the Staff, Brigade Major-ships, which General Beatson's kind interest conjured up before me, were soon dimmed and ousted by the Governor-General's veto. There's a good time coming: wait and see. Certain it is I cannot remain an ensign much longer; promotion cannot well be slower than it *has* been in the 70th, and repeated applications on my behalf cannot for ever be set aside. I shall almost begin to hope on other grounds soon that I may get an appointment, for my repeated failures may perhaps imply the belief of my incompetency in the minds of those to whom the applications are made; and my parents, whose good opinions I care more for than that of all the Governor-Generals of India put together, will begin to think there is something radically wrong in their son. I have got introductions to all sorts of big-wigs at Hong-Kong. Mrs. Turnbull and her husband, I must tell you, made interest for me in the Beatson quarter. Outram promised not to forget me. Colonel Berkeley, chief of the staff to him, mentioned me in a letter to a friend in Calcutta. No lack of interest, you see, but the 70th is fatal to all.

TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.

7, MIDDLETON STREET,

February 22nd, 1858.

This will be my last letter from Calcutta for many a long day, as I am expecting to make a start for Hong-Kong

in a day or two. My things are packed, and I am only waiting to hear from the ship's agents the exact time of departure, which depends upon any new offer coming in for taking specie on board. The *Cleopatra* is spoken of as a safe-sailing, ugly vessel, more remarkable for her comfortable internal arrangements than for her fast steaming or sailing. She is about 1,000 tons, 300 horse-screw power, and engaged to steam the whole way, only touching at Singapore for coaling. She will probably do the whole voyage in about a month. I should be glad if the regiment had an opportunity of doing something gallant in the China war, if there be any, and not left simply to garrison places and do policeman's work. Recruiting according to this new system of low or no caste is progressing slowly. I had a great struggle between duty and pleasure the other day. I might have got a medical certificate home if I had tried for it: not that I required it, but the Medical Board, leniently inclined, consider that anybody who has been confined in Lucknow and especially wounded is, *ipso facto*, entitled to a few months in England and the benefit of the Fund; but, after duly considering the pros and cons, I thought it hardly advisable or right to shirk the China business or be out of the way just at the present time. Don't you think I was right? It was a great temptation, and I found it difficult at first to take a cool view of my position and prospects.

TO HIS FATHER.

SHIP "CLEOPATRA," BAY OF BENGAL,
March 5th, 1858.

I think in my last letter I told you of the sayings and doings of our happy party at Calcutta until the day or two previous to my leaving dear Amy's and Francis' hospitable roof. I spent a very delightful five weeks there, three weeks longer than I ever expected, and

therefore, whatever my regrets may have been at taking farewell of them, they were not unmixed with feelings of satisfaction and gratitude at having been allowed to experience so pleasant a holiday between my two campaigns. When I left in July last with the 5th Fusiliers for the Upper Provinces, it was with the same uncertainty of our ever meeting again that I have now, and therein exists the sting of parting. I can only trust to God and pray that in His mercy He will again spare me to as happy a termination of this my second campaign.

Well, after various false alarms, we really weighed anchor on Sunday morning, and under the guidance of a pilot slowly made our way down the river and found ourselves out at sea on the third afternoon, when we deposited the pilot on board his brig and pursued our voyage without any incident to divert one's attention. We are now looking out for land, and are expecting to pass the Andaman Islands almost immediately. This is the place where it is proposed to transport the Sepoys and other rebellious subjects. The delay in the river was owing to our being obliged to stop all night and frequently in the daytime for change of tides, her draught of water being very great, owing to the large amount of freight on board. Poor Daunt! He was my *vis-à-vis* at dinner. I saw him getting paler and paler, trying with desperate efforts to maintain his composure and to carry on conversation. He gave a ghastly smile when he took some wine with the captain, and all of a sudden rushed up on deck. I never was sea-sick, to the best of my belief, and rather enjoy a rough sea than otherwise. There is something exciting in it, which there most assuredly is not in a calm. The *Cleopatra* is a comfortable ship, but nothing particular in her steaming or sailing qualities; the fact is, she is too heavily laden, and 300 horse-power is not enough to propel her through the water, even with the assistance of full sail, at more

than seven and a half knots an hour. She has a nice cheerful saloon, small cabins, a gentlemanly captain and inoffensive mates. With these and a supply of books, I expect to pass a pleasant month or whatever time it may take to land us at Hong-Kong.

STRAITS OF MALACCA, *March 10th.*

How often we have wished the *Cleopatra* were bound for England instead of Hong-Kong. I should hardly be able to contain myself during the voyage, I think, with such a delightful prospect before me. Well, if the remaining six years only pass as rapidly as the last four, the time will soon be here, and then for the enjoyment of two years, which I anticipate will be the happiest in my life. But in all my bright anticipations for the future I am checked by the knowledge of the uncertainty of life and human affairs, and the idleness of building my hopes on such grounds. Who knows what changes six years may bring forth to upset all our plans? My legs are as sound as ever again, and ready for another discharge of grape if need be.

TO HIS MOTHER.

CANTON, *April 11th, 1858.*

We had such a long passage from Singapore to Hong-Kong that we reached it too late to be able to send any more home letters last month, and here the postal regulations are so infamous that not only do we *not* get *our* English letters, but our own for England lie in the Hong-Kong post-office for weeks, sometimes, before transmission. This has been the state of things complained of since our forces have been here, and as yet no remedy has been applied. We remained at Singapore five days, the captain delaying his departure for the chance of getting some cargo

and discharging some of what he had. We reached Singapore on March 13th early in the day, and spent the rest of it on shore. We wandered about the place, and found ourselves about 5 o'clock on the Mall and cricket-ground adjoining, just as a garrison match had been completed. We went into the Hôtel d'Espérance, kept by a German or French count and countess in reduced circumstances, ordered dinner for four at the table d'hôte, and strolled up and down the Mall or court facing the sea until the gong informed us that dinner was ready. The captain and doctor of the ship accompanied us. All the cricketers dined there too, and we sat down to dinner about fifty. The style of conveyance used here is very like the common Indian gharri, or carriage, closed with windows on all sides, double-seated, and drawn by two small ponies, or more often one. The coachman runs along by the horse's head, until he has got up his speed, and then nimbly jumps on his box. Singapore itself is a dirty ill-drained town, thickly populated with Chinese and Malays, Hindus and Europeans, the first being the predominant class. The houses are built mostly of wood, with roofs made of banana leaves; the larger ones, belonging to the more wealthy inhabitants, are tiled, and occasionally built of brick and mortar. A cathedral is being erected facing the sea, which when completed will make a pleasing change to the general ugliness of the houses about. The roads are good, and there are some very pretty drives in the interior among the hills. It is not well wooded but jungly. There is hardly a tree in the place, I think, which you could sit under for shade. Pines and bananas and mangoes are the summer fruits, and in the season as cheap as dirt. We were too soon for them, and had to pay a high price for indifferent pines. Oranges also are very common and cheap; the pines and bananas grow wild in the jungle and hedgerows.

We left Singapore, or I should rather say the harbour, on Wednesday afternoon, and should have steamed all night had it not been for an untoward event. The pilot's boat, which was attached to the steamer, was swamped, and a man washed over. This obliged us to stop, and before matters were mended it got dark, and the captain did not think it worth while to get up the steam. Daunt and I landed soon after we anchored at Hong-Kong and reported ourselves at the Brigade office, and then ascertained that no Government boat would start for Canton for three days, and that we must wait till that period unless we were prepared to defray the expenses of our trip ourselves. Afterwards we inquired at the post-office, and were told that a private steamer would start the next morning. There was nothing to detain us there, either for pleasure or business, and as the expenses of remaining there would double or treble that of the trip, we determined to take our passage. We took our farewell dinner on the *Cleopatra*, and early the next morning, after expressing mutual desires of meeting again, we packed ourselves in a small native boat, and rowed off in a dense London pea-soup fog to the *Williamette*, an American steamer bound for Canton. Passing various small rocky barren islands at sea and up the river, we got to the ill-fated city of Canton in three or four hours. The only things to attract the eye were here and there deserted and dismantled forts, which our 32- and 68-pounders had placed *hors de combat*; also some men-of-war, stationed at the most commanding parts of the river, and a few gunboats. At the Allied Landing-Place we found a guard of the 70th under a European officer, in whose care we placed our luggage, and under guidance of a Sepoy we made our way to our mess house, merely taking with us what we required for the night. We walked into the mess just as they had sat down to dinner, much to their

surprise, and received a most hearty welcome, which was extremely gratifying. My old friend Joe was the same as ever, and all the rest. Mrs. H—— and Mrs. W—— have come out with their respective husbands, and are said to be the first European ladies who ever entered this place. It is without exception the ugliest, dirtiest city I ever saw. A bird's-eye view that you get as you look down from London Bridge terminus over the roofs of the dirty, squalid suburbs resembles it very much. It is surrounded by high walls, or I should say it is built in a sort of basin between high embankments upon which walls are built, fortified with rotten iron guns and jingalls, a species of wall gun very commonly used by Oriental nations—a clumsy sort of thing, carried by two men, who now and then are sent on the flat of their backs by the force of the kick it administers. From all accounts the capture of the city was child's play. They hardly fired their guns at all, and as soon as they saw our men advancing, and their determination to enter, they ran for their lives. They are said to have remarked that our manoeuvre was unfair. They had assembled in great force at a certain fort outside the city walls, where they quietly awaited our approach ; but when they saw our unparalleled effrontery in daring to direct our attack and placing escalading ladders against their celestial city, they were quite taken aback, and declared that we ought, if we had wanted to fight, to have attacked them where they were ready for us ! I brought out a letter to General Van Straubenzee from a relative of his, Mrs. Wauchope, at Calcutta, a very intimate friend of Amy's, and dined with him on Friday last. He was pleasant and chatty, asked me to look in whenever I liked (he'd think me a bore if I took him at his word), and said he hoped next time he went to Hong-Kong for a few days I would accompany him. He often goes there on business, but I never expect to hear anything more on that point.

Fancy my surprise yesterday at mess when Duffin told me he had seen a letter of mine in the *Times* from Lucknow. I told him I thought he must be mistaken and that I had never written a letter to the paper; but he declared it *was* mine, that the initials were the same, and that everything therein identified me. Now I have not the remotest idea which letter it was and to which he referred, but whatever letter I did write was written privately and not meant for publication. At all events I think you will agree with me that in future, when you wish to publish any part of my letters, expressing as they always do unreservedly my *private* opinions on subjects and individuals, it would be advisable to conceal the writer's name in case of its giving offence to the people named; and please always let me know, my dear mother, for yesterday I flatly contradicted what Duffin said until he left no manner of doubt in my own mind as to its being the case. I think it will be almost better not to publish any more. If I know there is a chance of my private letters being made public, it naturally constrains me to be cautious in what I write, and this introduces a reserve which I never intend shall exist between us. I should like to see or know what letter it was. I feel certain of this, that nothing offensive to anybody's feelings is introduced, but still there may be remarks, about the 5th for instance, which the officers might think would better have been omitted.

TO HIS FATHER.

ALLIED LANDING-PLACE, CANTON,
April 13th, 1858.

We receive here contradictory accounts from Lucknow. They all agree as to its being captured, but vary in particulars. One reports a severe, another a trifling loss, owing to our having outflanked the enemy's position. I cannot help feeling disappointed at not being there to

witness the final smash, but it's all for the best no doubt. How kind it is of so many of my old friends taking an interest in my welfare! Poor John Company! I expect your days are numbered. Your merits and demerits will not be fully weighed; you will be made to bear the burden of the delinquencies of the Board of Control in addition to your own, and you will be overturned to aggrandise Her Majesty's Government. You have your faults without doubt, but you have been a good master and I shall regret the change.

More news but few particulars from Lucknow. It seems to have been taken with "severe loss"; numbers not specified on our side. I am anxious to hear how Outram's force got on, as most of my friends are with him. I received another letter from Colonel Guy of the 5th yesterday, but dated as far back as the end of February; their casualties have been insignificant since I left.

In my peregrinations through the city the other day I visited the torture-room, a room of horrors. In large cages round a large quadrangle are the supposed victims to the various styles of torture and death inflicted on the Chinese delinquents by their Mandarins, such as boiling in a chaldron of lead gradually heated, decapitation, being pressed to death between two boards, being sawn in two lengthways while fixed immovably between upright boards, dismemberment of the body, being roasted to death, and being crushed by an immense weight gradually lowered on the victim.

TO HIS FATHER.

CANTON, *May 2nd*, 1858.

How can I thank you sufficiently for your very kind letter of February 9th. In a few months I fully expect to see myself in orders as Lieutenant, and with back rank and pay probably from August last. That would make me

well up among the Lieutenants. At present my position is a very unfair one ; promotion, which at the commencement of this war should properly have been stopped until a proper equalisation of army rank could be effected, went on, and consequently, owing to the supposed staunchness of my regiment, the officers have been kept as fixtures to the regiment without a chance of seeing service (as a body I mean), and are now junior to Griffs fresh from England, who are posted as Lieutenants to corps that mutinied.

TO HIS BROTHER JAMES.

CANTON, *May 3rd*, 1858.

This sort of campaigning is vastly different to my first, though there is roughing enough here to suit any mortal and to make most grumble and growl and consider themselves very hard-worked, ill-used individuals. It is clover to me after my Indian experience. The accommodation afforded us here is very rough, and anything but weathertight. I think I told you in my last letter that I am detached from the regiment on duty at the East Gate. We take it by turns to go to mess, about three-quarters of a mile off, as the inclination moves us, and not unfrequently have our dinners cooked here by a man selected from our respective companies to cook for us. In wet or hot weather it is an objection having to walk so far for meals. We live in a loopholed house of the bastion over the gate. I call it a house, but it is simply a large guard-room with brick floor and two bulky brick pillars to support the tiled roof to render it a little more habitable. We have partitioned it off with screens into three ; each of us has a private apartment, and the centre we use as a public or dining-room. The windows, such as they are, are so high that, sitting down, I can see nought but the dirty walls of my room. The whole place

is one mass of ruins, a substantial proof of the knock-down powers of a few broadsides of our men-of-war. The houses are built so very slightly that our shot penetrated them as if they were brown paper, and they fell down like a pack of cards. I am told by eye-witnesses that the indifference of the inhabitants of these parts particularly exposed to our batteries while the firing was going on was something extraordinary. They were seen pursuing their ordinary avocations, while 68-pounders and shells were falling and bursting on all sides, and they seemed to think that they, the non-combatants, would be exempt, as a matter of course, from the dangers of a bombardment. As their houses crumbled to pieces they were seen diving among the ruins for their property and getting out of the direct line of fire just what they could put on their "sampans," a sort of canoe, and rowing away with it under the very nose of our ships. We have been amused with the French account of the capture of Canton; they take all the credit to themselves, and declare the English merely occupied the place they took. Why, had it not been for our supplying them with scaling ladders, their own being so short that they were obliged to descend, they would never have got in at all; our batteries were stronger and more numerous than theirs, and ours numbered ten times theirs; and yet, in the face of all this, they have the assurance to say that their 500 men did all the work, and that our 5,000 were looking passively on, ready to walk in at any door they chose to open.

TO HIS SISTER CHARLOTTE.

CANTON, *May 7th*, 1858.

My present Commandant, Captain Garstin, is a splendid rider, who acquitted himself to the admiration of all. You will be amused when I tell you that all the races were run

with *ponies* ; there is not a horse in Canton or its neighbourhood, and the few ponies now in possession of the officers here are obtained from respectable inhabitants and Mandarins. The only place at all suitable for a racecourse is an oblong, low, marshy paddock, much about the size of our archery ground at Barons, and this is used for triple purposes of a parade ground, cricket ground, and racecourse, surrounded by houses from which various Chinese are pouring out in amazement at the various barbarian games. A Chinaman never thinks of going out of a trot, or seldom beyond a walk, so the ponies, with change of masters, undergo wonderful change of treatment too. As to grooming, I suppose the Chinamen never dreamt of such a thing. I received a letter to-day from an old friend at Lucknow, dated March 20th. Sir Colin seems fairly to have out-manceuvred the enemy, and thus saved an immense loss of life, which must of necessity have occurred upon a direct attack on those strongly fortified positions. The fighting will now be principally divided between Rohilcand and Oudh, and I expect will keep our troops at harassing work for many a long month to come. I see a medal, prize money, and twelve months' batta are to be given for Delhi, an earnest I should hope of what the Lucknow garrison may receive eventually. I shall be very disappointed if I don't get a medal. Prize money and batta would not be unwelcome, but the former is to me of paramount importance. So Lydia really pictured to herself her sentimental and romantic brother falling in love with some drooping damsel in Lucknow during the siege. Tell the dear girl my sentiment and romance are fast succumbing to the influence of the last few months of real, stirring, practical life, and that it will be under very different scenes to those of the Lucknow siege that I shall hope to take unto myself a helpmeet.

TO HIS FATHER.

LANDING-PLACE GUARD, CANTON,
May 11th, 1858.

Since I enclosed my letter to Charlotte I have had two moves. On Monday the 10th, that is yesterday, I marched up our detachment at the East Gate to headquarters to make way for a similar detachment of the 65th Bengal Native Infantry, which regiment landed yesterday morning. No sooner had I got all my traps ship-shape in my new quarters than I was ordered down here to relieve Bushby of "ours," and here I remain, I fancy, till Monday next; but there is no knowing. This evening the 8th Company Royal Engineers embarked on board a gunboat for Hong-Kong, whence they will proceed immediately in the warship *Sampson* for the north. The 59th and Provisional Battalion Marines are in orders to hold themselves in readiness for immediate embarkation for the same destination, and a company of artillery, if not more, is likely to follow them. To give you an example: to-day, owing to the very high flood-tide, I withdrew my sentries from the pick-head and placed them on the open space just below my quarters, where they had a full and open view of the river. I myself was sitting reading in the verandah of my quarters, and saw a couple of boats tied to some stakes in the middle of the pier. With the aid of my binoculars I observed some Chinamen, waist-deep in water, busily employed at the work of destruction and pulling out these stakes, which they landed in their boats. The sight of the redcoat I sent to arrest them frightened them away, and they made their escape in their boats. Anticipating this, I dispatched a couple of Jack Sepoys after them in another boat and succeeded in capturing one, whom I sent off with a charge to the Provost Marshal.

We are much disappointed with the result of the final capture of Lucknow. Everybody supposed that it was Sir Colin's object to drive the rebels all into Oudh, and there have one grand smash, which really might do something towards *breaking the neck of the rebellion*—the old hackneyed phrase which has so frequently been misapplied in the English journals. In fact, he himself declared that to be his intention. With that purpose in view, then, he swept the country with different movable columns from Central India, Behar, Bundelcund, and Rohilcand, and succeeded tolerably in concentrating the rebel army in and about Lucknow. It appears, when he arrived in front of the line of fortifications the enemy had thrown up, he considered they could only be forced with a fresh sacrifice of life, which he could ill afford ; he therefore, instead of circumventing them so as to cut off their escape, takes them in the rear or the part least strengthened, and allows them to scatter themselves, the papers say, in three large bodies over Rohilcand, Behar, and Bundelcund. There is a pretty game of chase for our troops during the hot winds and rains ! I think more European lives will be sacrificed by sickness than if a regular attack had been made on their position in Lucknow. They will now unsettle the country again, and as they proceed will collect the dissatisfied to swell their numbers. After they have got a good start of our flying columns—and they can always outmarch us, particularly in the hot weather—they will fortify some positions, and we shall have another campaign, and a severe one too, next cold weather. It is early, however, to criticise ; as yet I have only heard one view of the case. It may be that his plans were perfect.

TO HIS SISTER LYDIA.

ALLIED LANDING-PLACE GUARD, CANTON,

June 2nd, 1858.

In my last letters home I was bewailing my hard lot in being obliged so constantly to witness my more fortunate neighbours revelling over the contents of English packets, but now I am happy to say the ordeal of disappointment and hope deferred, which, under the depressing influences of a Canton climate in May, is anything but easy to endure with patience, was concluded on the 25th of last month, when at the mess breakfast-table a packet was placed in my hands.

A few days ago I went outside the city some way across country with a party of our men in search of some "braves" arms and ammunition, reported to be concealed about here. The Brigadier went in command, and took guides and an interpreter with him, but he saw nothing of them. I have long looked upon these "braves" as myths and ceased to believe in their existence, except in the imagination of a few credulous people in authority here. The country about alternates in paddy fields (at this season knee-deep in water), slush, and barren hills: the hills look pretty and picturesque; the paddy and rice fields bring fever and ague. The river on which Canton is situated is a fine broad stream. Just in front of the city the river is half filled up with "sampan" (native boats), where about 18,000 Chinese live; they are born in the boats, and live and die in them, and the property descends, I believe, as a sort of heirloom from family to family. This mass of dingy boats, each with a long upright pole by its side for purposes of mooring, though it presents a curious appearance, destroys the effect of the expanse of water, and you would hardly credit the real breadth of the "Pearl River."

The impression seems still prevalent that mischief is brewing somewhere. The inhabitants of the city continue their exodus, and only half the number of the shops are open now to what there were formerly; all, however, seem at a loss to know whence the attack is to proceed. I for one am incredulous, and though, as a matter of course, I would take every precaution, I see little prospect of getting any of the "bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth" in this part of the globe. Another party with guns went out yesterday again after the "braves." I saw about 300 of our own men embark yesterday evening from this pier. Two gunboats took them some way down the river, where they disembark and march across country, to form a junction with the General and his party preparatory to attacking the camp of the "braves." I was disappointed in not being able to go, but I am a prisoner here for this week. I do not imagine they will come across them, for as soon as they get aware of our approach they will most probably make a run for it, before we get within cannon's shot. They have, I hear, a good system of espionage.

TO HIS FATHER.

CANTON, *June 8th*, 1858.

I have just been enjoying the perusal of the letter of the *Times* Special Correspondent dated from Cawnpore. His first dispatch to England by the *Ava*, with the other letters, was lost, and so unfortunately we missed his first impressions of an Indian camp and campaigning life and of the war in which we are engaged. It is written in a most pleasant and amusing style, and his description of a moving camp at midnight, its bustle and confusion and babel of sounds, is true to life. I wish he had been there from the very commencement. The news from India is not very satisfactory, I think. Our troops, now cut off in detachments,

seem to have met with reverses here and there, and the war seems as far from its conclusion as ever. The work now before us will be of the most harassing nature to Europeans, and I am afraid they will suffer much from exposure. I hear occasionally from my friends in the 5th. I had yesterday a letter from Massey, in which he says that, since I left there, they have had little to do. I always understood it was the Chief's intention to give them ease after their hard labours in and on the advance to Lucknow. They are now at Cawnpore, and as uncomfortable as they can be, buoying up their spirits with the hope of going to dear old Home. I have often regretted that it has not been my good luck to be mentioned in any official dispatches, not so much to satisfy my own vanity, but in order to afford to my friends, as it were, proof of my having performed my duty, and to those who have read my journal a certain consistency between it and my actions; and though I always tried to avoid the braggadocio style in my composition and narrative of events in which I was forced to take a part, it may nevertheless seem strange to some that my name should not have been mentioned honourably in dispatches with many others engaged in the same actions and general field service.

The commanding officer of the 5th and our Brigadier were both killed on, or immediately after, our entry into Lucknow, before any dispatches had been written, so that while other Brigadiers and other commanding officers wrote theirs, there was no one left to do common justice to the part that not only the 5th but the 84th took in the important relief of the garrison at Lucknow. Our second commanding officer was wounded, too, in the next action we were engaged in, and the command then devolved upon a lieutenant, who had no opportunity of writing one. The 5th universally felt the *omission* of their names, and the *substitution* of other regiments for doing what they in reality

did. Many a time have we poured out our grief into the all-attentive ear of the Colonel when he resumed command after our retreat from the city. At all events, I have this salve, in the consciousness that I have done precisely the same, on critical occasions, as others have to whom the Victoria Cross has been given as a reward. *E.g.* on September 25th, as you may remember, the 5th had two companies in advance of the foremost guns then replying to the enemy's fire on that fatal road. I, as usual, took my post mounted by the side of poor Timmins, and was (with Outram) among the nearest to the enemy. Timmins was obliged to dismount, on account of the restiveness of his horse, and when the order to charge was given I was the only mounted officer to the front and *in* front of the 5th, and so exposed was my position that my friends in the 5th (I only heard this from Amy) remarked, "Poor Danvers, he is sure to be knocked over." When my horse was shot there were only Timmins and about a section of a company between me and the herds of the enemy from whom I was then delivering an order to Simmons to retreat. It never occurred to me for a second, neither did it subsequently, that for these circumstances I deserved the Victoria Cross. I candidly confess that I have done nothing but my duty. I therefore am no fit recipient for such an honour. Please God, I may yet have the opportunity of reaping some honours for service in the field. I hope you understand the drift of all this. I do not intend it for boasting, for even if a *coward* at heart, I could hardly fancy any man, under excitement and shoulder to shoulder with brother-soldiers, turning his back upon the foe or flinching from any danger, particularly in so just a cause as this. Poor Simmons himself, the day before his death, expressed himself very strongly on the subject, and his determination to see justice done to the old fighting 5th, as it was called in the Peninsula, as far as he could ensure it by writing its merits.

June 15th.

Since beginning this letter the 59th and a hundred of the Marine Artillery and a hundred of the Coolie Corps are in orders for embarkation for the north. They leave this for Hong-Kong to-morrow morning, and then proceed with as little delay as possible to their destination. It is not thought that they are sent up there to take an active part (at all events for the present), but more as a demonstration. We have such very conflicting reports that it is impossible to conjecture with any degree of certainty as to the finale of this business: they seem to be making but slow progress in coming to any satisfactory understanding with the Emperor, and his stubbornness and vacillation call for a further supply of force to expedite matters; but at best we can make but a miserable show with the small force at our disposal. The Chinese here are getting more independent every day.

I have accepted an appointment in the Land Transport Corps or Military Train from the General, and my duties will be connected with Europeans and Chinese. It is not perhaps the most delectable appointment I might have had, but it holds out more inducements than an Ensigncy in the 70th, and as such I take it, in the hopes too of its leading to something better eventually. If not I return to the 70th. The General, I believe, is very anxious for this war to end, in order that he may go to India to take up some high command.

TO HIS MOTHER.

MILITARY TRAIN QUARTERS,

June 29th, 1858.

I am now regularly installed in my new duties of, as some call it, "Coolie Driver." You may recollect having seen in the *Illustrated London News* a picture of the men

of the Military Train with their spiral hats and long bamboos and grinning faces. Well, these are the men with whom I have at present to deal, but don't picture to yourself from that misnomer of "Coolie Driver" your hopeful, cane in hand, urging on a pack of Celestials laden with stores and rations for the force, for that will give you neither a correct nor dignified idea of my work, which consists in attending to the interior economy of the company. We divide the corps into companies, and these are selected from the different battalions of Royal Marines and 59th to see the orders of their officers carried out by the coolies and to superintend the working parties. However, I am not likely to hold the appointment long, I fancy. The General sent for me the other morning, and in a most kind manner offered me my choice between this and another appointment about to be vacant at Hong-Kong. They are both worth much about the same in a pecuniary point of view, with, I believe, the addition in the one of allowance for a horse. The new one is Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, with an allowance of 9s. 6d. a day besides the horse allowance, which for three would be 4s. 9d. a day. There is no comparison in my opinion between the duties, and I have little doubt that the latter will prove more congenial to my taste. My small knowledge of surveying may be of use to me after all. The appointment may not be vacant for some time, but perhaps in a day or two. It is a great object to me to get on the General Staff before the reorganisation of the Bengal Army, so that I may have the option, in case of a Staff Corps being formed, of either joining it or my regiment, or in the event of there not being a distinct Staff Corps I should have claim to an appointment in India. Hong-Kong is a very expensive place, so that I hardly expect to be able to save much from my pay; but the great advantage in holding such an appointment is that I learn fresh military duties and have

a greater chance of being brought forward than as an Ensign in the 70th Bengal Native Infantry.

TO HIS BROTHER JULAND.

CANTON, *July 4th*, 1858.

I have not much to tell you. We are going on just in the same way as ever, only that we are now living from hand to mouth and have some difficulty in procuring provisions for messing purposes. The Cantonese have nearly all left the city, and "braves" have taken their places; shops are closed, and it is unsafe to go through it unarmed and without a good escort. The ladies, who ought never to have been admitted, are clearing out too. Officers in out-of-the-way places from which, in case of an attack, they would have to retreat, are stowing away their few valuables in safer stores at positions we should have to hold at any cost. Rumours of war are very frequent and certainly more plausible than heretofore, but I feel convinced in my own mind that they will never advance within range of our artillery and rifle fire after the first discharge. Their discipline and weapons are so very inferior to ours, that if we remain on the alert no attack need be dreaded. When their General seems hostilely inclined, and his reply to the Commissioner's letter warlike and bumptious, he gives us fair warning that such and such a day shall be the last in which we shall be allowed to see the sun rise. He intends descending on us like a comet to annihilate us before we can take our morning meal, and he proclaims this publicly, in order that we may make arrangements for clearing out of Canton before he compels us to do so. Assassinations, gunpowder plots, and suchlike are their favourite stratagems of war; anything but a fight front to front with their foe in the open. Whang declares he can muster 50,000 men, and it is a matter of perfect

indifference to him if half of them are killed in attaining his object.

The other evening a patrol of our men was walking down the rampart walls, close to some officers' quarters, at about 9 o'clock p.m., quite dark, when they suddenly came upon a party of Chinese concealed in the long grass on the bank sloping inside, who, upon finding themselves unexpectedly discovered, jumped up with their usual exclamation of astonishment or fear, as the case may be, "Hic zâh!" in a mortal fright in front of the Sepoys, who, being thoroughly surprised, fired indiscriminately at the now running Chinese, and of course without effect. Two of them jumped over the high wall, and the remaining eight ran and rolled down the bank and escaped into the city.

The day before yesterday, again, in the middle of the day, a few shots were fired by some Chinamen concealed in neighbouring houses into our guard-room, where some artillerymen and a company of ours are quartered. We gave them in return a couple of shells, and immediately pulled down all the houses about, but found nobody. They had escaped on the first appearance of a redcoat.

TO HIS SISTER CHARLOTTE.

CANTON, *July 26th*, 1858.

Since writing my last letter we have had a night attack from the enemy, which resulted in the only way their cowardice and inferiority of weapons and discipline would lead one to anticipate, viz. by their discomfiture and retreat. They came in thousands, yelling defiance and abuse, and succeeded in escalading the walls in two places, but only in small numbers and where they met with no resistance, till they drew attention towards themselves by discharging rockets at our nearest posts. One was near our Sulphur Magazine Guard, in a sort of bastion, where they squatted for some time firing rockets at our guard, who replied with

musketry, but did not succeed in silencing them. It ended in some half-dozen of our Jacks, with an officer, charging them. They did not wait for the cold steel, but shot down the wall again as soon as they saw our movement.

August 1st.

Oh! such heat! our houses are like hothouses, and the very chairs we sit upon are hot and our water lukewarm. The temperature, we understand, is to rise until the end of next month, when it begins to moderate, and then we may expect pleasant weather enough for some months. Well, we have been particularly quiet since I commenced this letter, and the threatened attack has not, and in my opinion will not, come off, but it is impossible to say.

TO HIS MOTHER (LAST LETTER).

EXAMINATION HALL, CANTON,

August 7th, 1858.

Just as I had given up all hopes of getting my English letters in time to answer them by the mail which leaves this to-morrow, a Sepoy from the landing-place brought me what I recognised at a glance to be the looked-for packet from home: letters from you, Lydia, and Adair, and papers from my dear father. I read your P.S. on the fly of the envelope first, telling me of James's recovery and of Charlotte's. You must have all had a very anxious time when the fever was so severe, and you especially with your constant watching and motherly care over the invalids. Thank God the dear fellow is well through it. The change you are about to make will, I sincerely hope, set you all up again. I am so sorry poor Jemmy should have felt disappointed at not receiving my promised letter during his illness.

You all seem to have great faith in Brinton's skill in

the treatment of fevers. This must have lessened your anxiety considerably, knowing that what mortal power could do was being done in James's case. No, I have never been delirious during any of my fever attacks; they have usually been slight ones, and in India the warning symptoms are so unmistakable that every one knows what is the first thing to be done, and usually takes a dose of quinine before he has the fever strong on him. When I am very hard-worked and have much exposure to the sun at this time of year, I take medicated port wine (which the 70th doctor recommended as a preventive) in small doses, and have, whether or not through its efficacy I don't pretend to say, kept my health wonderfully as yet. This and the next month are really killing ones here. The unfortunate Europeans are falling sick and dying in cruel numbers. The heat is something frightful, and scarcely to be endured in the houses most of us are obliged to live in. The tiled roofs get wellnigh red-hot towards the afternoon. There are no windows to keep out the hot air, so that our small rooms are more like forcing houses than dwellings for Englishmen in a tropical clime. Of all detestable places I ever saw or read of, I can hardly imagine one worse than this, and the style of living and fighting are equally indelectable and trying. When *shall* we get out of it now that peace is declared is anxiously asked on all sides. Some say months, some say years. For my regiment I see very little chance of any change, at all events for the better. When we leave this we shall, I fancy, be incarcerated in some place like Honan or Hong-Kong, to garrison it and protect trade, and there live till the regiment dies: that reads odd, but my meaning is this, that Government has not the remotest intention of recalling us to India till there are too few men left to do any mischief even in case of their being inclined so to do.

As soon as the 70th was ordered to China I read its

doom, and in it that of most of us. "Out of sight, out of mind," and we can expect very little sympathy for our unenviable position. Boys who came out only last year are ranking in the army above us, holding Staff appointments, getting the brevet commands, reputation, everything, in fact, a soldier loves, and we are—— Oh, I have bothered you so often with my griefs on this subject that I will say no more. I cannot mend it, therefore must endure it.

Adair, in his letter, talks of a subaltern's share of prize money at Lucknow being £800. I have been thinking over and over again of the delight I should experience in coming home for a few months, and have quite made up my mind that if, after paying my debts, I find that I can muster £400, I would apply for leave, throw up any appointment I might be holding at the time, and, always provided I was not in the field, would come home for six months. I should in that case have to sacrifice all my emoluments, so that without a nest-egg of my own it would be out of the question. I think I have earned by the last year's campaigns a short holiday, and if common justice is done us in giving us this Lucknow prize money I do not myself see any great difficulty in the way. How I should like it! I do not expect to hold this appointment long, for as soon as the regiments composing the China force are sent away, the Military Train would be abolished, and I should lose thereby fourteen shillings a day, so you see my chances of saving money here are not great, and my sole chance and hope for this much coveted holiday rests on Lucknow prize money.

I bought a pony and saddle the other day. Tartar is the name he glories in; he does my work well, and is swift of foot and good-tempered, and saves my legs wonderfully. I could not have done the work required of me much longer without a pony. I am allowed two chargers. Knocking down houses is over for the present,

so that we have comparatively nothing to do and escape that trying exposure. Did I mention in my last letter the efforts I have been making for an exchange from my present Staff appointment to one in the field in India? Birch and Outram both have expressed themselves ready to assist me. There is no lack of appointments in India, and no valid objection that I can see to my leaving the 70th or China, so that I may hope for the best results from these applications.

I was sorry to read in your last letter of the deaths of Miss Utterton and poor old Mr. Crossman. Deaths and marriages, daily occurrences certainly, but in our own little world of relations and friends how much has happened in that way the last year, and how mercifully we have all been spared. Edith must have been disappointed at not having Georgie and Charlotte for her bridesmaids; and the girls themselves must have been disappointed too. However, the wedding seems to have passed off very well. Do you see much of my friend Adair now? He expresses himself much pleased with yours and my father's kindness in calling on him. The next friend for you to see will be my old chum Fred Birch. All notion of writing a Lucknow Journal vanished as soon as I saw my letters in the *Daily News*. The fact was I had no idea I had written so much, and have very little more to write that would interest you; but if you *want* more I *shall be most happy* to write one at my leisure (which is very small, by the bye, at present), and which will be perhaps fuller than my diary written there, but not more abundant with facts. Whatever I did write though would be *private*, at least for the family and friends, not to be published. I am not an author.

I shall be looking forward to the arrival of Captain and Mrs. Straubensee with real anxiety. I hope they will bring out all the portraits; it will be so pleasant having them

again. The two boxes are nearly filled now. There are still a few things I want to get, but the city is quite empty and the shops are all closed, so I must bide my time. They will be no expense to you whatever. I would have sent them long ago if I could have met an agent who would get them insured, pass them through Custom House, and have them delivered at your door, but such an individual I have not even heard of. I can quite picture Woodside to myself from my dear father's capital description. When Georgie's painting or drawing of it comes out I shall see how far my fancy agrees with it. Who knows? I may be there next year. I should not be surprised. The appointment of Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General at Hong-Kong which General Straubenzye offered me is now held by Captain Cooke, formerly Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General to the Chinese Field Force here. Powles, my predecessor in the Military Train, took his place. The declaration of peace of course changed the General's plan. Cooke returned from the northern expedition, and in justice resumed his Staff appointment; then Powles could not fairly be turned out, so he took the other Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-Generalship, and I remain where I am. I receive more pay here than I should have got at Hong-Kong, inasmuch as I should be allowed only one charger—here I get two—and my expenses would have been greater; but it is not so nice a berth, therefore I regret not getting the other.

Thank Juland when you see him for the *Overland Mails* he so kindly sends me. Will you ascertain from my father what the yearly subscription to the *Evening Mail* is? I should like, if it is moderate, to have it sent out to me instead of the *Times* regularly in succession. I am most provokingly cut off in the middle of a very interesting debate. It is a great treat reading the English papers; these provincial ones are so paltry. You must excuse this

scrawl ; I feel not only a difficulty in writing, but in collecting my ideas, the heat is so intense.

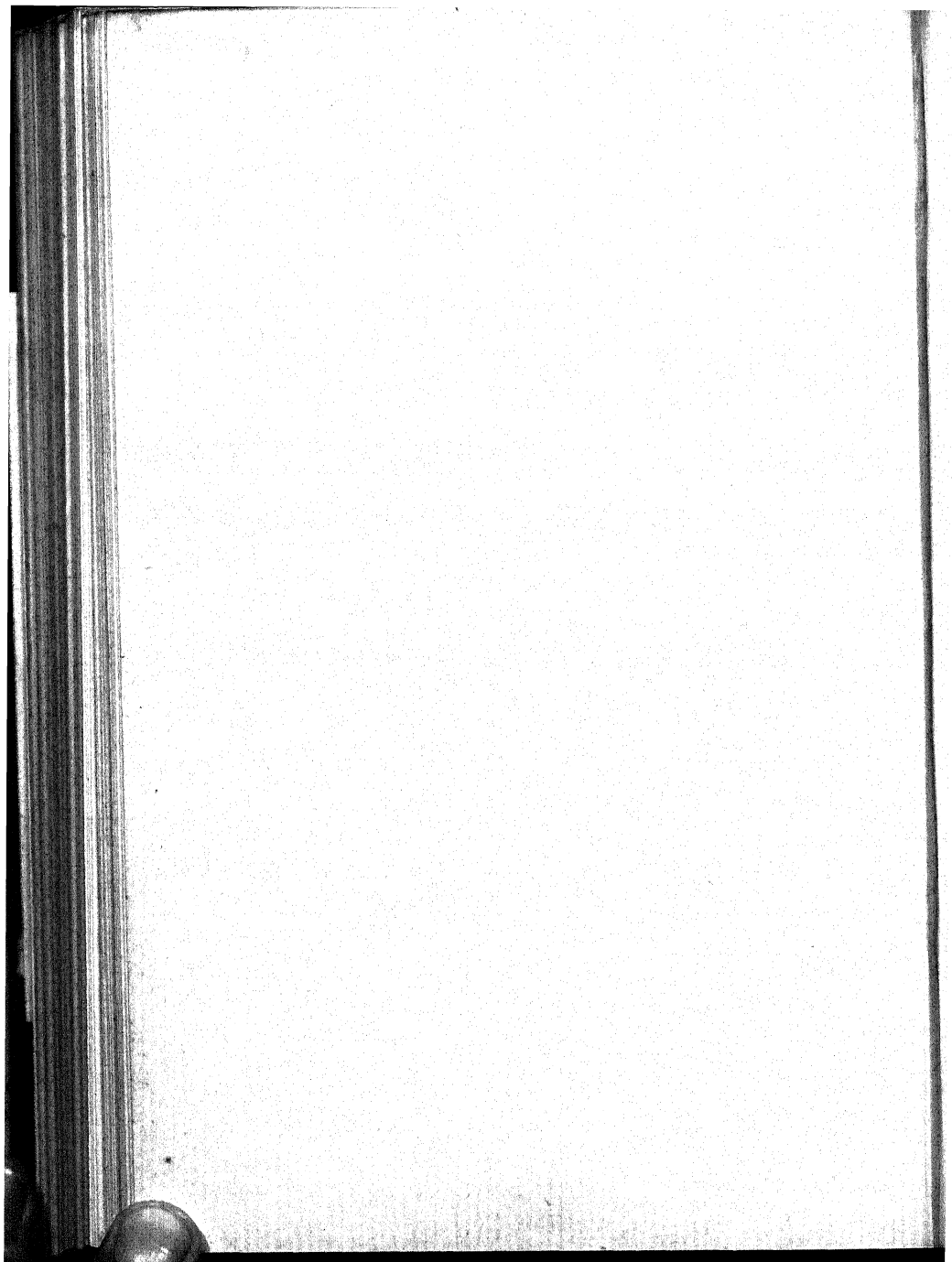
I have quite a family of canaries. The two old ones are very handsome birds, and the cock sings beautifully ; the hen is always laying eggs and sits very steadily. I wish I could transfer them to Lancaster Place. I recollect the difficulty Rebecca had there in getting the hen to sit. I gave Charlotte an account of the attack the other night ; another is threatened though peace declared. They are a treacherous race. This mail has brought me no letter from Amy, which is a great disappointment. I do hope, my dearest mother, you will not succumb to the fatigue of nursing, and that soon you will be fairly out of London for some months to come. I can fancy well your disappointment at not being able to receive William Henry and Emily and Mary Auber. Make my apologies please to the former for not answering his letter yet, but I know he will be kind enough to make every excuse for me. I hope to do it soon. This weather and hard work make me very lethargic. I have many letters I should like to write. My relations—aunts, uncles, cousins—must think I have quite forgotten them, but it is not so, I can assure them. I often think of them, but have not the power to correspond with all. I wish I could persuade them to write to me occasionally without expecting or rather without feeling hurt if they did not receive an answer immediately. It is so gratifying to hear of you all from others. Do you hear often from Mrs. Kennedy now ? The Colonel is still at Hong-Kong. I like my brother-officer, Parry, and my Colonel, Temple. Temple's brother is head-master at Rugby.

I am off on duty again now. May God in His mercy bless and keep you all in health and happiness is the constant prayer of your ever most affectionate and dutiful son.



APPENDIX.

*OFFICIAL NOTIFICATIONS AND PRIVATE
LETTERS FROM OFFICERS.*



FROM THE "LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,"

February 17th, 1858.

No. 3.

Brigadier-General H. Havelock, Commanding Oudh Field Force, to Captain H. W. Norman, Assistant-Adjutant-General, Headquarters.

RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW, *September 30th, 1857.*

SIR,—Major-General Sir James Outram having, with characteristic generosity of feeling, declared that the command of the force should remain in my hands, and that he would accompany it as Civil Commissioner only, until a junction could be effected with the gallant and enduring garrison of this place, I have to request that you will inform his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief that this purpose was effected on the evening of the 25th instant. But before detailing the circumstances, I must refer to antecedent events. I crossed the Sye on the 22nd instant, the bridge at Bunnee not having been broken. On the 23rd I found myself in presence of the enemy, who had taken a strong position, his left resting on the enclosure of the Alumbagh, and his centre and right drawn up behind a chain of hillocks. The head of my column at first suffered from the fire of his guns, as it was compelled to pass along the trunk road between morasses; but as soon as my regiments could be deployed along his front, and his right enveloped by my left, victory declared for us, and we captured five guns. Sir James Outram, with

his accustomed gallantry, passed on in advance, close down to the canal. But as the enemy fed his artillery with guns from the city, it was not possible to maintain this, or a less advanced position for a time taken up; but it became necessary to throw our right on the Alumbagh, and refuse our left, and even then we were incessantly cannonaded throughout the 24th; and the enemy's cavalry, 1,500 strong, crept round through lofty cultivation, and made a sudden irruption upon the baggage massed in our rear. The soldiers of the 90th, forming the baggage guard, received them with great gallantry; but lost some brave officers and men, shooting down, however, twenty-five of the troopers and putting the whole body to flight. They were finally driven to a distance by two guns of Captain Olpherts' battery.

The troops had been marching for three days under a perfect deluge of rain, irregularly fed, and badly housed in villages. It was thought necessary to pitch tents, and permit them to halt on the 24th. The assault on the city was deferred until the 25th. That morning our baggage and tents were deposited in the Alumbagh under an escort, and we advanced. The 1st Brigade, under Sir James Outram's personal leading, drove the enemy from a succession of gardens and walled enclosures, supported by the 2nd Brigade, which I accompanied. Both brigades were established on the canal at the bridge of Charbagh.

From this point the direct road to the Residency was something less than two miles; but it was known to have been cut by trenches, and crossed by palisades at short intervals, the houses also being all loopholed. Progress in this direction was impossible; so the united column pushed on, detouring along the narrow road which skirts the left bank of the canal. Its advance was not seriously interrupted until it had come opposite the king's palace or the Kaiserbagh, where two guns and a body of

mercenary troops were entrenched. From this entrenchment a fire of grape and musketry was opened, under which nothing could live. The artillery and troops had to pass a bridge partially under its influence, but were then shrouded by the buildings adjacent to the palace of Fureed Buksh. Darkness was coming on, and Sir James Outram at first proposed to halt within the courts of the Mehal for the night; but I esteemed it to be of such importance to let the beleaguered garrison know that succour was at hand, that with his ultimate sanction I directed the main body of the 78th Highlanders and regiment of Ferozepore to advance. This column rushed on with a desperate gallantry, led by Sir James Outram and myself, and Lieutenants Hudson and Hargood, of my staff, through streets of flat-roofed, loopholed houses, from which a perpetual fire was kept up, and, overcoming every obstacle, established itself within the enclosure of the Residency. The joy of the garrison may be more easily conceived than described; but it was not till the next evening that the whole of my troops, guns, tumbrils, and sick and wounded, continually exposed to the attacks of the enemy, could be brought step by step within this *enceinte* and the adjacent palace of the Fureed Buksh. To form an adequate idea of the obstacles overcome, reference must be made to the events that are known to have occurred at Buenos Ayres and Saragossa. Our advance was through streets of houses such as I have described, and thus each forming a separate fortress. I am filled with surprise at the success of the operation, which demanded the efforts of 10,000 good troops. The advantage gained has cost us dear. The killed, wounded, and missing, the latter being wounded soldiers, who I much fear—some or all—have fallen into the hands of a merciless foe, amounted, up to the evening of the 26th, to 535 officers and men. Brigadier-General Neill, Command-

ing 1st Brigade ; Major Cooper, Brigadier, Commanding Artillery ; Lieutenant-Colonel Bazely, a volunteer with the force, are killed. Colonel Campbell, Commanding 90th Light Infantry ; Lieutenant-Colonel Tytler, my Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General ; and Lieutenant Havelock, my Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General, are severely, but not dangerously, wounded. Sir James Outram received a flesh wound in the arm in the early part of the action near Charbagh ; but nothing could subdue his spirit, and though faint from loss of blood, he continued to the end of the action to sit on his horse, which he only dismounted at the gate of the Residency. As he has now assumed the command, I leave to him the narrative of all events subsequent to the 26th.

Enclosed is the return of casualties up to that date.

I have, etc.,

H. HAVELOCK, Brigadier-General,
Commanding Oudh Field Force.

FROM THE "LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,"
February 17th, 1858.

GENERAL ORDERS BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL
OF INDIA IN COUNCIL.

FORT WILLIAM, *January 5th, 1858.*

No. 16 of 1858.

The Right Honourable the Governor-General in Council has much satisfaction in publishing the following report of a successful attack made by a portion of the troops under the command of Major-General Sir James Outram, G.C.B., on a body of the enemy in the neighbourhood of his camp, on the 22nd December last. His Lordship in Council concurs in the commendation given by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief to Sir James Outram and the officers and men under his command on the occasion.

No. 62.

*The Deputy-Adjutant-General of the Army to the Secretary
to the Government of India, Military Department.*

HEADQUARTERS, CAMP, POORA, December, 1857.

No. 41 A.

SIR,—I have the honour, by desire of the Commander-in-Chief, to enclose, for the information of the Right Honourable the Governor-General of India in Council, copy of a Dispatch of the 23rd instant, from Major-General Sir J. Outram, G.C.B., reporting the circumstances of a successful attack made upon a portion of the enemy in the neighbourhood of his camp by a detachment of the troops under the Major-General's command, in which four guns were captured; and I am to state that his Excellency considers the whole affair to have been extremely well conducted, and to reflect much credit on the troops engaged.

I have, etc.,

H. W. NORMAN, Major,
Deputy-Adjutant-General of the Army.

No. 63.

*Major-General Sir J. Outram, G.C.B., Commanding Troops
in Oudh, to the Deputy-Adjutant-General of the Army.*

CAMP BEFORE LUCKNOW, December 23rd, 1857.

SIR,—I have the honour to report, for the information of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, that I had yesterday an affair with the enemy, at a village called Guilee, three miles from hence, situated a little to the right of the road to Dil Khoosha.

I had been informed two days previously, by my spies, that the enemy contemplated surrounding my position, in

order to cut off supplies, stop all foraging expeditions, and to intercept my communication with Bunnee. With this object they dispatched a force to Guilee, which took up a position between that village and Budroop, which places are about a mile distant from each other.

On the evening of the 21st instant, I learnt that the rebels had been reinforced, and that their strength amounted to about 4,000 infantry, 400 cavalry, and 8 field guns.¹

Having ascertained that a space of about half a mile intervened between their position and the gardens skirting the canal and the Dil Khoosha, I moved out at 5 a.m., in the hope of surprising them at daybreak, and intercepting their retreat to the city, with a force detailed in the accompanying Divisional Order, which I have this day issued, and to which I beg to refer his Excellency for all details, and for the terms in which I express my appreciation of the conduct of the troops on the occasion.

The main body of the enemy being on the march considerably in advance, retreated to the city by a detour to the left out of our reach, and concealed by intervening tops of trees, on hearing the attack on their rear ; but the loss of 4 Horse Artillery guns, much ammunition, besides elephants and baggage, and some 50 or 60 men slain, will, I think, deter the enemy from again venturing beyond their defensive works, or at any rate from attempting for some time to come to carry out their plan of surrounding this camp within a too limited circumference ; and I have great hopes that the success of this expedition will be productive of good effect in restoring confidence to the neighbouring inhabitants.

¹ Since ascertained to have been only 4, all of which were captured.

No. 64.

*Division Orders issued by Major-General Sir James
Outram, G.C.B.*

CAMP, ALUMBAGH, December 23rd, 1857.

1. Major-General Sir James Outram has much pleasure in recording, in Division Orders, his satisfaction with the conduct of the officers and men,¹ under the command of Brigadier Stisted, engaged yesterday in the skirmish at Guilee, in which four guns and twelve waggons filled with ammunition were captured.

2. The Right Column, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Purnell, Her Majesty's 90th Regiment, consisting of detachments of the 78th and 90th Regiments, and of the Ferozepore Regiment of Seikhs, excited his admiration by the gallant way in which, with a cheer, they dashed at a strong position held by the enemy, and from which they were met by a heavy fire. Regardless of the overwhelming numbers, and six guns reported to be posted there, the suddenness of the attack, and the spirited way in which it

¹ Two 9-pounder guns, Royal Artillery, Captain Maude; four 9-pounder guns, 2nd Company 3rd Battalion Bengal Artillery, Captain Olpherts; 112 Military Train, Major Robertson; 50 Volunteer Cavalry, Captain Barrow; 36 Irregular Cavalry, Lieutenant Hay and Lieutenant Graham; 400 Her Majesty's 5th Fusiliers, Colonel Guy; 103 Her Majesty's 75th Regiment, Captain Brookes; 156 Her Majesty's 78th Highlanders, Captain Lockhart; 108 Her Majesty's 84th Regiment, Captain O'Brien; 270 Her Majesty's 90th Light Infantry, Captain Guise; 150 Regiment of Ferozepore, Captain Brasyer; 40 Madras Sappers, Lieutenant Ogilvie.

TOTAL.—Six 9-pounder guns, under Captain Olpherts; 190 Cavalry, under Major Robertson; 1,227 Infantry, under Brigadier Stisted; Right Column, under Lieutenant-Colonel Purnell, Her Majesty's 90th Light Infantry; Left Column, under Colonel Guy, 5th Fusiliers; Reserve, under Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton, Her Majesty's 78th Highlanders.

was executed, resulted in the immediate flight of the enemy, with hardly a casualty on our side.

3. Colonel Guy, in command of the Left Column, consisting of 400 men of Her Majesty's 5th Fusiliers, under the guidance of Lieutenant Moorsom, Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General, was equally successful in his simultaneous attack on the adjacent village of Guilee, in which and the adjoining tope two guns were captured.

No. 65.

*Field Force under the command of Major-General
Sir James Outram, G.C.B.*

*Numerical Return of Killed and Wounded in the action of
Guilee, on the 22nd of December, 1857.*

CAMP, ALUMBAGH, December 23rd, 1857.

Her Majesty's 2nd Battalion Military Train—1 rank and file (Private Wilson Sloane, shot through the leg) wounded.

Volunteer Cavalry—1 rank and file (Private Patrick Walsh) killed; 2 rank and file (Peter Carr, dangerously, Patrick Hurley) wounded. Captain Barrow, Commanding Volunteer Cavalry, and Captain Thompson, had each a horse killed under him.

Her Majesty's 5th Fusiliers—1 rank and file (Private James Baker) killed; 1 subaltern (*Ensign Danvers, 70th N.I., Interpreter*), 2 rank and file (James Bourke and David Brown), wounded.

Her Majesty's 90th Light Infantry—1 rank and file (Private John Miles) killed.

Total—3 rank and file killed; 1 subaltern, 5 rank and file wounded. 4 horses killed; 5 wounded.

J. OUTRAM, Major-General,
Commanding 1st Division.

THE AFFAIR OF NAMTOW.

GOVERNMENT NOTIFICATION.

His Excellency the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, etc., has received a dispatch from his Excellency Major-General Sir Charles T. Van Straubenzee, K.C.B., commanding Her Majesty's troops in China, reporting the result of an expedition to Namtow, where the Chinese Imperialist troops had fired upon the bearers of a flag of truce who were distributing the proclamation published in the *Hong-Kong Government Gazette* of the 31st ult.

The dispatch is herewith published for general information.

By order,

W. T. BRIDGES, Acting Colonial Secretary.

Colonial Secretary's Office, Victoria, Hong-Kong,

August 13th, 1858.

HONG-KONG, *August 13th, 1858.*

SIR,—I have the honour to inform your Excellency that, in consequence of a flag of truce from Her Majesty's gunboat *Starling* having been fired upon by the Imperial troops at Namtow, when posting your Excellency's proclamation, I, in conjunction with Commodore the Hon. Keith Stewart, decided upon visiting that place with an armed force for the purpose of exacting retribution for the insult.

On the 10th I embarked with the Hon. the Commodore in the gunboat *Starling*, for Tyshan Bay, where the force was assembled.

On the morning of the 11th, the tide not serving till

a late hour, as the gunboats were steaming to the shore, several shots were fired from a newly erected battery to the S.W. of the walled town of Namtow, and close to the beach, which was soon silenced by the admirable fire from the gunboats.

The force, as per margin, landed about 11 a.m. at the S.E., in the village of Namtow, where written notices were given to the people, that so long as no hostile act was committed on their part, their village and property would be respected, which was rigidly adhered to, though, from every street, as we approached the fort, a heavy fire of jingalls and matchlocks was kept up by the Braves, who retreated as we advanced; by this we had one officer, Commander Madden, of Her Majesty's ship *Sanspareil*, very dangerously wounded, three men killed, and about twelve wounded. (The returns I have not yet received.)

About 2 o'clock p.m. the fort was taken by assault, the party being led by Commander Saumarez, of the *Cormorant*, accompanied by Captain Lambert, of the Royal Engineers, who was unhappily mortally wounded by the accidental discharge of a firelock of the numerous men crowding up the ladder after him. His loss is deeply to be deplored.

The wall gained, the enemy fled, leaving the fort almost untenanted; and those remaining having been ordered out, the place was given up to destruction, and the principal gates blown in.

The force bivouacked in the fort that night, and were re-embarked the following morning, bringing away two large brass guns found in the battery near the water. A deputation from the inhabitants of the village was received by Commodore the Hon. Keith Stewart and myself, and their petition "that we should not burn their village" was granted. I have to record the loss of another gallant young officer, by the accidental discharge of a musket, as we were

leaving the fort—Lieutenant Danvers, 70th Bengal Native Infantry.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

C. T. VAN STRAUBENZEE,

Commanding Her Majesty's Troops in China.

His Excellency SIR JOHN BOWRING, etc.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL KENNEDY, OF THE 70TH BENGAL
NATIVE INFANTRY, TO JULAND DANVERS.

HONG-KONG, *August 20th*, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I must commence this to-day to be in readiness for the mail, for I am myself not very well, and may not be able to write a day or two hence as fully as I hope I can do now. My subject is, alas! a most melancholy one, and from my heart do I feel for you all most deeply. I leave it to you to break the melancholy and heart-rending news to your poor mother, without delay, for fear she should see in the papers the death of her dear son Robert of my regiment. He, poor dear noble fellow, breathed his last on the 12th of this month, having been shot through the body at a place called Namtow, about fifty or sixty miles from this. A small force from Hong-Kong, and I believe about two or three hundred from Canton, went to take and destroy a fort at Namtow containing pirates and others who had fired upon our flag of truce. Your brother had charge of about sixty men of the Military Train. The fort was taken and then burnt. The following morning, after all the work was over, the troops were preparing to return on board their different vessels to go home. A few officers, some four or five, amongst them your poor brother, were talking and laughing together, when on a sudden a report of a musket was heard near at hand, and the ill-fated ball passed through your brother's body, entering his right side,

passing through his liver, round his heart, out at his left side, lodging in his left arm, breaking a rib on either side. The ball also passed through a memo book in your brother's left-hand pocket. His death was almost immediate. He was placed on a stretcher and sent down to the water's edge to be taken on board ship. A friend of his accompanied him, who told me that he never spoke, but was moaning a good deal, and that he breathed his last before reaching the ship. He died very quietly and calmly. There was not the slightest distortion of his features, and his countenance looked as calm as if he were in a quiet happy sleep, and this I have no doubt he was. The first I heard of his sad end was it being reported to me as commanding here that the *Sampson* had arrived with the corpses of two officers, one of them an officer of my own regiment, "Mr. Danvers." This sad announcement greatly shocked me, as you may imagine. I immediately set off to meet and to receive the coffin, and to procure some of your brother's hair, and a ring that I remembered seeing him wear; fortunately all this had been considerably thought of and done by the officer who conveyed his body to the ship—a Mr. Downes, of the Commissariat Department, who has promised to write all particulars of your poor brother's last moments. I have some of his hair which I will send home in this, and, if I can manage, will also send by this outgoing mail a couple of finger-rings and his shirt-sleeve studs which he had on at the unfortunate moment. I also send his memorandum book, through which the ball passed, knowing it will be a melancholy satisfaction to his poor afflicted mother to possess these things. I attended the funeral on the morning of the 13th inst., and remained to the last to see the grave well covered in. He was buried with military honours, all officers off duty attending; amongst them I saw our General, who had given your brother the appointment in the Military

Train, he having brought from Calcutta a letter of introduction to the General. Your brother was a fine, noble-hearted, good soldier, and had it pleased God to spare him would have distinguished himself in his profession. He is a great loss to his regiment and to the service. I regret him exceedingly. Pray offer to your family and accept yourself my most heartfelt sympathy on this sad, sad loss you have all sustained, and may the God of mercy see fit to comfort and support your sorely afflicted parents through this heavy bereavement.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) J. D. KENNEDY.

I will write the sad news to your sister in Calcutta, and send her a small portion of her poor brother's hair, for I know how dotingly fond he was of her.

Lieut.-Col. the Hon. H. Clifford, proceeding home by this mail, has kindly promised to take charge of a small parcel for your mother, but addressed to you.

23rd.—We, the officers of the 70th, intend erecting a tomb over the remains of our lamented friend and brother-officer.

J. D. K.

Since writing and posting my letter I have received this account, to which allusion is made in my letter. I have just time to take it to Col. Clifford, who sails in a very few hours. I hope I may not be too late.

J. D. KENNEDY.

DEPUTY-ASSISTANT-COMMISSARY-GENERAL DOWNES TO
COLONEL KENNEDY.

CANTON, August 22nd, 1858.

MY DEAR COLONEL,—If you think the following narrative of the last moments of our poor friend Danvers would

in any way tend to soften the grief his family must experience at hearing of his death, pray make use of this note as you judge best. As you are aware, we went down to Namtow in the same vessel on the 10th inst., and as ever since his coming to Canton we had been intimate together, we were naturally pleased at going on this expedition in company of each other. I landed from the ship the next morning before him, as he had to accompany the artillery, but I had not been long on shore when I met him coming up from the landing-place with his men (the Military Train coolies). We then proceeded together towards the point of attack on the walls, when a sudden shouting of "the Braves," who appeared in the narrow streets leading from the town to the seashore, caused the coolies to run away, leaving Danvers, a few European orderlies, and myself alone. Here poor Danvers showed his coolness, for drawing his revolver he faced about towards our enemies, at the same time calling his men together and giving orders what to do. The Braves, seeing we were not disposed to run, retired, and Danvers and myself then moved on. After this, as he was a good deal occupied, carrying up the artillery and other stores, I did not see much of him, until we had escalated the walls and the Braves were driven out, when we were together going round the walls, and chatting about the events of the day, when he remarked "he was glad to have seen a specimen of the Chinese mode of attack and defence." When night came on, three Artillery officers, Danvers, and myself took our dinner or whatever we had in our haversacks together; and as he, poor fellow, like an old campaigner, brought his servant and a good supply of eatables and drinkables, we were all loud in his praise, and promising to make him all kinds of returns when we got back to Canton. At first we all arranged to sleep on the walls where we had dined, but Danvers got an order to move his coolies to a separate part of the walls, and

he decided on sleeping near them, and he asked me if I would go with him, which I did. We looked about for a good spot to lie down on, and then he lit a cigar. The servant got us some tea, and we chatted away for nearly two hours. He was in his usual good spirits, and joked me for humming a tune out of an opera, which he said I was always doing. After this he turned round and asked me if I knew some lines called "The Officer's Funeral," and repeated them for me. This was not the first time he had repeated these lines. We were talking about the melancholy accident to poor Captain Lambert, as it was thought to be a fatal wound, when Danvers said, "It is a sad fate to die in a place like this, in the midst of strangers; and even your brother-officers," he added, "would only remark, in case anything was to happen to *him* (Danvers), 'Poor Danvers!' and the next day he would be forgotten." This led to other subjects, and I feel sure that he, poor fellow, was better prepared to meet his Maker than many of us; he had a serious, earnest way which carried the conviction of his striving to do his duty in this world. Next morning we were stirring about 5 o'clock, as the coolies were required to work in various ways, and after we had got some tea we went down to where some officers of the Marines were at breakfast and joined them. There I left Danvers, and strolled outside the walls to witness the embarkation, which had already commenced; and soon after I went down to the beach, and while there a soldier passed me, asking where he could get a boat to put a wounded officer in. At the same moment Assistant-Surgeon Blake came along with a stretcher, and I asked who was wounded; he replied Mr. Danvers, and added it was necessary to take him off to the hospital ship as soon as possible. As the ship was lying nearly five miles away, it was doubtful how long we should be in reaching her, and as I had offered to go off in the boat I asked

the Doctor what course I was to take until I got poor Danvers on board. He said, "Don't give him any brandy and water if he faints, as it is better not." From this I hoped his wound was a slight one, although his eyes were closed, and he moaned, but very gently. We laid him on the stretcher in the boat, and started to reach the ship; but I soon saw that life was ebbing fast. He ceased moaning, and, with the exception of a slight movement of his face, he was perfectly motionless; he appeared in no pain, and I hardly knew when he ceased to breathe, so gently did his spirit pass away: he died about twenty minutes after we left the shore. I placed his body on board H.M.S. *Sampson*, which, as you are aware, brought us to Hong-Kong the same afternoon. Previous to placing the body in the coffin his wound was examined, when it was discovered that the bullet had gone through the right side, penetrating the liver, out through the left side below the heart, and lodged in the left arm. I do not think he could have suffered any pain, the wound was so severe. I need not tell you what a gloom his death caused; from the General downwards there was one universal tone of lament that so gallant a soldier and so amiable a man should have been taken away from the midst of us. Poor fellow, he was telling me the night before his death that he had heard that his share of the Lucknow prize money would be about £800. "If it is true," said he, "as soon as things are quiet here I will apply for leave to go home and get married, enjoy myself amongst my family and friends, and then return to India or where my regiment may be. If I am asked why I am not married, I will," said he laughing, "say the lady jilted me." I merely mention this to show you in what good spirits he was, and how much he looked forward to the day when he could revisit his home. I think his family may in time be reconciled to his loss, and that the knowledge of his meeting a soldier's

death may, in some degree, alleviate the sorrow they must feel.

Believe me, my dear Colonel,

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR DOWNES.

COL. KENNEDY, 70th Regt. B.N.I.

HIS EXCELLENCY ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL SEYMOUR,
K.C.B., TO F. D. DANVERS.

H.M.S. "CALCUTTA," HONG-KONG,
August 23rd, 1858.

MY DEAR MR. DANVERS,—Since the troubles and hostilities in the East, it has too frequently fallen to my lot to perform the painful task of communicating calamitous intelligence to parents and friends. In the present instance you will probably have received prior intelligence of the fatality that has, in God's dispensation, overtaken your gallant son that came to China to join the 70th N.I. On my arrival here two days since I was deeply shocked to learn that in an attack on a Chinese town, where a combined force, naval and military, had been employed, your son had fallen through the accidental going off of one of our soldiers' muskets. I immediately sent to Col. Kennedy to learn particulars. The truth has thus been confirmed. I find that a relative has been written to at Calcutta, and also one of your sons in London has been communicated with. Under such sad impressions I could not refrain from expressing to you and Mrs. Danvers my sincere and deep sympathy on so deplorable an event. I pretend not to measure the extent of your loss; but I am satisfied that the public service has in the death of your son been deprived of a most able, zealous, and intelligent officer, and also I understand he was most highly considered by all who knew him. Some trifling articles of personal interest belonging to your

late son go home by this mail. The bulk of his clothes, etc., have been profitably sold, and his sword and one or two other articles in possession of a brother-officer on detached service are to be sent by a future opportunity. Pray pardon a note that want of time has obliged me to hasten, and believe me, my dear Mr. Danvers, with every kind wish and remembrance,

Most sincerely yours,

M. SEYMOUR.

REGIMENTAL ORDER.

(Written by Captain Greene, 70th Bengal N.I.)

It was with the deepest sorrow that the Commanding Officer this morning received intelligence of the death, on the 12th inst., of Ensign Robert William Danvers. Capt. Greene feels assured that every officer of this regiment fully participates with him in mourning the untimely loss of a social companion, a kind and warm-hearted friend, an upright and honourable gentleman, and an intelligent, zealous, and promising officer, who had but recently returned to us after much hard service in India, for which he had volunteered, and where he had earned for himself the unqualified approbation of his superiors and the hearty good wishes of the many friends and acquaintances he had acquired and left behind him. To ourselves in particular he had endeared himself by his many amiable qualities, and the name of Danvers will long be cherished in the memoirs of the 70th Regiment. Capt. Greene is fully sensible that in the foregoing obituary notice he has neither succeeded in doing justice to the memory of the deceased, nor as adequately expressing his own and his brother-officers' feelings on the melancholy occasion in question.

CANTON, August, 1858.

FROM GENERAL STRAUBENZEE TO A FRIEND AT
CALCUTTA.HEADQUARTERS, CANTON, *August 22nd*, 1858.

I little thought that it would fall to my lot to announce to you the loss of that fine handsome young fellow Danvers, of the 70th B.N.I., whom you introduced to my notice, and who was indeed worthy as a soldier of any consideration I could show him. An expedition was arranged by me with Commodore the Hon. Keith Stewart against a walled town about forty miles from Hong-Kong, where they had fired upon a flag of truce. I was at the time at Hong-Kong, and wrote directing certain men were to be sent down from Canton to meet me there, and among those who came was young Danvers, in charge of the Military Train, to which I had appointed him, intending to again advance him. The whole affair was ended, and we were fast embarking the men the following day, the 12th, when I met young Danvers all smiles and health as I was leaving the fort, and congratulated him on having seen a shot fired in China. Within an hour, to my horror, he was carried past me, almost a lifeless corpse. A native gun-lascar at some distance from him (some say fifty yards) was taking up his firelock, which he had left through gross carelessness at the full cock; it caught and went off, the ball going through poor Danvers. I cannot hear to a certainty that he ever spoke after it, though he lived till he reached the ship, and expired apparently without having suffered pain. His remains were taken down to Hong-Kong, and he was buried the next morning, I attending as one of the chief mourners. Pray tell his poor sister that he was liked by the whole force, and is very much regretted. I cannot tell you how sorry I am at his meeting his end in such a way.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM COLONEL KENNEDY
TO F. D. D.HONG-KONG, *September 27th*, 1858.

The boxes with their contents will, I trust, reach you in safety and in good order. There is a list of the articles (or some of them) in the handwriting of your poor son,¹ and a couple of notes to my address from an officer of my regiment. It will be a melancholy satisfaction to you to read in what high estimation your son Robert was held by his brother-officers; he was an ornament to my regiment, and I assure you I regret him as much as any of his friends can. We are now erecting a tomb over his mortal remains; it will be a plain but substantial one, and is to be built of granite, which abounds here. By the first mail after the melancholy event I wrote to your son in the India House, as I did not know your address, requesting him *at once*, and before it was possible for you to see the newspapers, to break the sad and heart-rending news to his poor afflicted mother and yourself. You have indeed been sorely tried in losing such a son. A more noble-hearted, generous, high-spirited young man I never knew, a favourite with all his brother-officers, a manly good soldier, and one who I am sure would have got on very well in his profession had it pleased God to spare him to you and to us. May the Almighty support and comfort you both, his afflicted parents, through this sad and heavy bereavement, as well as all your family, of whom your Robert took a pride and pleasure in speaking with much affection.

Believe me, my dear Sir, with sincere sympathy,

Yours very truly,

J. D. KENNEDY.

¹ Articles of china, etc., which he had got together for presents to each individual member of his family at home, with the names of those to whom they were respectively to be given.

FOR CONSULTATION
ONLY

Call No. B

D 16 L

Accession No. 7105

Title
Letters from India & China.

(1854-'58)
Author Danvers, Robert William.

FOR CONSULTATION

OK
92
3/17/52